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THE

BRITISH CLASSICS:

VOLUME THE THIRTY-SEVENTH.

CONTAINING THE

THIRD VOLUME

OF

SWIFT'S WORKS.

1812.

THE

WORKS

OF THE

REV. JONATHAN SWIFT, D. D.

DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S, DUBLIN.

ARRANGED BY

THOMAS SHERIDAN, A. M.

WITH

NOTES, HISTORICAL AND CRITICAL.

A NEW EDITION, IN TWENTY-FOUR VOLUMES,

CORRECTED AND REVISED

BY JOHN NICHOLS, F. A. S.

EDINBURGH AND PERTH.

VOLUME III.

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A

TALE OF A TUB.

WRITTEN FOR

THE UNIVERSAL IMPROVEMENT

OF

MANKIND.

Diú multumque desideratum.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

AN ACCOUNT OF A BATTLE

BETWEEN

THE ANCIENT AND MODERN BOOKS

IN ST. JAMES'S LIBRARY.

WITH THE AUTHOR'S APOLOGY;

AND

EXPLANATORY NOTES,

BY W. WOTTON, B. D. AND OTHERS.

Basyma cacabassa eanaa, irraumista diaraba caëot
bafobor camelanthi.* IREN. lib. i. c. 18.

—— *Juvatque novos decerpere flores,*
Insignemque meo capiti petere inde coronam,
Unde prius nulli velarunt tempora Musæ. LUCRET.

Ridentem dicere verum, quid vetat? HORACE.

* This citation, which seems all gibberish, is a form of initiatio
used by the Marcosian heretics. DR. WOTTON.—" The words ar
taken from the first book of Irenæus against the Pagans; where h
says that the followers of the Heretic Marcus hid their mysteri
under these Greek letters, but that the words were Hebrew; of whic
he gives the following interpretation: " Hoc quod est super omne
virtutem Patris invoco, quod vocatur Lumen et Spiritus et Vit
quoniam in corpore regnâsti." Fenardentius, the commentator o
Irenæus, says, that these are monstrous and barbarous words, an
neither Hebrew, Greek, Chaldee, Syriac, or Arabic. In sever
ancient jaspers, agates, and onyxès, we meet with these and such ill
extravagant words and figures, altogether as preposterous. See Chi
flet's Abraxas, &c."—This note is copied from one by Mr. Pat
whom Swift styles " the learned woollen draper;" and who had th
and a few others, which will be found distinguished by his name, fro
the Dean's own mouth. N.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The following Historical Particulars were communicated to Mr. NICHOLS in 1777, by the Rev. SAMUEL SALTER, D. D. then Master of the Charter-house.

THE "Tale of a Tub"* was planned and composed about 1692, by Jonathan Swift, afterwards D. D. and Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin; but whether by him alone, or in concert and conjunction with another of his family and name, is not quite so clear: as it is, that great part of it was designed in favour and in honour of Sir William Temple, on whom the Swifts were dependent in some sort, and under obligations to him. When the Tale, &c. was first printed, Mr. Wotton speaks of it, as generally believed to have been written, or published however, by a *brother*† of Jonathan's; which brother, he adds, was preferred by Lord Somers, at Sir William Temple's request, to a very good benefice‡, in one of

* "Gulliver's Travels" and the "Tale of a Tub," are indisputably the two most capital works of Swift. It is remarkable that he never would own himself to be the author of the latter; nor is the slightest hint of it to be found in any of his writings." DR. WARTON.

† Meaning *Thomas*, the dean's cousin. N.

‡ Puttenham, near Guilford, in Surrey. As this is a crown-living, Mr. Swift's presentation to it seems another exception to his relation Mr. Deane Swift's persuasion; "that no solicitation was ever made to the Crown by one of the name, from the Restoration to this day, for any the least favour whatsoever; that was either worth the Crown's refusal, or any of the family's acceptance: except, &c." S. S.

the most delicious parts of one of the pleasantest coi ties of England. This is invidiously aggravated; l cause Mr. Wotton conceived Lord Somers was indece ly played upon, in the dedication addressed to him and is besides false; at least in part: for Jonathan h no brother. His first cousin, Thomas Swift, one ye only senior to him, though the son of a much elder b ther, was presented by Lord Somers, and probably at* William Temple's request, to a crown living; which held sixty years, and quitted but with life, in May, 17 in the eighty-seventh year of his age. The same Lc Somers recommended Jonathan to Lord Wharton; b without success. Thomas preached a sermon in Nove ber, 1710, (it is not specified where); which he print and prefixed to it a dedication to Mr. Harley, chancel of the exchequer, afterward Earl of Oxford.† It is Is. xi. 13, 14, and is entitled, "Noah's Dove; an earn Exhortation to Peace; set forth in a Sermon, preach on the 7th of November, 1710, a Thanksgiving-day, Thomas Swift, A. M. formerly chaplain to Sir Willi Temple, now Rector of Puttenham, in Surrey." N Deane Swift says: "T. S. was a man of learning a abilities; but *unfortunately* bred up like his father a grandfather, with an abhorrence and contempt for all Puritanical sectaries:" whence he seems to infer, t he neither had, nor could well have, the least hope rising in the church. In fact, this Sermon, and its l dication (stand as near as you please, or as you c will not be found to carry with them any marks of su rior parts: nor did Thomas Swift attempt giving a other proof, that I ever saw or heard of, to the wo So that, although he certainly put in his claim to a sh

* See the dedication to Lord Somers, p. 37. N.

† See the Epistolary Correspondence, Nov. 21, 1710. N

here, it appears to have been little regarded: and Jonathan has as certainly the whole credit.

In March, 1760, a copy of the first edition of the "Tale of a Tub" was sold (for 5*s.* 6*d.* only) at an auction of books, by S. Baker: this copy had, it seems, belonged to Sheffield Duke of Bucks; with whom Dean Swift does not appear either to have had, or to have wished for, any intimacy.* In the first blank leaf the duke (as is believed and there affirmed) had written these words: "What follows here written, is all by the hand of Mr. Thomas Swift:" or something of this tenour. In the next page Thomas Swift has given the following anecdotes:†

"The preface of the Bookseller, before the 'Battle

* Consult on this head the Journal to Stella, Dec. 19, 1710: May 19, and Sept. 8, 1711. Swift says himself, he never was in the duke's company above once; or twice at the most.—In a Life of Mr. Pope, printed in 1769, it is observed, that Dr. Arbuthnot took Pope to task, for being so much acquainted with John of Bucks: [which was the cant and familiar name his Grace was called by.] "He has neither esteem nor love for you," said the Doctor; and "only wants to cheat you;" and Pope soon found the truth of this; but, though he fell into the snare, and bought an annuity of the duke, being over-persuaded by him; yet in the end his grace over-reached himself; for he supposed, from the delicacy of Mr. Pope's constitution, that he would live but a short time. N.

† These are, word for word, the same as what appear in a pamphlet printed for Curll in 1710, with this title; "A complete Key to the Tale of a Tub; with some account of the Authors, the occasion and design of writing it, and Mr. Wotton's Remarks examined. London, printed for Edmund Curll, &c. Price 6d. Where may be had, a Meditation upon a Broomstick, and somewhat beside, *utile dulci;* by one of the authors of the Tale of a Tub, Price 6d." See the extract from Swift's letter to Ben Tooke, p. 7; and, in a letter to Mr. Pope, Aug. 30, 1716, the dean says, "I had long a design upon the ears of that Curll, when I was in credit; but the rogue would never allow me a fair stroke at them, although my pen-knife was drawn and sharp.—" What gave this edge to the Dean's penknife was, A Key to the Tale of a Tub, by Ralph Noden, Esq." Curll, Annot. in loc. N.

of the Books,' shows the cause and design of the whole work: which was performed by a couple of young Clergymen in the year 1697; who, having been domestic chaplains to Sir William Temple, thought themselves obliged to take up his quarrel; in relation to the controversy then in dispute between him and Mr. Wotton, concerning Ancient and Modern Learning.

" The one of them began a defence of Sir William, under the title of 'A Tale of a Tub;' under which he intended to couch the general history of Christianity: showing the rise of all the remarkable errors of the Roman church, in the same order they entered; and how the Reformation endeavoured to root them out again: with the different temper of Luther from Calvin, (and those more violent spirits,) in the way of his reforming. His aim is to ridicule the stubborn errors of the Romish church, and the humours of the fanatic party; and to show that their superstition has something very fantastical in it, which is common to both of them; notwithstanding the abhorrence they seem to have for one another.

" The author intended to have it very regular; and withal so particular, that he thought not to pass by the rise of any one single error, or its reformation. He designed at last to show the purity of the Christian Church, in the primitive times; and consequently, how weakly Mr. Wotton passed his judgment, and how partially; in preferring the modern divinity before the ancient; with a confutation of whose book he intended to conclude. But when he had not yet gone half way, his companion borrowing the manuscript to peruse, carried it with him to Ireland; and, having kept it seven years, at last published it imperfect: for indeed he was not able to carry it on, after the intended method; because divinity, though it chanced to be his profession, had been the least

of his study. However, he added to it the "Battle of the Books;" wherein he effectually pursues the main design, of lashing Mr. Wotton: and having added a jocose epistle dedicatory to Lord Somers, and another to Prince Posterity, with a pleasant preface; and interlarded it with one digression concerning critics, and another in the modern kind; a third in praise of digressions, and a fourth in praise of madness; (with which he was not unacquainted;) concludes the book with a fragment, which the first author made, and intended should have come in about the middle of the Tale, as a preliminary to Jack's character.

"Having thus shown the reasons of the little order observed in the book, and the imperfectness of the Tale: it is so submitted to the reader's censure.

"Thomas Swift is grandson to Sir William Davenant;* Jonathan Swift is cousin-german to Thomas; both retainers to Sir William Temple."

Early in 1710 a new edition of the "Tale of a Tub" was in great forwardness. The Author's Apology, dated June 3, 1709, had been some time in the bookseller's possession; and the cuts (then first added) were delayed, for Sir Andrew Fountaine's approbation of the designs. In a letter to Ben Tooke from Dublin, June 29, 1710 Jonathan complains much of the liberty taken with his character in the Key; talks of trying to obtain redress; and adds,—"I cannot but think that little Parson Cousin of mine is at the bottom of this; for, having lent him a copy of some parts of, &c. [N. B.] and he showing it,

* The celebrated author of Gondibert. He was born in 1605; succeeded Ben Johnson as poet-laureat in 1637; was, knighted in 1643; was, for his loyalty, imprisoned in The Tower in 1651, and saved his life by the intercession of Milton and some others. After the Restoration, he obtained a patent for a play-house; and died April 17, 1668. N

after I was gone for Ireland, and the thing abroad; he affected to talk suspiciously, as if he had some share in it. If he should happen to be in town, and you light on him, I think you ought to tell him gravely, that if he be the Author, he should set his name to the, &c. and rally him a little upon it, and tell him, if he can explain some things, you will (if he pleases) set *his* name to the next edition. I should be glad to see how far *the foolish impudence of a dunce* could go. I shall, at the end take a little contemptible notice of *the thing* you send me." This he performed in a single page of Postscript to the Apology. To Dr. Swift's letter, Ben Tooke answered, July 10; "As to that Cousin of yours, which you speak of: I neither know him, nor ever heard of him, till the Key mentioned him." Thus, we see Thomas envied his Cousin the reputation of this performance;* and speaks of him contemptuously enough as knowing little of his own profession, Divinity; and as little better than *mad:* but Jonathan is even with him And the world seems to be of Jonathan's side; and to know nothing of Thomas.† Lord Oxford, when he wanted to teaze or provoke Jonathan, affected to call him *Thomas.*‡ The latter seems to have had no correspondence with the former.

* The "Tale of a Tub" is a sort of Hudibras in prose, but quite an original; and has all the merits of Rabelais, without any of his weaknesses. This is throughout the whole a mighty fund of good sense, a strong glow of true wit and masculine satire, accompanied with a kind of humour so singularly pleasant, that no cynic can avoid smiling who reads it. N.

† He died in May 1752, in his 87th year. N.

‡ See frequent instances in the Journal to Stella. N.

ANALYTICAL TABLE.

THE AUTHOR'S APOLOGY.

THE Tale approved of by a great majority among the men of taste. Some treatises written expressly against it; but not one syllable in its defence. The greatest part of it finished in 1696; eight years before it was published. The Author's intention, when he began it. No irreligious or immoral opinion can fairly be deduced from the book. The Clergy have no reason to dislike it. The Author's intention not having met with a candid interpretation, he declined engaging in a task he had proposed to himself; of examining some publications that were intended against all religion. Unfair to fix a name upon an Author, who had so industriously concealed himself. The Letter on Enthusiasm* ascribed by several to the same Author. If the abuses in Law or Physic had been the subject of this treatise; the learned professors in either faculty would have been more liberal than the Clergy. The passages which appear most li-

* This celebrated Letter, which was generally supposed to have been written by Dr. Swift; and by him, with as little foundation, ascribed to his friend Colonel Hunter; was the production of the noble author of the "Characteristics;" in which collection it holds the foremost rank. It was first published by J. Morphew, in 1708; bears date in September, 1707; and was written with a view to the French Prophets, whose enthusiastic extravagancies were then at the greatest height. N.

able to objection, are parodies. The Author entirely innocent of any intention of glancing at those tenets of Religion, which he has by some prejudiced or ignorant readers been supposed to mean. This particularly the case in the passage about the three wooden machines. An irony runs through the whole book. Not necessary to take notice of treatises written against it. The usual fate of common answerers to books of merit is to sink into waste paper and oblivion. The case very different, when a great genius exposes a foolish piece. Reflections occasioned by Dr. King's Remarks on the Tale of a Tub; others, by Mr. Wotton. The manner in which the TALE was first published accounted for. The Fragment not printed in the way the Author intended; being the ground-work of a much larger discourse.* The oaths of Peter why introduced. The severest strokes of Satire in the treatise are levelled against the custom of employing wit in profaneness or immodesty. Wit the noblest and most useful gift of human nature; and Humour the most agreeable. Those who have no share of either, think the blow weak, because they are themselves insensible.

P. S. The Author of the Key wrong, in all his conjectures. The whole work entirely by one hand; the Author defying any one to claim three lines in the book.

THE BOOKSELLER'S DEDICATION TO LORD SOMERS:

How he finds out that Lord to be a Patron intended by his Author. Dedicators ridiculous, who praise their Patrons for qualities that do not belong to them.

* In several parts of the Apology, the author dwells much on the circumstances of the book having been published, while his original papers were out of his own possession. Three editions were printed in the year 1704; a fourth, corrected, in 1705. N.

THE BOOKSELLER TO THE READER:

Tells how long he has had these papers; when they were written, and why he publishes them now.

THE DEDICATION TO POSTERITY:

The Author, apprehending that Time will soon destroy almost all the writings of this age, complains of his malice against modern Authors and their productions, in hurrying them so quickly off the scene; and therefore addresses Posterity in favour of his contemporaries; assures him, they abound in wit, and learning, and books; and for instance mentions Dryden, Tate, D'Urfey, Bentley, and Wotton.

PREFACE.

The Occasion and Design of this Work.

Project for employing the beaux of the nation. Of modern Prefaces. Modern Wit how delicate. Method for penetrating into an Author's thoughts.

Complaints of every Writer against the multitude of Writers, like the fat fellows in a crowd. Our Author insists on the common privilege of Writers; to be favourably explained, when not understood; and to praise himself in the modern way. This treatise without satire: and why. Fame sooner gotten by satire, than panegyric; the subject of the latter being narrow, and that of the former infinite. Difference between Athens and England, as to general and particular satire. The Author designs a panegyric on the world, and a modest defence of the rabble.

SECT. I. THE INTRODUCTION. A physico-mythological dissertation on the different sorts of oratorial machines. Of the bar and the bench. The Author fond of the number Three; promises a panegyric on it. Of

pulpits; which are the best. Of ladders; on which tl British orators surpass all others. Of the stage itin rant; the seminary of the two former. A physical re son, why those machines are elevated. Of the curio contrivance of modern theatres. These three machin emblematically represent the various sorts of Authors.

An apologetical dissertation for the Grub-street Wr ters, against their revolted rivals of Gresham and Will' Superficial Readers cannot easily find out Wisdom which is compared to several pretty things. Comment ries promised on several writings of Grub-street author as Reynard the Fox, Tom Thumb, Dr. Faustus, Whi tington and his Cat, the Hind and Panther, Tommy Pot and The Wise Men of Gotham. The Author's pen an person worn out in serving the state. Multiplicity titles and dedications.

SECT. II. TALE OF A TUB. Of a Father and h Three Sons. His will, and his legacies to them. C the young men's carriage at the beginning: and of tl genteel qualifications they acquired in town. Descri tion of a new sect, who adored their creator, the taylo Of their idol, and their system. The three brothers fc low the mode, against their father's will; and get shou der-knots, by help of distinctions; gold-lace, by help tradition; flame-coloured satin lining, by means of a su posed codicil; silver fringe, by virtue of critical inte pretation; and embroidery of Indian figures, by layir aside the plain literal meaning. The will at last locke up. Peter got into a lord's house, and after his dea turned out his children, and took in his own brothers their stead.

SECT. III. A DIGRESSION concerning Critics. Thr sorts of Critics; the two first sorts now extinct. Tl true sort of Critics' genealogy; office; definition. A tiquity of their race proved from Pausanias, who repr

sents them by Asses browzing on vines; and Herodotus, by Asses with horns; and by an Ass, that frightened a Scythian army; and Diodorus, by a Poisonous Weed; and Ctesias, by Serpents that poison with their vomit; and Terence, by the name of *Malevoli*. The true Critic compared to a Taylor; and to a true Beggar. Three characteristics of a true modern Critic.

Sect. IV. Tale of a Tub continued. Peter assumes grandeur and titles; and, to support them, turns projector. The Author's hopes of being translated into foreign languages. Peter's first invention, of *Terra Australis Incognita*. The second, of a Remedy for Worms. The third, a Whispering-office. Fourth, an Insurance-Office. Fifth, an Universal Pickle. Sixth, a set of Bulls with leaden feet. Lastly, his pardons to malefactors. Peter's brains turned; he plays several tricks, and turns out his brothers' wives. Gives his brothers bread for mutton and for wine. Tells huge lies; of a Cow's milk, that would fill 3000 churches; of a Sign-post, as large as a man of war; of a House, that travelled 2000 leagues. The brothers steal a copy of the will; break open a cellar-door; and are both kicked out of doors by Peter.

Sect. V. A Digression in the modern kind. Our Author expatiates on his great pains to serve the public by instructing, and more by diverting. The Moderns having so far excelled the Ancients, the Author gives them a receipt for a complete system of all arts and sciences, in a small pocket-volume. Several defects discovered in Homer; and his ignorance in modern invention, &c. Our Author's writings fit to supply all defects. He justifies his praising his own writings, by modern examples.

Sect. VI. Tale of a Tub continued. The Two brothers ejected agree in a resolution to reform, accord-

ing to the will. They take different names; and are found to be of different complexions. How Martin began rudely, but proceeded more cautiously, in reforming his coat. Jack, of a different temper, and full of zeal, begins tearing all to pieces. He endeavours to kindle up Martin to the same pitch; but not succeeding, they separate. Jack runs mad, gets many names, and founds the sect of Æolists.

SECT. VII. A DIGRESSION in praise of Digressions. Digressions suited to modern palates. A proof of depraved appetites; but necessary for modern writers. Two ways now in use to be book-learned; 1. by learning Titles; 2. by reading Indexes. Advantages of this last: and of Abstracts. The number of writers increasing above the quantity of matter, this method becomes necessary and useful. The Reader empowered to transplant this Digression.

SECT. VIII. TALE OF A TUB continued. System of the Æolists; they hold wind, or spirit, to be the origin of all things, and to bear a great part in their composition. Of the fourth and fifth animas attributed by them to man. Of their belching, or preaching. Their inspiration from Σκοτία. They use barrels for pulpits. Female officers used for inspiration; and why. The notion opposite to that of a Deity, fittest to form a Devil. Two Devils dreaded by the Æolists. Their relation with a Northern nation. The Author's respect for this sect.

SECT. IX. DISSERTATION ON MADNESS. Great conquerors of empires, and founders of sects in philosophy and religion, have generally been persons whose reason was disturbed. A small vapour, mounting to the brain, may occasion great revolutions. Examples: of Henry IV. who made great preparations for war, because of his mistress's absence; and of Louis XIV. whose great ac-

tions concluded in a fistula. Extravagant notions of several great philosophers, how nice to distinguish from madness. Mr. Wotton's fatal mistake, in misapplying his peculiar talents. Madness the source of conquests and systems. Advantages of fiction and delusion over truth and reality. The outside of things better than the inside. Madness, how useful. A proposal for visiting Bedlam, and employing the divers members in a way useful to the public.

Sect. X. The Author's compliments to the Readers. Great civilities practised between the Authors and Readers; and our Author's thanks to the whole nation. How well satisfied Authors and Booksellers are. To what occasions we owe most of the present writings. Of a paltry scribbler, our Author is afraid of; and therefore desires Dr. Bentley's protection. He gives here his whole store at one meal. Usefulness of this treatise to different sorts of Readers; the superficial, the ignorant, and the learned. Proposal for making some ample Commentaries on this work; and of the usefulness of Commentaries for dark writers. Useful hints for the Commentators of this Treatise.

Sect. XI. The Tale of a Tub continued. The Author, not in haste to be at home, shows the difference between a traveller weary or in haste, and another in good plight that takes his pleasure, and views every pleasant scene in his way. The sequel of Jack's adventures; his superstitious veneration for the Holy Scripture, and the uses he made of it. His flaming zeal, and blind submission to the Decrees. His harangue for Predestination. He covers roguish tricks with a show of devotion. Affects singularity in manners and speech. His aversion to music and painting. His discourses provoke sleep. His groaning, and affecting to suffer for the good cause. The great antipathy of Peter and Jack

made them both run into extremes, where they often met.

The degenerate ears of this age cannot afford a sufficient handle to hold men by. The senses and passions afford many handles. Curiosity is that by which our Author has held his Readers so long. The rest of this story lost, &c.

THE CONCLUSION. Of the proper Seasons for publishing books. Of profound Writers. Of the ghost of Wit. Sleep and the Muses nearly related. Apology for the Author's fits of dulness. Method and Reason the lacquies of Invention. Our Author's great collection of Flowers of little use till now.

A DISCOURSE CONCERNING THE MECHANICAL OPERATION OF THE SPIRIT.

The Author at a loss what title to give this piece, finds, after much pains, that of *A Letter to a Friend* to be most in vogue. Of modern excuses for haste and negligence, &c.

SECT. I. Mahomet's fancy of being carried to Heaven by an Ass, followed by many Christians. A great affinity between this creature and man. That talent of bringing his rider to Heaven the subject of this Discourse: but for Ass and Rider the Author uses the synonymous terms of Enlightened Teacher and Fanatic Hearer. A tincture of Enthusiasm runs through all men and all sciences; but prevails most in Religion. Enthusiasm defined and distinguished. That which is Mechanical and Artificial is treated of by our Author. Though Art oftentimes changes into Nature: examples in the Scythian Longheads and English Roundheads. Sense and Reason must be laid aside, to let this Spirit operate. The objections about the manner of the Spirit from above descending upon the Apostles, make not

against this Spirit that arises within. The methods by which the Assembly helps to work up this Spirit, jointly with the Preacher.

SECT. II. How some worship a good Being, others an evil. Most people confound the bounds of good and evil. Vain mortals think the Divinity interested in their meanest actions. The scheme of spiritual mechanism left out. Of the usefulness of quilted night-caps, to keep in the heat, to give motion and vigour to the little animals that compose the brain. Sound of far greater use than sense in the operations of the Spirit, as in Music. Inward light consists of theological monosyllables and mysterious texts. Of the great force of one vowel in canting; and of blowing the nose, hawking, spitting, and belching. The Author to publish an Essay on the Art of Canting. Of speaking through the nose, or snuffling: its origin from a disease occasioned by a conflict betwixt the Flesh and the Spirit. Inspired vessels, like lanterns, have a sorry sooty outside. Fanaticism deduced from the Ancients, in their Orgies, Bacchanals, &c. Of their great lasciviousness on those occasions. The Fanatics of the first centuries, and those of later times, generally agree in the same principle, of improving spiritual into carnal ejaculations, &c.

THE BATTLE OF THE BOOKS.

The Preface informs us, this piece was written in 1697, on account of a famous dispute about Ancient and Modern Learning, between Sir William Temple and the Earl of Orrery on the one side, and Mr. Wotton and Bentley on the other.

War and Invasions generally proceed from the attacks of Want and Poverty upon Plenty and Riches. The Moderns quarrel with the Ancients, about the possession

of the highest top of Parnassus; and desire them to su render it, or to let it be levelled. The answer of th Ancients not accepted. A war ensues; in which rivule of ink are spilt; and both parties hang out their trophie books of controversy. These books haunted with diso derly spirits; though often bound to the peace in Libr ries. The Author's advice in this case neglected: whic occasions a terrible fight in St. James's Library. D Bentley, the Library-keeper, a great enemy to the A cients. The Moderns, finding themselves fifty thousan strong, give the Ancients ill language. Temple, a f vourite of the Ancients. An incident of a quarrel b tween a Bee and a Spider; with their arguments o both sides. Æsop applies them to the present di pute. The order of battle of the Moderns, and names their leaders. The leaders of the Ancients. Jupit calls a Council of the Gods, and consults the books Fate; and then sends his orders below. Momus brin the news to Criticism; whose habitation and company described. She arrives; and sheds her influence on h son Wotton. The battle described. Paracelsus e gages Galen; Aristotle aims at Bacon, and kills De cartes; Homer overthrows Gondibert, kills Denham a Wesley,* Perrault,† and Fontenelle.‡ Encounter Virgil and Dryden; of Lucan and Blackmore; of Creec

* Samuel Wesley, rector of Ormesby and Epworth, in Lincol shire. He died April 25, 1735. N.

† Charles Perrault, author of a poem entitled, "Le Siècle Louis le Grand," in which the modern authors are exalted abo the ancient; and of several other curious works. He was born 1626, and died in 1703. He had three brothers, who were all lik wise writers of eminence. N.

‡ The celebrated author of the Plurality of Worlds; who died 1756, when he wanted only a few days of completing his hundred year. N.

and Horace; of Pindar and Cowley. The episode of Bentley and Wotton. Bentley's armour. His speech to the modern generals. Scaliger's answer. Bentley and Wotton march together. Bentley attacks Phalaris and Æsop. Wotton attacks Temple in vain. Boyle pursues Wotton; and, meeting Bentley in his way, he pursues and kills them both.

THE

AUTHOR'S APOLOGY.

June 3, 1709.

IF good and ill nature equally operated upon manki I might have saved myself the trouble of this Apolog for it is manifest by the reception the following discou has met with, that those who approve it, are a gr majority among the men of taste: yet there have b two or three treatises written expressly against it, side many others that have flirted at it occasiona without one syllable having been ever published in defence, or even quotation to its advantage, that I remember, except by the polite Author of a late] course between a Deist and a Socinian.

Therefore, since the book seems calculated to live least as long as our language and our taste admi great alterations, I am content to convey some Apol along with it.

The greatest part of that book was finished at thirteen years since, 1696, which is eight years befo was published. The author was then young, his in tion at the height, and his reading fresh in his head. the assistance of some thinking, and much conversat he had endeavoured to strip himself of as many real judices as he could: I say *real* ones, because, under notion of prejudices, he knew to what dangerous hei some men have proceeded. Thus prepared, he thou the numerous and gross corruptions in religion and le ing, might furnish matter for a satire, that would be

and diverting. He resolved to proceed in a manner should be altogether new, the world having been al- ly too long nauseated with endless repetitions upon y subject. The abuses in religion, he proposed to forth in the allegory of the coats and the three bro- s, which was to make up the body of the discourse: e in learning, he chose to introduce by way of digres- s. He was then a young gentleman much in the ld, and wrote to the taste of those who were like self; therefore, in order to allure them, he gave a li- y to his pen, which might not suit with maturer years, raver characters, and which he could have easily ected with a very few blots, had he been master his papers, for a year or two before their publication. Not that he would have governed his judgment by the laced cavils of the sour, the envious, the stupid, and tasteless, which he mentions with disdain. He ac- wledges there are several youthful sallies, which from grave and the wise may deserve a rebuke. But he ires to be answerable no farther than he is guilty, and t his faults may not be multiplied by the ignorant, the natural, and uncharitable applications of those, who e neither candour to suppose good meanings, nor pa- to distinguish true ones. After which, he will for- his life, if any one opinion can be fairly deduced m that book, which is contrary to religion or moral-

Why should any clergyman of our church be angry see the follies of fanaticism and superstition exposed, ugh in the most ridiculous manner; since that is per- ps the most probable way to cure them, or at least to der them from farther spreading? Besides, though it is not intended for their perusal, it rallies nothing but at they preach against. It contains nothing to pro- ke them by the least scurrility upon their persons or

their functions. It celebrates the Church of England as the most perfect of all others, in discipline and doctrine; it advances no opinion they reject, nor condemns any they receive. If the clergy's resentment lay upon their hands, in my humble opinion, they might have found more proper objects to employ them on; *nondum tibi defuit hostis;* I mean those heavy illiterate scribblers prostitute in their reputations, vicious in their lives, and ruined in their fortunes: who, to the shame of good sense as well as piety, are greedily read, merely upon the strength of bold, false, impious assertions, mixed with unmannerly reflections upon the priesthood, and openly intended against all religion: in short, full of such principles as are kindly received, because they are levelled to remove those terrors, that religion tells men will be the consequence of immoral lives. Nothing like which is to be met with in this discourse, though some of them are pleased so freely to censure it. And I wish there were no other instance of what I have too frequently observed, that many of that reverend body are not always very nice in distinguishing between their enemies and their friends.

Had the author's intentions met with a more candid interpretation from some, whom out of respect he forbears to name, he might have been encouraged to an examination of books written by some of those authors above described, whose errors, ignorance, dullness, and villany, he thinks he could have detected and exposed in such a manner, that the persons who are most conceived to be affected by them, would soon lay them aside and be ashamed; but he has now given over those thoughts; since the weightiest* men, in the weightiest stations, are pleased to think it a more dangerous point,

* Alluding to Abp. Sharpe's representation of the author. H.

o laugh at those corruptions in religion, which they themselves must disapprove, than to endeavour pulling up hose very foundations, wherein all Christians have agreed.

He thinks it no fair proceeding, that any person should offer determinately to fix a name upon the author of this discourse, who hath all along concealed himself from most of his nearest friends: yet several have gone a step farther, and pronounced another book* to have been the work of the same hand with this, which the author directly affirms to be a thorough mistake; he having yet never so much as read that discourse: a plain instance how little truth there often is in general surmises, or in conjectures drawn from a similitude of style or way of thinking.

Had the author written a book to expose the abuses in law, or in physic, he believes the learned professors in either faculty would have been so far from resenting it, as to have given him thanks for his pains, especially if he had made an honourable reservation for the true practice of either science: but religion, they tell us, ought not to be ridiculed; and they tell us truth: yet surely the corruptions in it may; for we are taught by the tritest maxims in the world, that religion being the best of things, its corruptions are likely to be the worst.

There is one thing which the judicious reader cannot but have observed, that some of those passages in this discourse, which appear most liable to objection, are what they call parodies, where the author personates the style and manner of other writers, whom he has a mind to expose. I shall produce one instance of a passage in which Dryden, L'Estrange, and some others I shall not name, are levelled at, who having spent their lives in faction, and apos-

* The "Letter on Enthusiasm." See p. 9. N.

tacies, and all manner of vice, pretended to be suffered for loyalty and religion. So Dryden tells us in one of his prefaces, of *his merits and sufferings*, and thanks God that he *possesses his soul in patience ;* in other places he talks at the same rate; and L'Estrange often uses the like style; and I believe the reader may find more persons to give that passage an application; but this is enough to direct those, who may have overlooked the author's intention.

There are three or four other passages, which prejudiced or ignorant readers have drawn by great force to hint at ill meanings; as if they glanced at some tenets in religion. In answer to all which, the author solemnly protests, he is entirely innocent; and never had it once in his thoughts, that any thing he said would in the least be capable of such interpretations, which he will engage to deduce full as fairly from the most innocent book in the world. And it will be obvious to every reader, that this was not any part of his scheme or design, the abuses he notes being such as all Church-of-England men agree in; nor was it proper for his subject to meddle with other points than such as have been perpetually controverted since the Reformation.

To instance only in that passage about the three wooden machines, mentioned in the Introduction: in the original manuscript there was a description of a fourth, which those who had the papers in their power, blotted out, as having something in it of satire, that I suppose they thought was too particular; and therefore they were forced to change it to the number three, whence some have endeavoured to squeeze out a dangerous meaning, that was never thought on. And indeed the conceit was half spoiled by changing the numbers; that of four being much more cabalistic, and therefore better exposing

the pretended virtue of numbers, a superstition there intended to be ridiculed.

Another thing to be observed is, that there generally runs an irony through the thread of the whole book, which the men of taste will observe and distinguish; and which will render some objections, that have been made, very weak and insignificant.

This Apology being chiefly intended for the satisfaction of future readers, it may be thought unnecessary to take any notice of such treatises as have been written against the ensuing discourse, which are already sunk into waste paper and oblivion, after the usual fate of common answerers to books which are allowed to have any merit: they are indeed like annuals, that grow about a young tree, and seem to vie with it for a summer, but fall and die with the leaves in autumn, and are never heard of more. When Dr. Eachard writ his book about the contempt of the clergy, numbers of these answerers immediately started up, whose memory if he had not kept alive by his replies, it would now be utterly unknown that he was ever answered at all. There is indeed an exception, when any great genius thinks it worth his while to expose a foolish piece; so we still read Marvell's answer to Parker,* with pleasure, though the book it answers be sunk long ago; so the Earl of Orrery's Remarks will be read with delight, when the dissertation he exposes will neither be sought nor found:† but these are no enterprises for common hands, nor to be hoped for above once or twice in an age. Men would be more cau-

* Parker, afterwards Bishop of Oxford, wrote many treatises against the dissenters, "with insolence and contempt," says Burnet, "that enraged them beyond measure;" for which he was chastised by Andrew Marvell, under-secretary to Milton, in a little book called "The Rehearsal transprosed." H.

† Boyle's "Remarks upon Bentley's Dissertation on the Epistles of Phalaris." H.

tious of losing their time in such an undertaking, if they did but consider, that to answer a book effectually requires more pains and skill, more wit, learning, and judgment, than were employed in the writing of it. And the author assures those gentlemen, who have given themselves that trouble with him, that his discourse is the product of the study, the observation, and the invention of several years; that he often blotted out much more than he left; and if his papers had not been a long time out of his possession, they must have still undergone more severe corrections. And do they think such a building is to be battered with dirt-pellets, however envenomed the mouths may be that discharge them? He has seen the productions but of two answerers, one of which at first appeared as from an unknown hand, but since avowed by a person, who, upon some occasions, has discovered no ill vein of humour. It is a pity any occasion should put him under a necessity of being so hasty in his productions, which, otherwise, might be entertaining. But there were other reasons obvious enough for his miscarriage in this; he writ against the conviction of his talent, and entered upon one of the wrongest attempts in nature, to turn into ridicule by a week's labour, a work, which had cost so much time, and met with so much success in ridiculing others: the manner how he handled his subject I have now forgotten, having just looked it over, when it first came out, as others did, merely for the sake of the title.*

The other answer is from a person of a graver character, and is made up of half invective, and half annota-

* "This," says Swift very gravely, "we cannot recover at present, it being absolutely forgotten, the oldest booksellers in trade know nothing of it." The title was, "Some Remarks on the Tale of a Tub; to which are annexed, Mully of Mountoun, and Orpheus and Eurydice. By the author of the Journey to London, 1704," 8 vo. It is inserted in the first volume of Dr. King's Works, 1776, p. 209. N.

tion;* in the latter of which he has generally succeeded well enough. And the project at that time was not amiss to draw in readers to his pamphlet, several having appeared desirous, that there might be some explication of the more difficult passages. Neither can he be altogether blamed for offering at the invective part, because it is agreed on all hands, that the author had given him sufficient provocation. The great objection is against his manner of treating it, very unsuitable to one of his function. It was determined by a fair majority, that this answerer had, in a way not to be pardoned, drawn his pen against a certain great man then alive, and universally reverenced for every good quality that could possibly enter into the composition of the most accomplished person; it was observed, how he was pleased and affected to have that noble writer called his adversary; and it was a point of satire well directed; for I have been told Sir William Temple was sufficiently mortified at the term. All the men of wit and politeness were immediately up in arms through indignation, which prevailed over their contempt by the consequences they apprehended from such an example; and it grew Porsenna's case; *idem trecenti juravinus.* In short, things were ripe for a general insurrection, till my Lord Orrery had a little laid the spirit, and settled the ferment. But, his lordship being principally engaged with another antagonist,* it was thought necessary, in order to quiet the minds of men, that this opposer should receive a reprimand,

* Wotton's Defence of his Reflections upon Ancient and Modern Learning. From the annotations are selected the notes signed *W. Wotton.* Thus Wotton appears busied to illustrate a work, which he laboured to condemn, and adds force to a satire pointed against himself; as captives were bound to the chariot-wheel of the victor, and compelled to increase the pomp of his triumph, whom they had in vain attempted to defeat. W. B.

* Bentley concerning Phalaris and Æsop. H.

which partly occasioned that discourse of the Battle of the Books; and the author was farther at the pains to insert one or two remarks on him in the body of the book.

This answerer has been pleased to find fault with about a dozen passages, which the author will not be at the trouble of defending; farther than by assuring the reader, that, for the greater part, the reflecter is entirely mistaken, and forces interpretations which never once entered into the writer's head, nor will (he is sure) into that of any reader of taste and candour. He allows two or three at most there produced, to have been delivered unwarily; for which he desires to plead the excuse offered already, of his youth and frankness of speech, and his papers being out of his power at the time they were published.

But this answerer insists, and says, what he chiefly dislikes, is the design; what that was, I have already told, and I believe there is not a person in England who can understand that book, that ever imagined it to be any thing else, but to expose the abuses and corruptions, in learning and religion.

But it would be good to know what design this reflecter was serving, when he concludes his pamphlet with a caution to the reader, to beware of thinking the author's wit was entirely his own: surely this must have had some allay of personal animosity at least, mixed with the design of serving the public, by so useful a discovery; and it indeed touches the author in a tender point; who insists upon it, that through the whole book he has not borrowed one single hint from any writer in the world; and he thought, of all criticisms, that would never have been one. He conceived, it was never disputed to be an original, whatever faults it might have. However, this answerer produces three instances to prove this author's wit is not his own in many places. The

first is, that the names of Peter, Martin, and Jack, are borrowed from a letter of the late Duke of Buckingham.* Whatever wit is contained in those three names, the author is content to give it up, and desires his readers will subtract as much as they placed upon that account; at the same time protesting solemnly, that he never once heard of that letter, except in this passage of the answerer, so that the names were not borrowed, as he affirms, though they should happen to be the same; which however is odd enough, and what he hardly believes; that of Jack being not quite so obvious as the other two. The second instance to show the author's wit is not his own, is Peter's banter (as he calls it in his *Alsatia*† phrase) upon transubstantiation, which is taken from the same duke's conference with an Irish priest, where a cork is turned into a horse. This the author confesses to have seen about ten years after his book was written, and a year or two after it was published. Nay, the answerer overthrows this himself; for he allows the Tale was written in 1697; and I think that pamphlet was not printed in many years after. It was necessary that corruption should have some allegory, as well as the rest; and the author invented the properest he could, without inquiring what other people had written; and the commonest reader will find, there is not the least resemblance between the two stories. The third instance is in these words; "I have been assured, that the Battle in St. James's Library is *mutatis mutandis*, taken out of a French book, entitled, *Combat des Livres*, if I misremember not." In which passage there are two clauses observable, *I have been assured;* and, *if I misremember not.* I desire first to know whether, if that conjec-

* Villiers, the second duke. H.

† The nick-name of White Fryars. See p. 31. N.

ture proves an utter falsehood, those two clauses will be a sufficient excuse for this worthy critic. The matter is a trifle; but, would he venture to pronounce at this rate upon one of greater moment? I know nothing more contemptible in a writer, than the character of a plagiary; which he here fixes at a venture; and this not for a passage but a whole discourse, taken out from another book, only *mutatis mutandis*. The author is as much in the dark about this, as the answerer; and will imitate him by an affirmation at random; that if there be a word of truth in this reflection, he is a paltry, imitating pedant; and the answerer is a person of wit, manners, and truth. He takes this boldness from never having seen any such treatise in his life, nor heard of it before; and he is sure it is impossible for two writers, of different times and countries, to agree in their thoughts after such a manner, that two continued discourses shall be the same, only *mutatis mutandis*. Neither will he insist upon the mistake in the title; but let the answerer and his friend produce any book they please, he defies them to show one single particular, where the judicious reader will affirm he has been obliged for the smallest hint; giving only allowance for the accidental encountering of a single thought, which he knows may sometimes happen; though he has never yet found it in that discourse, nor has heard it objected by any body else.

So that if ever any design was unfortunately executed, it must be that of this answerer; who, when he would have it observed, that the author's wit is none of his own, is able to produce but three instances, two of them mere trifles, and all three manifestly false. If this be the way these gentlemen deal with the world in those criticisms, where we have not leisure to defeat them, their readers had need be cautious how they rely upon their credit; and whether this proceeding can be recon-

called to humanity or truth, let those, who think it worth their while, determine.

It is agreed, this answerer would have succeeded much better, if he had stuck wholly to his business as a commentator upon the "Tale of a Tub," wherein it cannot be denied that he hath been of some service to the public, and hath given very fair conjectures towards clearing up some difficult passages; but, it is the frequent error of those men (otherwise very commendable for their labours) to make excursions beyond their talent and their office, by pretending to point out the beauties and the faults; which is no part of their trade, which they always fail in, which the world never expected from them, nor gave them any thanks for endeavouring at. The part of Minellius, or Farnaby,* would have fallen in with his genius, and might have been serviceable to many readers, who cannot enter into the abstruser parts of that discourse; but *optat ephippia bos piger:* the dull, unwieldy, ill-shaped ox, would needs put on the furniture of a horse, not considering he was born to labour, to plow the ground for the sake of superior beings, and that he has neither the shape, mettle, nor speed of that noble animal he would affect to personate.

It is another pattern of this answerer's fair dealing, to give us hints that the author is dead, and yet to lay the suspicion upon somebody, I know not who, in the country; to which can only be returned, that he is absolutely mistaken in all his conjectures; and surely conjectures are, at best, too light a pretence to allow a man to assign a name in public. He condemns a book, and consequently the author, of whom he is utterly ignorant; yet at the same time fixes, in print, what he thinks a disad-

* Low commentators, who wrote notes upon classic authors for the use of schoolboys. H.

vantageous character upon those who never deserved it A man, who receives a buffet in the dark, may be allowed to be vexed; but it is an odd kind of revenge, to go to cuffs in broad day, with the first he meets, and lay the last night's injury at his door. And thus much for this discreet, candid, pious, and ingenious answerer.

How the author came to be without his papers, is a story not proper to be told, and of very little use, being a private fact; of which the reader would believe as little, or as much, as he thought good. He had however a blotted copy by him, which he intended to have written over with many alterations, and this the publishers were well aware of, having put it into the bookseller's preface, that they apprehended a surreptitious copy, which was to be altered, &c. This, though not regarded by readers, was a real truth, only the surreptitious copy was rather that which was printed; and they made all the haste they could, which indeed was needless, the author not being at all prepared; but he has been told the bookseller was in much pain, having given a good sum of money for the copy.

In the author's original copy, there were not so many chasms as appear in the book; and why some of them were left, he knows not: had the publication been trusted to him, he would have made several corrections of passages, against which nothing has been ever objected. He would likewise have altered a few of those, that seem with any reason to be excepted against; but, to deal freely, the greatest number he should have left untouched, as never suspecting it possible any wrong interpretations could be made of them.

The author observes, at the end of the book there is a discourse, called "A Fragment;" which he more wondered to see in print, than all the rest; having been

a most imperfect sketch, with the addition of a few loose hints, which he once lent a gentleman, who had designed a discourse on somewhat the same subject; he never thought of it afterwards; and it was a sufficient surprise to see it pieced up together, wholly out of the method and scheme he had intended, for it was the groundwork of a much larger discourse; and he was sorry to observe the materials so foolishly employed.

There is one farther objection made by those who have answered this book, as well as by some others, that Peter is frequently made to repeat oaths and curses. Every reader observes, it was necessary to know that Peter did swear and curse. The oaths are not printed out, but only supposed; and the idea of an oath is not immoral, like the idea of a profane or immodest speech. A man may laugh at the popish folly of cursing people to Hell, and imagine them swearing, without any crime; but lewd words, or dangerous opinions, though printed by halves, fill the reader's mind with ill ideas; and of these the author cannot be accused. For the judicious reader will find, that the severest strokes of satire in his book are levelled against the modern custom of employing wit upon those topics, of which there is a remarkable instance in the 156th and 157th pages, as well as in several others, though perhaps once or twice expressed in too free a manner, excusable only for the reasons already alleged. Some overtures have been made by a third hand to the bookseller, for the author's altering those passages, which he thought might require it; but it seems the bookseller will not hear of any such thing, being apprehensive it might spoil the sale of the book.

The author cannot conclude this Apology without making this one reflection; that, as wit is the noblest and most useful gift of human nature, so humour is the most agreeable; and where these two enter far into the com-

position of any work, they will render it always acceptable to the world. Now, the great part of those who have no share or taste of either, but by their pride, pedantry, and ill manners, lay themselves bare to the lashes of both, think the blow is weak, because they are insensible; and where wit has any mixture of raillery, it is but calling it banter, and the work is done. This polite word of theirs, was first borrowed from the bullies in White Fryars;* then fell among the footmen; and at last retired to the pedants; by whom it is applied as properly to the production of wit, as if I should apply it to Sir Isaac Newton's mathematics; but, if this bantering, as they call it, be so despisable a thing, whence comes it to pass they have such a perpetual itch toward it themselves? To instance only in the answerer already mentioned: it is grievous to see him in some of his writings, at every turn going out of his way to be waggish, to tell us of a cow that pricked up her tail; and in his answer to this discourse he says, it is all a farce and a ladle; with other passages equally shining. One may say of these *impedimenta literarum*, that wit owes them a shame; and they cannot take wiser counsel, than to keep out of harm's way, or at least not to come till they are sure they are called.

To conclude: with those allowances above required this book should be read; after which, the author conceives, few things will remain which may not be excused in a young writer. He wrote only to the men of wit and taste; and he thinks he is not mistaken in his accounts, when he says they have been all of his side, enough to give him the vanity of telling his name; wherein the world, with all its wise conjectures, is yet very much in the dark; which circumstance is no disagreeable amusement either to the public or himself.

* See p. 29. N.

The author is informed, that the bookseller has prevailed on several gentlemen to write some explanatory notes; for the goodness of which he is not to answer, having never seen any of them, nor intending it till they appear in print; when it is not unlikely he may have the pleasure to find twenty meanings, which never entered into his imagination.

POSTSCRIPT.

SINCE the writing of this, which was about a year ago, a prostitute bookseller has published a foolish paper, under the name of "Notes on the Tale of a Tub," with some account of the author; and with an insolence, which I suppose is punishable by law, has presumed to assign certain names. It will be enough for the author to assure the world, that the writer of that paper is utterly wrong in all his conjectures upon that affair. The author farther asserts, that the whole work is entirely of one hand, which every reader of judgment will easily discover; the gentleman, who gave the copy to the bookseller, being a friend of the author, and using no other liberties, beside that of expunging certain passages, where now the chasms appear under the name of *desiderata*. But, if any person will prove his claim to three lines in the whole book, let him step forth and tell his name and titles; upon which the bookseller shall have orders to prefix them to the next edition, and the claimant shall from henceforward be acknowledged the undisputed author.

Treatises written by the same author, most of them mentioned in the following discourses: which will be speedily published.

A character of the present set of wits in this island.

A panegyrical essay upon the number Three.

A dissertation upon the principal productions of Gr street.

Lectures upon a dissection of Human Nature.

A panegyric upon the World.

An analytical discourse upon Zeal, *histori-theo-phy logically* considered.

A general history of Ears.

A modest defence of the proceedings of the Rab in all ages.

A description of the Kingdom of Absurdities.*

A voyage into England, by a person of quality in *ra australis incognita*, translated from the original.

A critical essay upon the art of Canting, philosop cally, physically, and musically considered.

* As a part of this description, the following sketches are co from Swift's own hand writing: "In the Kingdom of Absurdi The bells of glass, with iron clappers. The houses of gunpow and as they are apt to get drunk, they leave candles lighting, so they have fires very frequently. The children always die there fore their parents. There is a sort of flying insect in their ja which has cruel teeth, and is fond of human testicles; so that w a man goes there upon his occasions, it is forty to one but he co away without them. Nothing is so easy as to destroy those anim and yet ask the reason, why they do it not? they say, It was t ancestors' custom of old." N.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

JOHN LORD SOMERS.

My Lord,

ALTHOUGH the author has written a large dedication, yet that being addressed to a prince, whom I am never likely to have the honour of being known to: a person besides, as far as I can observe, not at all regarded, or thought on by any of our present writers; and being wholly free from that slavery, which booksellers usually lie under, to the caprices of authors; I think it a wise piece of presumption to inscribe these papers to your lordship, and to implore your lordship's protection of them. God and your lordship know their faults, and their merits; for, as to my own particular, I am altogether a stranger to the matter; and though every body else should be equally ignorant, I do not fear the sale of the book, at all the worse, upon that score. Your lordship's name on the front in capital letters will at any time get off one edition: neither would I desire any other help to grow an alderman, than a patent for the sole privilege of dedicating to your lordship.

I should now, in right of a dedicator, give your lordship a list of your own virtues, and at the same time be very unwilling to offend your modesty; but chiefly, I should celebrate your liberality towards men of great parts and small fortunes, and give you broad hints, that I mean myself. And I was just going on, in the usual method, to peruse a hundred or two of dedications, and transcribe an abstract to be applied to your lordship; but I was diverted by a certain accident: for, upon the

A panegyrical essay upon the number Three.

A dissertation upon the principal productions of Grub street.

Lectures upon a dissection of Human Nature.

A panegyric upon the World.

An analytical discourse upon Zeal, *histori-theo-physi logically* considered.

A general history of Ears.

A modest defence of the proceedings of the Rabbl in all ages.

A description of the Kingdom of Absurdities.*

A voyage into England, by a person of quality in *ter ra australis incognita*, translated from the original.

A critical essay upon the art of Canting, philosoph cally, physically, and musically considered.

* As a part of this description, the following sketches are copie from Swift's own hand writing: "In the Kingdom of Absurditie The bells of glass, with iron clappers. The houses of gunpowde and as they are apt to get drunk, they leave candles lighting, so th they have fires very frequently. The children always die there b fore their parents. There is a sort of flying insect in their jake which has cruel teeth, and is fond of human testicles; so that wh a man goes there upon his occasions, it is forty to one but he com away without them. Nothing is so easy as to destroy those animal and yet ask the reason, why they do it not? they say, It was the ancestors' custom of old" N

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

JOHN LORD SOMERS.

My Lord,

ALTHOUGH the author has written a large dedication, yet that being addressed to a prince, whom I am never likely to have the honour of being known to: a person besides, as far as I can observe, not at all regarded, or thought on by any of our present writers; and being wholly free from that slavery, which booksellers usually lie under, to the caprices of authors; I think it a wise piece of presumption to inscribe these papers to your lordship, and to implore your lordship's protection of them. God and your lordship know their faults, and their merits; for, as to my own particular, I am altogether a stranger to the matter; and though every body else should be equally ignorant, I do not fear the sale of the book, at all the worse, upon that score. Your lordship's name on the front in capital letters will at any time get off one edition: neither would I desire any other help to grow an alderman, than a patent for the sole privilege of dedicating to your lordship.

I should now, in right of a dedicator, give your lordship a list of your own virtues, and at the same time be very unwilling to offend your modesty; but chiefly, I should celebrate your liberality towards men of great parts and small fortunes, and give you broad hints, that I mean myself. And I was just going on, in the usual method, to peruse a hundred or two of dedications, and transcribe an abstract to be applied to your lordship; but I was diverted by a certain accident: for, upon the

covers of these papers, I casually observed written in large letters the two following words, DETUR DIGNISSIMO; which, for aught I knew, might contain some important meaning. But it unluckily fell out, that none of the authors I employ understood Latin (though I have them often in pay to translate out of that language). I was therefore compelled to have recourse to the curate of our parish, who Englished it thus: "Let it be given to the worthiest:" and his comment was, that the author meant his work should be dedicated to the sublimest genius of the age for wit, learning, judgment, eloquence, and wisdom. I called at a poet's chamber (who works for my shop) in an alley hard-by, showed him the translation, and desired his opinion, who it was that the author could mean: he told me, after some consideration, "that vanity was a thing he abhorred; but, by the description, he thought himself to be the person aimed at;" and at the same time, he very kindly offered his own assistance *gratis* towards penning a dedication to himself. I desired him, however, to give a second guess: "Why, then," said he, "it must be I, or my Lord Somers." From thence I went to several other wits of my acquaintance, with no small hazard and weariness to my person, from a prodigious number of dark, winding stairs; but found them all in the same story, both of your lordship and themselves. Now your lordship is to understand, that this proceeding was not of my own invention; for I have somewhere heard, it is a maxim, that those to whom every body allows the second place, have an undoubted title to the first.

This infallibly convinced me, that your lordship was the person intended by the author. But being very unacquainted * in the style and form of dedications, I em-

* *Very unacquainted* in, &c. is an impropriety of speech; it should be, 'very little acquainted with,' &c. S.

ployed those wits aforesaid, to furnish me with hints and materials, towards a panegyric upon your lordship's virtues.

In two days they brought me ten sheets of paper, filled up on every side. They swore to me, that they had ransacked whatever could be found in the characters of Socrates, Aristides, Epaminondas, Cato, Tully, Atticus, and other hard names, which I cannot now recollect. However, I have reason to believe, they imposed upon my ignorance; because, when I came to read over their collections, there was not a syllable there, but what I and every body else knew as well as themselves: therefore I grievously suspect a cheat; and that these authors of mine stole and transcribed every word from the universal report of mankind. So that I look upon myself as fifty shillings out of pocket, to no manner of purpose.

If, by altering the title, I could make the same materials serve for another dedication (as my betters have done) it would help to make up my loss; but I have made several persons dip here and there in those papers, and before they read three lines, they have all assured me plainly, that they cannot possibly be applied to any person beside your lordship.

I expected, indeed, to have heard of your lordship's bravery at the head of an army; of your undaunted courage in mounting a breach, or scaling a wall; or, to have had your pedigree traced in a lineal descent from the house of *Austria*; or, of your wonderful talent at dress and dancing; or your profound knowledge in *algebra*, *metaphysics*, and the *oriental* tongues. But to ply the world with an old beaten story of your wit, and eloquence, and learning, and wisdom, and justice, and politeness, and candour, and evenness of temper in all scenes of life; of that great discernment in discovering, and readiness in favouring deserving men; with

forty other common topics; I confess, I have neither conscience, nor countenance to do it. Because there is no virtue, either of a public or private life, which some circumstances of your own have not often produced upon the stage of the world;* and those few, which, for want of occasions to exert them, might otherwise have passed unseen, or unobserved, by your friends, your enemies have at length brought to light.†

It is true, I should be very loath the bright example of your lordship's virtues should be lost to after ages, both for their sake and your own: but chiefly because they will be so very necessary to adorn the history of a late reign;‡ and that is another reason why I would forbear to make a recital of them here; because I have been told by wise men, that, as dedications have run for some

* This distinguished lawyer was born at Worcester in 1652. He was first taken notice of at the trial of the Seven Bishops, for whom he was one of the counsel; and it may be here not improperly observed, that all the counsel for the bishops were men of uncommon eminence in their profession. Mr. Somers, in particular, displayed an eloquence on that occasion, worthy of Athens or Rome, when they produced their most finished orators; and an honest zeal for liberty no less worthy of those republics, when they produced their most distinguished patriots. Soon after the accession of King William, he was appointed solicitor-general, and received the honour of knighthood. He was made attorney-general in April, 1692; and lord keeper in March following. In 1697, he was created Lord Somers, baron of Evesham, and made lord chancellor of England; from which post he was removed in 1700, and in 1701 was impeached by the commons, but acquitted on his trial by the lords. He then applied himself to study: and was chosen president of the Royal Society. In 1706, he projected the Union; in 1708, was made president of the council, whence he was removed at the change in 1710. Toward the latter end of Queen Anne's reign, he grew very infirm; which probably was the reason why he had no other post than a seat at the council-table on the accession of King George I. He died of an apoplectic fit, April 26, 1716, after having for some time unfortunately survived the powers of his understanding. N.

† See the Journal to Stella, Jan. 24, 1710-11. N.

‡ King William's; whose memory he defended in the House of Lords against some invidious reflections of the Earl of Nottingham. H.

years past. a good historian will not be apt to have recourse thither in search of characters.

There is one point, wherein I think we dedicators would do well to change our measures; I mean, instead of running on so far upon the praise of our patron's liberality, to spend a word or two in admiring their patience. I can put no greater compliment on your lordship's than by giving you so ample an occasion to exercise it at present. Though perhaps I shall not be apt to reckon much merit to your lordship upon that score, who having been formerly used to tedious harangues, and sometimes to as little purpose, will be the readier to pardon this; especially, when it is offered by one, who is, with all respect and veneration, my lord,

Your lordship's most obedient,
and most faithful servant,
THE BOOKSELLER.

THE BOOKSELLER TO THE READER.

It is now six years* since these papers came first to my hand, which seems to have been about a twelvemonth after they were written: for, the author tells us in his preface to the first treatise, that he has calculated it for the year 1697, and in several passages of that discourse, as well as the second, it appears they were written about that time.

As to the author, I can give no manner of satisfaction: however, I am credibly informed that this publication is without his knowledge; for he concludes the copy is lost, having lent it to a person, since dead, and being never in possession of it after: so that, whether the work re-

* The Tale of a Tub was first published in 1704.

ceived his last hand, or whether he intended to fill u the defective places, is likely to remain a secret.

If I should go about to tell the reader by what acc dent I became master of these papers, it would, in th unbelieving age, pass for little more than the cant or ja gon of the trade. I therefore gladly spare both him an myself so unnecessary a trouble. There yet remains difficult question, why I published them no sooner. forbore on two accounts; first, because I thought I ha better work upon my hands; and, secondly, because was not without some hope of hearing from the autho and receiving his directions. But I have been latel alarmed with intelligence of a surreptitious copy,* whic a certain great wit had new polished and refined, or, a our present writers express themselves fitted to the hu mour of the age; as they have already done, with grea felicity, to Don Quixote, Boccalini, la Bruyere, and othe authors. However, I thought it fairer dealing to offer th whole work in its naturals. If any gentleman will pleas to furnish me with a key, in order to explain the mor difficult parts, I shall very gratefully acknowledge the fa vour, and print it by itself.

* See the apology, p. 32. N.

THE

EPISTLE DEDICATORY,

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

PRINCE POSTERITY.*

SIR, *December*, 1697.

I HERE present your highness with the fruits of a very few leisure hours, stolen from the short intervals of a world of business, and of an employment quite alien from such amusements as this: the poor production of that refuse of time, which has lain heavy upon my hands, during a long prorogation of parliament, a great dearth of foreign news, and a tedious fit of rainy weather: for which, and other reasons, it cannot choose extremely to deserve such a patronage as that of your highness, whose numberless virtues, in so few years, make the world look upon you as the future example to all princes: for although your highness is hardly got clear of infancy, yet has the universal learned world already resolved upon appealing to your future dictates, with the lowest and most resigned submission; fate having decreed you sole arbiter of the productions of human wit, in this polite and most accomplished age. Methinks, the number of appellants were

* It is the usual style of decried writers to appeal to Posterity, who is here represented as a prince in his nonage, and Time as his governor: and the author begins in a way very frequent with him, by personating other writers, who sometimes offer such reasons and excuses for publishing their works, as they ought chiefly to conceal and be ashamed of. H.

enough to shock and startle any judge, of a genius less* unlimited than yours: but, in order to prevent such glorious trials, the person, it seems, to whose care the education of your highness is committed, has resolved (as I am told) to keep you in almost a universal ignorance of our studies, which it is your inherent birthright to inspect.

It is amazing to me, that this person should have the assurance, in the face of the sun, to go about persuading your highness, that our age is almost wholly illiterate, and has hardly produced one writer upon any subject. I know very well, that when your highness shall† come to riper years, and have gone through the learning of antiquity, you will be too curious to neglect inquiring into the authors of the very age before you: and to think that this insolent, in the account he is preparing for your view, designs to reduce them to a number so insignificant as I am ashamed to mention; it moves my zeal and my spleen for the honour and interest of our vast flourishing body, as well as of myself, for whom, I know by long experience, he has professed, and still continues, a peculiar malice.

It is not unlikely, that when your highness will one day peruse what I am now writing, you may be ready to expostulate with your governor, upon the credit of what I here affirm, and command him to show you some of our productions. To which he will answer, (for I am well informed of his designs) by asking your highness, "where they are? and what is become of them?" and pretend it a demonstration that there never were any,

* There is a solecism in this expression of—'less unlimited'—what is boundless can admit of no degrees. It should be 'less extensive.' S.

† This is ungrammatical: it ought to have been written, 'Shall have come to riper years, and gone through,' &c. 'Or, shall come to riper years, and shall have gone through,' &c. S.

because they are not then to be found. "Not to be found! who has mislaid them? are they sunk in the abyss of things? it is certain, that in their own nature, they were light enough to swim upon the surface for all eternity. Therefore the fault is in him, who tied weights so heavy to their heels, as to depress them to the centre. Is their very essence destroyed? who has annihilated them? were they drowned by purges, or martyred by pipes? who administered them to the posteriors of ——?" But that it may no longer be a doubt with your highness, who is to be the author of this universal ruin; I beseech you to observe that large and terrible sithe, which your governor affects to bear continually about him. Be pleased to remark the length and strength, the sharpness and hardness of his nails and teeth: consider his baneful, abominable breath, epemy to life and matter, infectious and corrupting: and then reflect, whether it be possible, for any mortal ink and paper of this generation, to make a suitable resistance. O! that your highness would one day resolve to disarm this usurping *maitre du palais*,* of his furious engines, and bring your empire *hors de page*.†

It were endless to recount the several methods of tyranny and destruction, which your governor is pleased to practise upon this occasion. His inveterate malice is such to the writings of our age, that of several thousands produced yearly from this renowned city, before the next revolution of the sun, there is not one to be heard of: unhappy infants! many of them barbarously destroyed,

* Comptroller. The kingdom of France had a race of kings, which they call *les roys faineans* (from their doing nothing) who lived lazily in their apartments, while the kingdom was administered by the *mayor de palais*, till Charles Martell the last mayor put his master to death, and took the kingdom into his own hand. H.

† Out of guardianship. H.

before they have so much as learnt their mother-tongue to beg for pity. Some he stifles in their cradles, others he frights into convulsions, whereof they suddenly die: some he flays alive; others he tears limb from limb. Great numbers are offered to Moloch; and the rest, tainted by his breath, die of a languishing consumption.

But the concern I have most at heart, is for our corporation of poets; from whom I am preparing a petition to your highness, to be subscribed with the names of one-hundred thirty-six of the first rate; but whose immortal productions are never likely to reach your eyes, though each of them is now an humble and an earnest appellant for the laurel, and has large comely volumes ready to show, for a support to his pretensions. The never-dying works of these illustrious persons, your governor, sir, has devoted to unavoidable death; and your highness is to be made believe, that our age has never arrived at the honour to produce one single poet.

We confess Immortality to be a great and powerful goddess; but in vain we offer up to her our devotions and our sacrifices, if your highness's governor, who has usurped the priesthood, must by an unparalleled ambition and avarice, wholly intercept and devour them.

To affirm that our age is altogether unlearned, and devoid of writers in any kind, seems to be an assertion so bold and so false, that I have been some time thinking, the contrary may almost be proved by uncontrollable demonstration. It is true, indeed, that although their numbers be vast, and their productions numerous in proportion, yet are they hurried so hastily off the scene, that they escape our memory, and elude our sight. When I first thought of this address, I had prepared a copious list of titles to present your highness, as an undisputed argument for what I affirm. The originals were posted

upon *all gates and corners of streets;** but return-
in a very few hours to take a review, they were all
down, and fresh ones in their places: I inquired af-
hem among readers and booksellers, but I inquired in
, the memorial of them was lost among men, their
e was no more to be found: and I was laughed to
for a clown and a pedant, without all taste and re-
nent, little versed in the course of present affairs,
that knew nothing of what had passed in the best
panies of court and town. So that I can only avow
eneral to your highness, that we do abound in learn-
and wit; but to fix upon particulars, is a task too
ery for my slender abilities. If I should venture
windy day to affirm to your highness, that there is
ge cloud near the horizon, in the form of a bear;
her in the zenith, with the head of an ass; a third to
westward, with claws like a dragon; and your high-
should in a few minutes think fit to examine the
; it is certain, they would all be changed in figure
position; new ones would arise, and all we could
e upon would be, that clouds there were, but that I
grossly mistaken in the zoography and topography
hem.

ut your governor perhaps may still insist, and put
question: "What is then become of those immense
s of paper, which must needs have been employed in
numbers of books? can these also be wholly anni-
te, and so of a sudden, as I pretend?" What shall
y in return of so invidious an objection? it ill befits
distance between your highness and me, to send you
ocular conviction to a jakes, or an oven; to the win-

* "Mediocribus esse poetis
Non homines, non dî, non concessêre columnæ."
Hor. de Arte Poeticâ, ver. 372. *M. S. Pate.*

dows of a bawdy-house, or to a sordid lantern. Books, like men their authors, have no more than one way of coming into the world; but there are ten thousand to go out of it, and return no more.

I profess to your highness in the integrity of my heart, that what I am going to say is literally true this minute I am writing: what revolutions may happen before it shall be ready for your perusal, I can by no means warrant: however, I beg you to accept it as a specimen of our learning, our politeness, and our wit. I do therefore affirm, upon the word of a sincere man, that there is now actually in being a certain poet, called *John Dryden*,* whose translation of Virgil was lately printed in a large folio, well bound, and if diligent search were made, for aught I know, is yet to be seen. There is another, called *Nahum Tate*, who is ready to make oath, that he has caused many reams of verse to be published, whereof both himself and his bookseller (if lawfully required) can still produce authentic copies, and therefore wonders why the world is pleased to make such a secret of it. There is a third, known by the name of *Tom Durfey*, a poet of a vast comprehension, a universal genius, and most profound learning. There are also one *Mr. Rymer*, and one *Mr. Dennis*, most profound critics. There is a person styled *Dr. Bentley*, who has written near a thousand pages of immense erudition, giving a full and true account of a certain squabble, of wonderful importance, between himself and a bookseller:† he is a writer of infinite wit and humour; no man rallies with a better grace, and in more sprightly turns. Farther I

* See the note on Swift's Ode to the Athenian Society, in vol. X. of this edition. N.

† Bentley, in the controversy with Lord Orrery, upon the genuineness of Phalaris's epistles, has given in a preface, a long account of his dialogues with a bookseller about the loan and restitution of a MS. H.

avow to your highness, that with these eyes I have beheld the person of *William Wotton, B. D.* who has written a good sizeable volume against a friend of your governor* (from whom alas! he must therefore look for little favour) in a most gentlemanly style, adorned with the utmost politeness and civility; replete with discoveries equally valuable for their novelty and use; and embellished with traits of wit, so poignant and so apposite, that he is a worthy yokemate to his forementioned friend.

Why should I go upon farther particulars, which might fill a volume with the just elogies of my contemporary brethren? I shall bequeath this piece of justice to a larger work; wherein I intend to write a character of the present set of wits in our nation: their persons I shall describe particularly and at length, their genius and understandings in miniature.

In the mean time, I do here make bold to present your highness with a faithful abstract drawn from the universal body of all arts and sciences, intended wholly for your service and instruction: nor do I doubt in the least, but your highness will peruse it as carefully, and make as considerable improvements, as other young princes have already done, by the many volumes of late years written for a help to their studies.†

That your highness may advance in wisdom and virtue, as well as years, and at last out-shine all your royal ancestors, shall be the daily prayer of,

SIR,

Your Highness's most devoted, &c.

* Sir William Temple. H.

† There were innumerable books printed for the use of the Dauphin of France. H.

THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

August, 1697.

THE wits of the present age being so very numerous and penetrating, it seems the grandees of church and state begin to fall under horrible apprehensions, lest these gentlemen, during the intervals of a long peace, should find leisure to pick holes in the weak sides of religion and government. To prevent which, there has been much thought employed of late, upon certain projects for taking off the force and edge of those formidable inquirers, from canvassing and reasoning upon such delicate points. They have at length fixed upon one, which will require some time, as well as cost, to perfect. Mean while, the danger hourly increasing, by new levies of wits, all appointed (as there is reason to fear) with pen, ink, and paper, which may, at an hour's warning, be drawn out into pamphlets, and other offensive weapons, ready for immediate execution; it was judged of absolute necessity, that some present expedient be thought on, till the main design can be brought to maturity. To this end, at a grand committee some days ago, this important discovery was made by a certain curious and refined observer; that seamen have a custom, when they meet a whale, to fling him out an empty tub by way of amusement, to divert him from laying violent hands upon the ship. This parable was immediately mythologised: the whale was interpreted to be Hobbes's Leviathan, which tosses and plays with all schemes of religion and government, whereof a great many are hollow, and dry, and empty, and noisy, and wooden, and given to rotation: this is the leviathan, whence the terrible wits of our age are said to borrow their weapons. The ship i

langer is easily understood to be its old antitype, the commonwealth.* But how to analyse the tub, was a matter of difficulty: when, after long inquiry and debate, the literal meaning was preserved; and it was decreed, that in order to prevent these leviathans from tossing and sporting with the commonwealth, which of itself is too apt to fluctuate, they should be diverted from that game by a Tale of a Tub. And, my genius being conceived to lie not unhappily that way, I had the honour done me to be engaged in the performance.

This is the sole design in publishing the following treatise, which I hope will serve for an *interim* of some months to employ those unquiet spirits, till the perfecting of that great work: into the secret of which, it is reasonable the courteous reader should have some little light.

It is intended, that a large academy be erected, capable of containing nine thousand seven hundred forty and three persons;† which, by modest computation, is reckoned to be pretty near the current number of wits, in this island. These are to be disposed into the several schools of this academy, and there pursue those studies, to which their genius most inclines them. The undertaker himself will publish his proposals with all convenient speed: to which I shall refer the curious reader for a more particular account, mentioning at present only a few of the principal schools. There is first, a large pæderastic school, with French and Italian masters. There is, also, the spelling school, a very spacious building: the school of looking-glasses: the school of swearing: the school of critics: the school of saliva-

* So Horace, lib. I. Od. xiv.
"O Navis! referent in mare te novi
"Fluctus." *MS. Pate.*

† The number of livings in England. *MS. Pate.*

tion: the school of hobby-horses: the school of poet the school of tops: the school of spleen: the school gaming: with many others, too tedious to recount. person to be admitted member into any of these scho without an attestation under two sufficient person's har certifying him to be a wit.

But, to return: I am sufficiently instructed in principal duty of a preface, if my genius were capa of arriving at it. Thrice have I forced my imagi tion to make the tour of my invention, and thrice it returned empty; the latter having been wholly drai by the following treatise. Not so, my more succes brethren the moderns; who will by no means let sli preface or dedication, without some notable distingui ing stroke to surprise the reader at the entry, and kin a wonderful expectation of what is to ensue. Such that of a most ingenious poet, who, soliciting his br for something new, compared himself to the hangm and his patron to the patient: this was *insigne, rec indictum ore alio**. When I went through that nece ry and noble course of study,† I had the happiness observe many such egregious touches, which I shall injure the authors by transplanting: because I have marked, that nothing is so very tender as a mod piece of wit, and which is apt to suffer so much in carriage. Some things are extremely witty to-day, fasting, or in this place, or at eight o'clock, or ove bottle, or spoke by Mr. What'd'y'call'm, or in a s mer's morning; any of the which, by the smallest tr posal or misapplication, is utterly annihilate. Tl wit has its walks and purlieus, out of which it may

* Horace—Something extraordinary, new, and never hit upon fore. H.

† Reading prefaces, &c. H.

stray the breadth of a hair, upon peril of being lost. The moderns have artfully fixed this mercury, and reduced it to the circumstances of time, place, and person. Such a jest there is, that will not pass out of Covent-Garden; and such a one, that is no where intelligible but at Hyde-Park corner. Now, though it sometimes tenderly affects me to consider, that all the towardly passages I shall deliver in the following treatise, will grow quite out of date and relish with the first shifting of the present scene, yet I must needs subscribe to the justice of this proceeding: because I cannot imagine why we should be at expense to furnish wit for succeeding ages, when the former have made no sort of provision for ours: wherein I speak the sentiment of the very newest, and consequently the most orthodox refiners, as well as my own. However, being extremely solicitous, that every accomplished person, who has got into the taste of wit calculated for this present month of August, 1697, should descend to the very bottom of all the sublime, throughout this treatise; I hold fit to lay down this general maxim: whatever reader desires to have a thorough comprehension of an author's thoughts, cannot take a better method, than by putting himself into the circumstances and postures of life, that the writer was in upon every important passage, as it flowed from his pen: for this will introduce a parity, and strict correspondence of ideas, between the reader and the author. Now, to assist the diligent reader in so delicate an affair, as far as brevity will permit, I have recollected, that the shrewdest pieces of this treatise were conceived in bed, in a garret; at other times, for a reason best known to myself, I thought fit to sharpen my invention with hunger; and in general, the whole work was begun, continued, and ended, under a long course of physic, and a great want of money. Now, I do affirm, it

will be absolutely impossible for the candid peruser to go along with me in a great many bright passages, unless, upon the several difficulties emergent, he will please to capacitate and prepare himself by these directions. And this I lay down as my principal *postulatum*.

Because I have professed to be a most devoted servant to all modern forms, I apprehend some curious wit may object against me, for proceeding thus far in a preface, without declaiming, according to the custom, against the multitude of writers, whereof the whole multitude of writers most reasonably complain. I am just come from perusing some hundreds of prefaces, wherein the authors do, at the very beginning, address the gentle reader concerning this enormous grievance. Of these I have preserved a few examples, and shall set them down as near as my memory has been able to retain them.

One begins thus:

"For a man to set up for a writer, when the press swarms with," &c.

Another;

"The tax upon paper does not lessen the number of scribblers, who daily pester," &c.

Another;

"When every little would-be-wit takes pen in hand, 'tis in vain to enter the lists," &c.

Another;

"To observe what trash the press swarms with," &c.

Another;

"Sir, It is merely in obedience to your commands, that I venture into the public; for who upon a less consideration would be of a party with such a rabble of scribblers," &c.

Now, I have two words in my own defence against this objection. First, I am far from granting the number

of writers a nuisance to our nation, having strenuously maintained the contrary, in several parts of the following discourse. Secondly, I do not well understand the justice of this proceeding; because I observe many of these polite prefaces to be not only from the same hand, but from those who are most voluminous in their several productions. Upon which, I shall tell the reader a short tale.

A mountebank, in Leicester-Fields, had drawn a huge assembly about him. Among the rest, a fat unwieldy fellow, half stifled in the press, would be every fit crying out, "Lord! what a filthy crowd is here! pray, good people, give way a little. Bless me! what a devil has raked this rabble together! z—ds, what squeezing is this! Honest friend, remove your elbow." At last a weaver, that stood next him, could hold no longer. "A plague confound you," said he, "for an overgrown sloven; and who, in the devil's name, I wonder, helps to make up the crowd half so much as yourself? Don't you consider, with a pox, that you take up more room with that carcass, than any five here? Is not the place as free for us as for you? Bring your own guts to a reasonable compass, and be d—n'd, and then I'll engage we shall have room enough for us all."

There are certain common privileges of a writer, the benefit whereof, I hope, there will be no reason to doubt; particularly, that where I am not understood, it shall be concluded, that something very useful and profound is couched underneath: and again, that whatever word or sentence is printed in a different character, shall be judged to contain something extraordinary either of wit or sublime.

As for the liberty I have thought fit to take of praising myself, upon some occasions or none: I am sure it will need no excuse, if a multitude of great examples

dows of a bawdy-house, or to a sordid lantern. Books, like men their authors, have no more than one way of coming into the world; but there are ten thousand to go out of it, and return no more.

I profess to your highness in the integrity of my heart, that what I am going to say is literally true this minute I am writing: what revolutions may happen before it shall be ready for your perusal, I can by no means warrant: however, I beg you to accept it as a specimen of our learning, our politeness, and our wit. I do therefore affirm, upon the word of a sincere man, that there is now actually in being a certain poet, called *John Dryden*,* whose translation of Virgil was lately printed in a large folio, well bound, and if diligent search were made, for aught I know, is yet to be seen. There is another, called *Nahum Tate*, who is ready to make oath, that he has caused many reams of verse to be published, whereof both himself and his bookseller (if lawfully required) can still produce authentic copies, and therefore wonders why the world is pleased to make such a secret of it. There is a third, known by the name of *Tom Durfey*, a poet of a vast comprehension, a universal genius, and most profound learning. There are also one *Mr. Rymer*, and one *Mr. Dennis*, most profound critics. There is a person styled *Dr. Bentley*, who has written near a thousand pages of immense erudition, giving a full and true account of a certain squabble, of wonderful importance, between himself and a bookseller:† he is a writer of infinite wit and humour; no man rallies with a better grace, and in more sprightly turns. Farther I

* See the note on Swift's Ode to the Athenian Society, in vol. X. of this edition. N.

† Bentley, in the controversy with Lord Orrery, upon the genuineness of Phalaris's epistles, has given in a preface, a long account of his dialogues with a bookseller about the loan and restitution of a MS. H.

avow to your highness, that with these eyes I have beheld the person of *William Wotton, B. D.* who has written a good sizeable volume against a friend of your governor* (from whom alas! he must therefore look for little favour) in a most gentlemanly style, adorned with the utmost politeness and civility; replete with discoveries equally valuable for their novelty and use; and embellished with traits of wit, so poignant and so apposite, that he is a worthy yokemate to his forementioned friend.

Why should I go upon farther particulars, which might fill a volume with the just elogies of my contemporary brethren? I shall bequeath this piece of justice to a larger work; wherein I intend to write a character of the present set of wits in our nation: their persons I shall describe particularly and at length, their genius and understandings in miniature.

In the mean time, I do here make bold to present your highness with a faithful abstract drawn from the universal body of all arts and sciences, intended wholly for your service and instruction: nor do I doubt in the least, but your highness will peruse it as carefully, and make as considerable improvements, as other young princes have already done, by the many volumes of late years written for a help to their studies.†

That your highness may advance in wisdom and virtue, as well as years, and at last out-shine all your royal ancestors, shall be the daily prayer of,

SIR,

Your Highness's most devoted, &c.

* Sir William Temple. H.

† There were innumerable books printed for the use of the Dauphin of France. H.

tion: the school of hobby-horses: the school of poetry: the school of tops: the school of spleen: the school of gaming: with many others, too tedious to recount. No person to be admitted member into any of these schools, without an attestation under two sufficient person's hands, certifying him to be a wit.

But, to return: I am sufficiently instructed in the principal duty of a preface, if my genius were capable of arriving at it. Thrice have I forced my imagination to make the tour of my invention, and thrice it has returned empty; the latter having been wholly drained by the following treatise. Not so, my more successful brethren the moderns; who will by no means let slip a preface or dedication, without some notable distinguishing stroke to surprise the reader at the entry, and kindle a wonderful expectation of what is to ensue. Such was that of a most ingenious poet, who, soliciting his brain for something new, compared himself to the hangman, and his patron to the patient: this was *insigne, recens, indictum ore alio**. When I went through that necessary and noble course of study,† I had the happiness to observe many such egregious touches, which I shall not injure the authors by transplanting: because I have remarked, that nothing is so very tender as a modern piece of wit, and which is apt to suffer so much in the carriage. Some things are extremely witty to-day, or fasting, or in this place, or at eight o'clock, or over a bottle, or spoke by Mr. What'd'y'call'm, or in a summer's morning; any of the which, by the smallest transposal or misapplication, is utterly annihilate. Thus wit has its walks and purlieus, out of which it may not

* Horace—Something extraordinary, new, and never hit upon before. H.

† Reading prefaces, &c. H.

the breadth of a hair, upon peril of being lost. The
rns have artfully fixed this mercury, and reduced
the circumstances of time, place, and person. Such
: there is, that will not pass out of Covent-Garden;
uch a one, that is no where intelligible but at Hyde-
corner. Now, though it sometimes tenderly af-
me to consider, that all the towardly passages I
deliver in the following treatise, will grow quite
of date and relish with the first shifting of the pre-
scene, yet I must needs subscribe to the justice of
proceeding: because I cannot imagine why we
ld be at expense to furnish wit for succeeding ages,
the former have made no sort of provision for
: wherein I speak the sentiment of the very new-
and consequently the most orthodox refiners, as
as my own. However, being extremely solicitous,
every accomplished person, who has got into the
of wit calculated for this present month of August,
, should descend to the very bottom of all the sub-
throughout this treatise; I hold fit to lay down
general maxim: whatever reader desires to have a
ugh comprehension of an author's thoughts, cannot
a better method, than by putting himself into the
mstances and postures of life, that the writer was
pon every important passage, as it flowed from his
for this will introduce a parity, and strict corres-
lence of ideas, between the reader and the author.
, to assist the diligent reader in so delicate an af-
as far as brevity will permit, I have recollected,
the shrewdest pieces of this treatise were conceived
ed, in a garret; at other times, for a reason best
wn to myself, I thought fit to sharpen my invention
hunger; and in general, the whole work was be-
continued, and ended, under a long course of phy-
and a great want of money. Now, I do affirm, it

will be absolutely impossible for the candid pe
go along with me in a great many bright passa
less, upon the several difficulties emergent,
please to capacitate and prepare himself by tl
rections. And this I lay down as my principa
latum.

Because I have professed to be a most devo
vant to all modern forms, I apprehend some cur
may object against me, for proceeding thus
preface, without declaiming, according to the
against the multitude of writers, whereof the wh
titude of writers most reasonably complain. I
come from perusing some hundreds of prefaces,
the authors do, at the very beginning, address th
reader concerning this enormous grievance. Of
have preserved a few examples, and shall set the
as near as my memory has been able to retain th

One begins thus:

" For a man to set up for a writer, when th
swarms with," &c.

Another;

" The tax upon paper does not lessen the nu
scribblers, who daily pester," &c.

Another;

" When every little would-be-wit takes pen i
'tis in vain to enter the lists," &c.

Another;

" To observe what trash the press swarms wit

Another;

" Sir, It is merely in obedience to your con
that I venture into the public; for who upon a
sideration would be of a party with such a ra
scribblers," &c.

Now, I have two words in my own defence
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of writers a nuisance to our nation, having strenuously maintained the contrary, in several parts of the following discourse. Secondly, I do not well understand the justice of this proceeding; because I observe many of these polite prefaces to be not only from the same hand, but from those who are most voluminous in their several productions. Upon which, I shall tell the reader a short tale.

A mountebank, in Leicester-Fields, had drawn a huge assembly about him. Among the rest, a fat unwieldy fellow, half stifled in the press, would be every fit crying out, "Lord! what a filthy crowd is here! pray, good people, give way a little. Bless me! what a devil has raked this rabble together! z—ds, what squeezing is this! Honest friend, remove your elbow." At last a weaver, that stood next him, could hold no longer. "A plague confound you," said he, "for an overgrown sloven; and who, in the devil's name, I wonder, helps to make up the crowd half so much as yourself? Don't you consider, with a pox, that you take up more room with that carcass, than any five here? Is not the place as free for us as for you? Bring your own guts to a reasonable compass, and be d—n'd, and then I'll engage we shall have room enough for us all."

There are certain common privileges of a writer, the benefit whereof, I hope, there will be no reason to doubt; particularly, that where I am not understood, it shall be concluded, that something very useful and profound is couched underneath: and again, that whatever word or sentence is printed in a different character, shall be judged to contain something extraordinary either of wit or sublime.

As for the liberty I have thought fit to take of praising myself, upon some occasions or none; I am sure it will need no excuse, if a multitude of great examples

be allowed sufficient authority: for it is here to be noted, that praise was originally a pension paid by the world; but the moderns, finding the trouble and charge too great in collecting it, have lately bought out the fee-simple; since which time, the right of presentation is wholly in ourselves. For this reason it is, that when an author makes his own elogy, he uses a certain form to declare and insist upon his title, which is commonly in these or the like words, "I speak without vanity; which I think plainly shows it to be a matter of right and justice." Now, I do here once for all declare, that in every encounter of this nature through the following treatise, the form aforesaid is implied; which I mention, to save the trouble of repeating it on so many occasions.

It is a great ease to my conscience, that I have written so elaborate and useful a discourse, without one grain of satire intermixed; which is the sole point, wherein I have taken leave to dissent from the famous originals of our age and country. I have observed some satirists to use the public much at the rate, that pedants do a naughty boy, ready horsed for discipline: first, expostulate the case, then plead the necessity of the rod from great provocations, and conclude every period with a lash. Now, if I know any thing of mankind, these gentlemen might very well spare their reproof and correction: for there is not, through all nature, another so callous and insensible a member, as the world's posteriors, whether you apply to it the toe or the birch. Besides, most of our late satirists seem to lie under a sort of mistake; that because nettles have the prerogative to sting, therefore all other weeds must do so too. I make not this comparison out of the least design to detract from these worthy writers; for it is well known among mythologists, that weeds have the pre-eminence

over all other vegetables; and therefore the first monarch * of this island, whose taste and judgment were so acute and refined, did very wisely root out the roses from the collar of the order, and plant the thistles in their stead, as the nobler flower of the two. For which reason it is conjectured by profounder antiquaries, that the satirical itch, so prevalent in this part of our island, was first brought among us from beyond the Tweed.† Here may it long flourish and abound: may it survive and neglect the scorn of the world, with as much ease and contempt, as the world is insensible to the lashes of it. May their own dulness, or that of their party, be no discouragement for the authors to proceed; but let them remember, it is with wits as with razors, which are never so apt to cut those they are employed on, as when they have lost their edge. Besides, those whose teeth are too rotten to bite, ‡ are best, of all others, qualified to revenge that defect with their breath.

I am not, like other men, to envy or undervalue the talents I cannot reach; for which reason I must needs bear a true honour to this large eminent sect of our British writers. And I hope, this little panegyric will not be offensive to their ears, since it has the advantage of being only designed for themselves. Indeed, nature herself has taken order, that fame and honour should be purchased at a better penny-worth by satire, than by any other productions of the brain; the world being soonest provoked to praise by lashes, as men are to love. There is a problem in an ancient author, why dedications, and

* James I. *MS. Pate.*

† Scotland. *MS. Pate.*

‡ 'Are best, of all others, qualified,' &c. Here the disjunction of the word 'best' from the word 'qualified' makes the sentence uncouth; which would run better thus—'Are, of all others, best qualified,' &c. S.

other bundles of flattery, run all upon stale musty topics, without the smallest tincture of any thing new; not only to the torment and nauseating of the christian reader, but, if not suddenly prevented, to the universal spreading of that pestilential disease, the lethargy, in this island: whereas there is very little satire, which has not something in it untouched before. The defects of the former are usually imputed to the want of invention among those who are dealers in that kind; but, I think, with a great deal of injustice; the solution being easy and natural; for, the materials of panegyric, being very few in number, have been long since exhausted. For, as health is but one thing, and has been always the same, whereas diseases are by thousands, beside new and daily additions; so, all the virtues that have been ever in mankind, are to be counted upon a few fingers; but their follies and vices are innumerable, and time adds hourly to the heap. Now the utmost a poor poet can do, is to get by heart a list of the cardinal virtues, and deal them with his utmost liberality to his hero, or his patron: he may ring the changes as far as it will go, and vary his phrase till he has talked round: but the reader quickly finds it is all pork,* with a little variety of sauce. For there is no inventing terms of art beyond our ideas; and, when our ideas are exhausted, terms of art must be so too.

But, though the matter for panegyric were as fruitful as the topics of satire, yet would it not be hard to find out a sufficient reason, why the latter will be always better received than the first. For, this being bestowed only upon one, or a few persons at a time, is sure to raise envy, and consequently ill words from the rest, who have no share in the blessing: but satire, being levelled at all,

* Plutarch.

is never resented for an offence by any, since every individual person makes bold to understand it of others, and very wisely removes his particular part of the burden upon the shoulders of the world, which are broad enough, and able to bear it. To this purpose, I have sometimes reflected upon the difference between Athens and England, with respect to the point before us. In the Attic commonwealth,* it was the privilege and birth-right of every citizen and poet to rail aloud, and in public, or to expose upon the stage, by name, any person they pleased, though of the greatest figure, whether a Creon, an Hyperbolus, an Alcibiades, or a Demosthenes: but, on the other side, the least reflecting word let fall against the people in general, was immediately caught up, and revenged upon the authors, however considerable for their quality or their merits. Whereas in England it is just the reverse of all this. Here, you may securely display your utmost rhetoric against mankind, in the face of the world; tell them, "That all are gone astray; that there is none that doth good, no not one; that we live in the very dregs of time; that knavery and atheism are epidemic as the pox; that honesty is fled with Astræa;" with any other common-places, equally new and eloquent, which are furnished by the *splendida bilis*.† And when you have done, the whole audience, far from being offended, shall return you thanks, as a deliverer of precious and useful truths. Nay, farther; it is but to venture your lungs, and you may preach in Covent-Garden against foppery and fornication, and something else: against pride, and dissimulation, and bribery, at Whitehall: you may expose rapine and injustice in the inns of court-chapel: and in a city pulpit, be as fierce as you

* See Xenophon.

† Horace.—Spleen.

please against avarice, hypocrisy, and extortion. 'Tis but a ball bandied to and fro, and every man carries a racket about him, to strike it from himself, among the rest of the company. But, on the other side, whoever should mistake the nature of things so far, as to drop but a single hint in public, how such a one starved half the fleet, and half poisoned the rest: how such a one, from a true principle of love and honour, pays no debts but for wenches and play: how such a one has got a clap, and runs out of his estate: how Paris, bribed by Juno and Venus, loath to offend either party, slept out the whole cause on the bench:* or, how such an orator makes long speeches in the senate with much thought, little sense, and to no purpose; whoever, I say, should venture to be thus particular, must expect to be imprisoned for *scandalum magnatum*; to have challenges sent him; to be sued for defamation; and to be brought before the bar of the house.

But I forget that I am expatiating on a subject, wherein I have no concern, having neither a talent nor an inclination for satire. On the other side, I am so entirely satisfied with the whole present procedure of human things, that I have been some years preparing materials towards A Panegyric upon the World; to which I intended to add a second part, entitled, A modest Defence of the proceedings of the Rabble in all Ages. Both these I had thoughts to publish, by way of Appendix to the following treatise; but finding my common-place book fill much slower than I had reason to expect, I have chosen to defer them to another occasion. Besides, I have been unhappily prevented in that design by a cer-

* Juno and Venus are money and a mistress; very powerful bribes to a judge, if scandal says true. I remember such reflections were cast about that time; but I cannot fix the person intended here.

Original.

tain domestic misfortune, in the particulars whereof, though it would be very seasonable, and much in the modern way, to inform the gentle reader, and would also be of great assistance towards extending this Preface into the size now in vogue, which by rule ought to be large in proportion as the subsequent volume is small; yet I shall now dismiss our impatient reader from any farther attendance at the porch; and, having duly prepared his mind by a preliminary discourse, shall gladly introduce him to the sublime mysteries that ensue.*

* Of this work charity may be persuaded to think that it might be written by a man of a peculiar character without ill intention; but it is certainly of dangerous example. When it first raised the attention of the public, Sacheverell meeting Smalridge, tried to flatter him, seeming to think him the author; but Smalridge answered with indignation, "Not all that you and I have in the world, nor all that we ever shall have, should hire me to write the *Tale of a Tub*."

JOHNSON.

A TALE OF A TUB.

"Democritus, dum ridet, philosophatur."

SECT. I.

THE INTRODUCTION.

WHOEVER has an ambition to be heard in a crowd, must press, and squeeze, and thrust, and climb, with indefatigable pains, till he has exalted himself to a certain degreee of altitude above them. Now in all assemblies, though you wedge them ever so close, we may observe this peculiar property, that over their heads there is room enough, but how to reach it is the difficult point; it being as hard to get quit of a number, as of hell;

——evadere ad auras,
*Hoc opus, hic labor est.** VIRGIL.

To this end, the philosopher's way in all ages, has been by erecting certain edifices in the air: but whatever practice and reputation these kind of structures have formerly possessed, or may still continue in, not excepting even that of Socrates, when he was supended in a basket to help contemplation; I think, with due submission, they seem to labour under two inconveniences. First, That the foundations being laid too high, they have been often out of sight, and ever out of hearing. Secondly, That the materials, being very transitory, have suffer-

* But to return and view the cheerful skies;
In this the task and mighty labour lies. DRYDEN.

d much from inclemencies of air, especially in these north-west regions.

Therefore, towards the just performance of this great work, there remain but three methods, that I can think of; whereof the wisdom of our ancestors being highly sensible, has, to encourage all aspiring adventurers, thought fit to erect three wooden machines for the use of those orators, who desire to talk much without interruption. These are, the pulpit, the ladder, and the stage-itinerant. For, as to the bar, though it be compounded of the same matter, and designed for the same use, it cannot however be well allowed the honour of a fourth, by reason of its level or inferior situation exposing it to perpetual interruption from collaterals.—Neither can the bench itself, though raised to a prominency, put in a better claim, whatever its advocates insist on. For if they please to look into the original design of its erection, and the circumstances or adjuncts subservient to that design, they will soon acknowledge the present practice, exactly correspondent to the primitive institution, and both to answer the etymology of the name, which in the Phœnician tongue is a word of great signification, importing, if literally interpreted, the place of sleep; but in common acceptation, a seat well bolstered and cushioned, for the repose of old and gouty limbs: *senes ut in otia tuta recedant.* Fortune being indebted to them this part of retaliation, that, as formerly they have long talked, whilst others slept; so now they may sleep as long, while others talk.

But if no other argument could occur, to exclude the bench and the bar from the list of oratorical machines, it were sufficient, that the admission of them would overthrow a number, which I was resolved to establish, whatever argument it might cost me; in imitation of that prudent method observed by many other philoso-

phers, and great clerks, whose chief art in division has been to grow fond of some proper mystical number, which their imaginations have rendered sacred, to a degree, that they force common reason to find room for it, in every part of nature; reducing, including, and adjusting every genus and species within that compass, by coupling some against their wills, and banishing others at any rate. Now, among all the rest, the profound number THREE is that, which has most employed my sublimest speculations, nor ever without wonderful delight. There is now in the press, and will be published next term, a panegyrical essay of mine upon this number; wherein I have, by most convincing proofs, not only reduced the senses and the elements under its banner, but brought over several deserters from its two great rivals, SEVEN and NINE *.

Now, the first of these oratorical machines in place, as well as dignity, is the pulpit. Of pulpits there are in this island several sorts; but I esteem only that made of timber from the *sylva Caledonia*†, which agrees very well with our climate. If it be upon its decay, it is the better both for conveyance of sound, and for other reasons to be mentioned by and by. The degree of perfection in shape and size, I take to consist in being extremely narrow, with little ornament; and best of all without cover (for, by ancient rule it ought to be the only uncovered vessel in every assembly, where it is rightfully used) by which means, from its near resemblance to a pillory, it will ever have a mighty influence on human ears.

Of ladders I need say nothing: it is observed by foreigners themselves, to the honour of our country, that

* Seven times seven, and seven times nine, the two climacterics. *MS. Pate.*

† Scotland. *MS. Pate.*

we excel all nations in our practice and understanding of this machine. The ascending orators do not only oblige their audience in the agreeable delivery, but the whole world in the early publication of their speeches;* which I look upon as the choicest treasury of our British eloquence, and whereof, I am informed, that worthy citizen and bookseller, Mr. John Dunton,† has made a faithful and painful collection, which he shortly designs to publish in twelve volumes in folio, illustrated with copper-plates. A work highly useful and curious, and altogether worthy of such a hand.

The last engine of orators is the stage itinerant,‡ erected with much sagacity, *sub Jove pluvio, in triviis et quadriviis.*§ It is the great seminary of the two former, and its orators are sometimes preferred to the one, and sometimes to the other, in proportion to their deservings; there being a strict and perpetual intercourse between all three.

From this accurate deduction it is manifest, that for obtaining attention in public, there is of necessity required a superior position of place. But, although this point be generally granted, yet the cause is little agreed in; and it seems to me, that very few philosophers have fallen into a true, natural solution of this phenomenon. The deepest account, and the most fairly digested of any I have yet met with, is this; that air being a heavy body, and therefore, according to the system of Epicurus,‖ continually descending, must needs be more so, when loaden and pressed down by words; which are

* Paul Lorraine's papers, then ordinary of Newgate. *MS. Pate.*

† In whose "Life and Errors" are many curious and valuable anecdotes. N.

‡ The mountebank's stage, whose orators the author determines either to the gallows, or a conventicle. H.

§ In the open air, and in streets where the greatest resort is. H.

‖ Lucretius, lib. ii.

other bundles of flattery, run all upon stale musty topics, without the smallest tincture of any thing new; not only to the torment and nauseating of the christian reader, but, if not suddenly prevented, to the universal spreading of that pestilential disease, the lethargy, in this island: whereas there is very little satire, which has not something in it untouched before. The defects of the former are usually imputed to the want of invention among those who are dealers in that kind; but, I think, with a great deal of injustice; the solution being easy and natural; for, the materials of panegyric, being very few in number, have been long since exhausted. For, as health is but one thing, and has been always the same, whereas diseases are by thousands, beside new and daily additions; so, all the virtues that have been ever in mankind, are to be counted upon a few fingers; but their follies and vices are innumerable, and time adds hourly to the heap. Now the utmost a poor poet can do, is to get by heart a list of the cardinal virtues, and deal them with his utmost liberality to his hero, or his patron: he may ring the changes as far as it will go, and vary his phrase till he has talked round: but the reader quickly finds it is all pork,* with a little variety of sauce. For there is no inventing terms of art beyond our ideas; and, when our ideas are exhausted, terms of art must be so too.

But, though the matter for panegyric were as fruitful as the topics of satire, yet would it not be hard to find out a sufficient reason, why the latter will be always better received than the first. For, this being bestowed only upon one, or a few persons at a time, is sure to raise envy, and consequently ill words from the rest, who have no share in the blessing: but satire, being levelled at all,

* Plutarch.

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nt, which are furnished by the *splendida bilis*.† And
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ıded, shall return you thanks, as a deliverer of pre-
s and useful truths. Nay, farther; it is but to ven-
your lungs, and you may preach in Covent-Garden
st foppery and fornication, and something else:
st pride, and dissimulation, and bribery, at White-
: you may expose rapine and injustice in the inns of
t-chapel: and in a city pulpit, be as fierce as you

* See Xenophon.
† Horace.—Spleen.

please against avarice, hypocrisy, and extortion. 'Tis but a ball bandied to and fro, and every man carries a racket about him, to strike it from himself, among the rest of the company. But, on the other side, whoever should mistake the nature of things so far, as to drop but a single hint in public, how such a one starved half the fleet, and half poisoned the rest: how such a one, from a true principle of love and honour, pays no debts but for wenches and play: how such a one has got a clap, and runs out of his estate: how Paris, bribed by Juno and Venus, loath to offend either party, slept out the whole cause on the bench:* or, how such an orator makes long speeches in the senate with much thought, little sense, and to no purpose; whoever, I say, should venture to be thus particular, must expect to be imprisoned for *scandalum magnatum*; to have challenges sent him; to be sued for defamation; and to be brought before the bar of the house.

But I forget that I am expatiating on a subject, wherein I have no concern, having neither a talent nor an inclination for satire. On the other side, I am so entirely satisfied with the whole present procedure of human things, that I have been some years preparing materials towards A Panegyric upon the World; to which I intended to add a second part, entitled, A modest Defence of the proceedings of the Rabble in all Ages. Both these I had thoughts to publish, by way of Appendix to the following treatise; but finding my common-place book fill much slower than I had reason to expect, I have chosen to defer them to another occasion. Besides, I have been unhappily prevented in that design by a cer-

* Juno and Venus are money and a mistress; very powerful bribes to a judge, if scandal says true. I remember such reflections were cast about that time; but I cannot fix the person intended here.

Original.

tain domestic misfortune, in the particulars whereof, though it would be very seasonable, and much in the modern way, to inform the gentle reader, and would also be of great assistance towards extending this Preface into the size now in vogue, which by rule ought to be large in proportion as the subsequent volume is small; yet I shall now dismiss our impatient reader from any farther attendance at the porch; and, having duly prepared his mind by a preliminary discourse, shall gladly introduce him to the sublime mysteries that ensue.*

* Of this work charity may be persuaded to think that it might be written by a man of a peculiar character without ill intention; but it is certainly of dangerous example. When it first raised the attention of the public, Sacheverell meeting Smalridge, tried to flatter him, seeming to think him the author; but Smalridge answered with indignation, "Not all that you and I have in the world, nor all that we ever shall have, should hire me to write the *Tale of a Tub*."

JOHNSON.

A TALE OF A TUB.

"Democritus, dum ridet, philosophatur."

SECT. I.

THE INTRODUCTION.

WHOEVER has an ambition to be heard in a crowd, must press, and squeeze, and thrust, and climb, with indefatigable pains, till he has exalted himself to a certain degree of altitude above them. Now in all assemblies, though you wedge them ever so close, we may observe this peculiar property, that over their heads there is room enough, but how to reach it is the difficult point; it being as hard to get quit of a number, as of hell;

——evadere ad auras,
*Hoc opus, hic labor est.** VIRGIL.

To this end, the philosopher's way in all ages, has been by erecting certain edifices in the air: but whatever practice and reputation these kind of structures have formerly possessed, or may still continue in, not excepting even that of Socrates, when he was supended in a basket to help contemplation; I think, with due submission, they seem to labour under two inconveniences. First, That the foundations being laid too high, they have been often out of sight, and ever out of hearing. Secondly, That the materials, being very transitory, have suffer-

* But to return and view the cheerful skies;
In this the task and mighty labour lies. DRYDEN.

ed much from inclemencies of air, especially in these north-west regions.

Therefore, towards the just performance of this great work, there remain but three methods, that I can think of; whereof the wisdom of our ancestors being highly sensible, has, to encourage all aspiring adventurers, thought fit to erect three wooden machines for the use of those orators, who desire to talk much without interruption. These are, the pulpit, the ladder, and the stage-itinerant. For, as to the bar, though it be compounded of the same matter, and designed for the same use, it cannot however be well allowed the honour of a fourth, by reason of its level or inferior situation exposing it to perpetual interruption from collaterals.—Neither can the bench itself, though raised to a prominency, put in a better claim, whatever its advocates insist on. For if they please to look into the original design of its erection, and the circumstances or adjuncts subservient to that design, they will soon acknowledge the present practice, exactly correspondent to the primitive institution, and both to answer the etymology of the name, which in the Phœnician tongue is a word of great signification, importing, if literally interpreted, the place of sleep; but in common acceptation, a seat well bolstered and cushioned, for the repose of old and gouty limbs: *senes ut in otia tuta recedant.* Fortune being indebted to them this part of retaliation, that, as formerly they have long talked, whilst others slept; so now they may sleep as long, while others talk.

But if no other argument could occur, to exclude the bench and the bar from the list of oratorical machines, it were sufficient, that the admission of them would overthrow a number, which I was resolved to establish, whatever argument it might cost me; in imitation of that prudent method observed by many other philoso-

phers, and great clerks, whose chief art in division has been to grow fond of some proper mystical number, which their imaginations have rendered sacred, to a degree, that they force common reason to find room for it, in every part of nature; reducing, including, and adjusting every genus and species within that compass, by coupling some against their wills, and banishing others at any rate. Now, among all the rest, the profound number THREE is that, which has most employed my sublimest speculations, nor ever without wonderful delight. There is now in the press, and will be published next term, a panegyrical essay of mine upon this number; wherein I have, by most convincing proofs, not only reduced the senses and the elements under its banner, but brought over several deserters from its two great rivals, SEVEN and NINE *.

Now, the first of these oratorical machines in place, as well as dignity, is the pulpit. Of pulpits there are in this island several sorts; but I esteem only that made of timber from the *sylva Caledonia*†, which agrees very well with our climate. If it be upon its decay, it is the better both for conveyance of sound, and for other reasons to be mentioned by and by. The degree of perfection in shape and size, I take to consist in being extremely narrow, with little ornament; and best of all without cover (for, by ancient rule it ought to be the only uncovered vessel in every assembly, where it is rightfully used) by which means, from its near resemblance to a pillory, it will ever have a mighty influence on human ears.

Of ladders I need say nothing: it is observed by foreigners themselves, to the honour of our country, that

* Seven times seven, and seven times nine, the two climacterics. *MS. Pate.*

† Scotland. *MS. Pate.*

we excel all nations in our practice and understanding of this machine. The ascending orators do not only oblige their audience in the agreeable delivery, but the whole world in the early publication of their speeches;* which I look upon as the choicest treasury of our British eloquence, and whereof, I am informed, that worthy citizen and bookseller, Mr. John Dunton,† has made a faithful and painful collection, which he shortly designs to publish in twelve volumes in folio, illustrated with copper-plates. A work highly useful and curious, and altogether worthy of such a hand.

The last engine of orators is the stage itinerant,‡ erected with much sagacity, *sub Jove pluvio, in triviis et quadriviis.*§ It is the great seminary of the two former, and its orators are sometimes preferred to the one, and sometimes to the other, in proportion to their deservings; there being a strict and perpetual intercourse between all three.

From this accurate deduction it is manifest, that for obtaining attention in public, there is of necessity required a superior position of place. But, although this point be generally granted, yet the cause is little agreed in; and it seems to me, that very few philosophers have fallen into a true, natural solution of this phenomenon. The deepest account, and the most fairly digested of any I have yet met with, is this; that air being a heavy body, and therefore, according to the system of Epicurus,‖ continually descending, must needs be more so when loaden and pressed down by words; which ar

* Paul Lorraine's papers, then ordinary of Newgate. *MS. Pate*

† In whose "Life and Errors" are many curious and valua' anecdotes. N.

‡ The mountebank's stage, whose orators the author determi either to the gallows, or a conventicle. H.

§ In the open air, and in streets where the greatest resort is.

‖ Lucretius, lib. ii.

also bodies of much weight and gravity, as it is manifest from those deep impressions they make and leave upon us; and therefore must be delivered from a due altitude, or else they will neither carry a good aim, nor fall down with a sufficient force.

Corpoream quoque enim vocem constare fatendum est,
Et sonitum, quoniam possunt impellere sensus.†

Lucr. lib. iv.

And I am the readier to favour this conjecture, from a common observation, that in the several assemblies of these orators, nature itself has instructed the hearers to stand with their mouths open, and erected parallel to the horizon, so as they may be intersected by a perpendicular line from the zenith to the centre of the earth. In which position, if the audience be well compact, every one carries home a share, and little or nothing is lost.

I confess there is something yet more refined, in the contrivance and structure of our modern theatres. For, first, the pit is sunk below the stage, with due regard to the institution above deduced; that whatever weighty matter shall be delivered thence, whether it be lead or gold, may fall plump into the jaws of certain critics, as I think they are called, which stand ready opened to devour them. Then, the boxes are built round and raised to a level with the scene, in deference to the ladies; because, that large portion of wit, laid out in raising prurieuces and protuberances, is observed to run much upon a line, and ever in a circle. The whining passions, and little starved conceits, are gently wafted up by their own extreme levity, to the middle region, and there fix and are frozen by the frigid understandings

† "'Tis certain then, that voice that thus can wound,
Is all material; body every sound." H.

of the inhabitants. Bombastry and buffoonery, by nature lofty and light, soar highest of all, and would be lost in the roof, if the prudent architect had not, with much foresight, contrived for them a fourth place, called the twelve-penny gallery, and there planted a suitable colony, who greedily intercept them in their passage.

Now this physico-logical scheme of oratorial receptacles or machines, contains a great mystery; being a type, a sign, an emblem, a shadow, a symbol, bearing analogy to the spacious commonwealth of writers, and to those methods by which they must exalt themselves to a certain eminency above the inferior world. By the pulpit, are adumbrated the writings of our *modern saints* in Great Britain, as they have spiritualized and refined them, from the dross and grossness of sense and human reason. The matter, as we have said, is of rotten wood; and that upon two considerations; because it is the quality of rotten wood to give light in the dark; and, secondly, because its cavities are full of worms; which is a type with a pair of handles,* having a respect to the two principal qualifications of the orator, and the two different fates attending upon his works.

The ladder is an adequate symbol of *faction* and of *poetry*, to both of which so noble a number of authors are indebted for their fame. Of faction, because† * * * * * * * *Hiatus in MS.* * * * * * * * * * *

* The two principal qualifications of a fanatic preacher are, his inward light, and his head full of maggots; and the two different fates of his writings are, to be burnt or worm-eaten. H.

† Here is pretended a defect in the manuscript; and this is very frequent with our author, either when he thinks he cannot say any thing worth reading, or when he has no mind to enter on the subject, or when it is a matter of little moment: or perhaps to amuse his reader, whereof he is frequently very fond; or, lastly, with some satirical intention. H.

* * * * * * * * * *

Of *poetry*, because its orators do *perorare* with a song; and because climbing up by slow degrees, fate is sure to turn them off, before they can reach within many steps of the top; and because it is a preferment attained by transferring of propriety, and a confounding of *meum* and *tuum*.

Under the stage itinerant, are couched those productions designed for the pleasure and delight of mortal man; such as, six-penny-worth of wit, Westminster drolleries, delightful tales, complete jesters, and the like; by which the writers of and for GRUB-STREET have in these latter ages so nobly triumphed over time; have clipped his wings, pared his nails, filed his teeth, turned back his hour glass, blunted his sithe, and drawn the hobnails out of his shoes. It is under this class I have presumed to list my present treatise, being just come from having the honour conferred upon me, to be adopted a member of that illustrious fraternity.

Now, I am not unaware how the productions of the Grub-street brotherhood have of late years fallen under many prejudices, nor how it has been the perpetual employment of two junior start-up societies, to ridicule them and their authors, as unworthy their established post in the commonwealth of wit and learning. Their own consciences will easily inform them whom I mean; nor has the world been so negligent a looker-on, as not to observe the continual efforts made by the societies of Gresham,* and of Will's,† to edify a name and reputation upon the

* Gresham college was the place where the Royal Society then met; whence they first removed to Crane-court in Fleet-street; and since to Somerset-place. N.

† Will's coffee-house in Covent-garden, was formerly the place where the poets usually met, which, though it be yet fresh in memory, in some years may be forgotten, and want this explanation. H.

ruin of OURS. And this is yet a more feeling grief to us, upon the regards of tenderness as well as of justice, when we reflect on their proceedings not only as unjust, but as ungrateful, undutiful, and unnatural. For how can it be forgot by the world or themselves, to say nothing of our own records, which are full and clear in the point, that they both are seminaries not only of our planting, but our watering too? I am informed our two rivals have lately made an offer to enter into the lists with united forces, and challenge us to a comparison of books, both as to weight and number. In return to which, with licence from our president, I humbly offer two answers; first, we say, the proposal is like that which Archimedes made upon a smaller affair,* including an impossibility in the practice; for, where can they find scales of capacity enough for the first, or an arithmetician of capacity enough for the second. Secondly, we are ready to accept the challenge; but with this condition, that a third indifferent person be assigned, to whose impartial judgment it should be left to decide, which society, each book, treatise, or pamphlet do most properly belong to. This point, God knows, is very far from being fixed at present: for, we are ready to produce a catalogue of some thousands, which, in all common justice, ought to be entitled to our fraternity, but by the revolted and new-fangled writers, most perfidiously ascribed to the others. Upon all which, we think it very unbecoming our prudence, that the determination should be remitted to the authors themselves; when our adversaries, by briguing and caballing, have caused so universal a defection from us, that the greatest part of our society has already deserted to them, and our nearest friends begin to stand aloof, as if they were half ashamed to own us.

* *Viz.* About moving the earth. *Original.*

This is the utmost I am authorized to say upon so ungrateful and melancholy a subject; because we are* extreme unwilling to inflame a controversy, whose continuance may be so fatal to the interests of us all, desiring much rather that things be amicably composed; and we shall so far advance on our side, as to be ready to receive the two prodigals with open arms, whenever they shall think fit to return from their husks and their harlots; which, I think, from the present course of their studies† they most properly may be said to be engaged in; and, like an indulgent parent, continue to them our affection and our blessing.

But the greatest maim given to that general reception, which the writings of our society have formerly received (next to the transitory state of all sublunary things) has been a superficial vein among many readers of the present age, who will by no means be persuaded to inspect beyond the surface and the rind of things; whereas, wisdom is a fox, who, after long hunting, will at last cost you the pains to dig out: it is a cheese, which, by how much the richer, has the thicker, the homelier, and the coarser coat; and whereof, to a judicious palate, the maggots are the best: it is a sack-posset, wherein the deeper you go, you will find it the sweeter. Wisdom is a hen, whose cackling we must value and consider, because it is attended with an egg: but then, lastly, it is a nut which, unless you choose with judgment, may cost you a tooth, and pay you with nothing but a worm. In consequence of these momentous truths, the grubæan sages have always chosen to convey their precepts and their arts, shut up within the vehicles of types and fables; which, having been perhaps more careful and curious in adorn-

* It should be, 'extremely unwilling,' &c. S.

† Virtuoso experiments, and modern comedies. *Original.*

ing than was altogether necessary, it has fared with these vehicles, after the usual fate of coaches over finely painted and gilt, that the transitory gazers have so dazzled their eyes, and filled their imaginations with the outward lustre, as neither to regard or consider the person or the parts of the owner within. A misfortune we undergo with somewhat less reluctancy, because it has been common to us, with Pythagoras, Æsop, Socrates, and other of our predecessors.

However, that neither the world, nor ourselves, may any longer suffer by such misunderstandings, I have been prevailed on, after much importunity from our friends, to travel in a complete and laborious dissertation, upon the prime productions of our society: which, beside their beautiful externals, for the gratification of superficial readers, have darkly and deeply couched under them the most finished and refined systems of all sciences and arts; as I do not doubt to lay open, by untwisting or unwinding, and either to draw up by exantlation, or display by incision.

This great work was entered upon some years ago, by one of our most eminent members: he began with the history of *Reynard the fox*,* but neither lived to publish his essay, nor to proceed farther in so useful an attempt; which is very much to be lamented, because the discovery he made, and communicated with his friends, is now universally received; nor do I think, any of the learned will dispute that famous treatise to be a complete body of civil knowledge, and the revelation, or rather the apocalypse of all state arcana. But the progress I have made is much greater, having already finished my

* The author seems here to be mistaken; for I have seen a Latin edition of Reynard the fox, above a hundred years old, which I take to be the original; for the rest, it has been thought by many people to contain some satirical design in it. H.

annotations upon several dozens; from some of which, I shall impart a few hints to the candid reader, as far as will be necessary to the conclusion, at which I aim.

The first piece I have handled, is that of *Tom Thumb*, whose author was a Pythagorean philosopher. This dark treatise contains the whole scheme of the Metempsychosis, deducing the progress of the soul through all her stages.

The next is *Dr. Faustus*, penned by Artephius, an author *bonæ notæ*, and an *adeptus;* he published it in the nine hundred eighty-fourth year of his age;* this writer proceeds wholly by reincrudation, or in the *via humida:* and the marriage between Faustus and Helen does most conspicuously dilucidate the fermenting of the male and female dragon.

Whittington and his Cat is the work of that mysterious rabbi, Jehada Hannasi, containing a defence of the gemara of the Jerusalem misna,† and its just preference to that of Babylon, contrary to the vulgar opinion.

The Hind and Panther. This is the master-piece of a famous writer now living,‡ intended for a complete abstract of sixteen thousand school-men, from Scotus to Bellarmin.

Tommy Pots. Another piece supposed by the same hand, by way of supplement to the former.

The Wise Men of Gotham, cum appendice. This is a treatise of immense erudition, being the great original and fountain of those arguments, bandied about both in France and England, for a just defence of the moderns.

* The chemists say of him in their books, that he prolonged his life to a thousand years, and then died voluntarily. H.

† The gemara is the decision, explanation, or interpretation of the Jewish rabbies: and the misna is properly the code or body of the Jewish civil or common law. H.

‡ *Viz.* In the year 1697. *Original*

learning and wit, against the presumption, the pride, and ignorance of the ancients. This unknown author has so exhausted the subject, that a penetrating reader will easily discover whatever has been written since upon that dispute, to be little more than repetition. An abstract of this treatise has been lately published by a worthy member of our society.*

These notices may serve to give the learned reader an idea, as well as a taste, of what the whole work is likely to produce; wherein I have now altogether circumscribed my thoughts and my studies; and, if I can bring it to a perfection before I die, shall reckon I have well employed the poor remains of an unfortunate life.† This indeed is more than I can justly expect, from a quill worn to the pith in the service of the state, in *pros* and *cons* upon popish plots, and meal tubs,‡ and exclusion bills, and passive obedience, and addresses of lives and fortunes, and prerogative, and property, and liberty of conscience, and letters to a friend: from an understanding and a conscience thread-bare and ragged with perpetual turning; from a head broken in a hundred places by the malignants of the opposite factions; and from a body spent with poxes ill cured, by trusting to bawds and surgeons, who, as it afterwards appeared, were professed enemies to me and the government, and revenged their party's quarrel upon my nose and shins. Four score and eleven pamphlets have I written under three reigns, and for

* This I suppose to be understood of Mr. Wotton's discourse of ancient and modern learning. H.

† Here the author seems to personate L'Estrange, Dryden, and some others, who, after having passed their lives in vices, faction, and falsehood, have the impudence to talk of merit, and innocence, and sufferings. H.

‡ In King Charles the Second's time, there was an account of a presbyterian plot, found in a tub, which then made much noise. H.

the service of six-and-thirty factions. But, finding the state has no farther occasion for me and my ink, I retire willingly to draw it out into speculations more becoming a philosopher; having, to my unspeakable comfort, passed a long life with a conscience void of offence.

But to return. I am assured from the reader's candour, that the brief specimen I have given, will easily clear all the rest of our society's productions, from an aspersion grown, as it is manifest, out of envy and ignorance; that they are of little farther use or value to mankind, beyond the common entertainments of their wit and their style; for these I am sure have never yet been disputed by our keenest adversaries: in both which, as well as the more profound and mystical part, I have throughout this treatise, closely followed the most applauded originals. And to render all complete, I have, with much thought and application of mind, so ordered, that the chief title prefixed to it, I mean, that under which I design it shall pass in the common conversations of court and town, is modelled exactly after the manner peculiar to our society.

I confess to have been somewhat liberal in the business of titles,* having observed the humour of multiplying them, to bear great vogue among certain writers, whom I exceedingly reverence. And indeed it seems not unreasonable, that books, the children of the brain, should have the honour to be christened with variety of names, as well as other infants of quality. Our famous Dryden has ventured to proceed a point farther, endea-

* The title-page in the original was so torn, that it was not possible to recover several titles, which the author here speaks of. *Note by the Author.*

vouring to introduce also a multiplicity of god-fathers;* which is an improvement of much more advantage upon a very obvious account. It is a pity this admirable invention has not been better cultivated, so as to grow by this time into general imitation, when such an authority serves it for a precedent. Nor have my endeavours been wanting to second so useful an example: but it seems, there is an unhappy expense usually annexed to the calling of a god-father, which was clearly out of my head, as it is very reasonable to believe. Where the pinch lay, I cannot certainly affirm; but having employed a world of thoughts and pains to split my treatise into forty sections, and having entreated forty lords of my acquaintance, that they would do me the honour to stand, they all made it a matter of conscience, and sent me their excuses.

SECT. II.

Once upon a time, there was a man who had three sons by one wife,† and all at a birth, neither could the midwife tell certainly which was the eldest. Their father died while they were young; and upon his death-bed, calling the lads to him, spoke thus:

"Sons: because I have purchased no estate, nor was born to any, I have long considered of some good legacies to bequeath you; and at last, with much care as well as expense, have provided each of you (here they

* See Virgil translated, &c. *Original.*—He dedicated the different parts of Virgil to different patrons. H.

† By these three sons, Peter, Martin, and Jack—Popery, the Church of England, and our Protestant Dissenters, are designed. W. Wotton.

are) a new coat.* Now, you are to understand, that these coats have two virtues contained in them: one is, that with good wearing, they will last you fresh and sound as long as you live: the other is, that they will grow in the same proportion with your bodies, lengthening and widening of themselves, so as to be always fit. Here; let me see them on you before I die. So; very well; pray children wear them clean, and brush them often. You will find in my will† (here it is) full instructions in every particular concerning the wearing and management of your coats; wherein you must be very exact, to avoid the penalties I have appointed for every transgression or neglect, upon which your future fortunes will entirely depend. I have also commanded in my will, that you should live together in one house like brethren and friends, for then you will be sure to thrive, and not otherwise."

Here the story says, this good father died, and the three sons went all together to seek their fortunes.

I shall not trouble you with recounting what adventures they met for the first seven years, any farther than by taking notice, that they carefully observed their father's will, and kept their coats in very good order: that they travelled through several countries, encountered a reasonable quantity of giants, and slew certain dragons.

Being now arrived at the proper age for producing themselves, they came up to town, and fell in love with the ladies, but especially three, who about that time

* The Scripture. *MS. Pate.*—By his coats, which he gave his sons, are meant the garment of the Israelites. W. Wotton.—An error (with submission) of the learned commentator; for by the coats are meant the doctrine and faith of christianity, by the wisdom of the divine founder suited to all times, places, and circumstances. Lambin.

† The New Testament. *H.*

were in chief reputation; the Dutchess *d'Argent*, Madame *de Grands Titres*, and the Countess *d'Orgueil*.* On their first appearance, our three adventurers met with a very bad reception; and soon, with great sagacity, guessing out the reason, they quickly began to improve in the good qualities of the town: they writ, and rallied, and rhymed, and sung, and said, and said nothing; they drank, and fought, and whored, and slept, and swore, and took snuff; they went to new plays on the first night, haunted the chocolate-houses, beat the watch, lay on bulks, and got claps; they bilked hackney-coachmen, ran in debt with shopkeepers, and lay with their wives; they killed bailiffs, kicked fiddlers down stairs, eat at Locket's,† loitered at Will's:‡ they talked of the drawing-room, and never came there; dined with lords they never saw: whispered a dutchess, and spoke never a word: exposed the scrawls of their laundress for billet-doux of quality; came ever just from court, and were never seen in it; attended the levee *sub dio:* got a list of peers by heart in one company, and with great familiarity retailed them in another. Above all, they constantly attended those committees of senators, who are silent in the house, and loud in the coffee-house; where they nightly adjourn to chew the cud of politics, and are encompassed with a ring of disciples, who lie in wait to catch up their droppings. The three brothers had acquired forty other qualifications of the like stamp, too tedious to recount, and by consequence were justly reckoned the most accomplished persons in the town;

* Their mistresses are the Dutchess d'Argent, Mademoiselle de Grands Titres, and the Countess d'Orgueil, *i. e.* covetousness, ambition, and pride; which were the three great vices that the ancient fathers inveighed against, as the first corruptions of christianity. W. Wotton.

† A noted Tavern. N.

‡ See p. 68.

but all would not suffice, and the ladies aforesaid continued still inflexible. To clear up which difficulty, I must, with the reader's good leave and patience, have recourse to some points of weight, which the authors of that age have not sufficiently illustrated.

For, about this time it happened a sect arose,* whose tenets obtained and spread very far, especially in the *grande monde*, and among every body of good fashion. They worshipped a sort of idol;† who, as their doctrine delivered, did daily create men by a kind of manufactory operation. This idol they placed in the highest part of the house, on an altar erected about three feet; he was shown in the posture of a Persian emperor, sitting on a superfices, with his legs interwoven under him. This god had a goose for his ensign; whence it is that some learned men pretend to deduce his original from *Jupiter Capitolinus*. At his left hand, beneath the altar, hell seemed to open, and catch at the animals the idol was creating; to prevent which, certain of his priests hourly flung in pieces of the unformed mass, or substance, and sometimes whole limbs already enlivened, which that horrid gulf insatiably swallowed, terrible to behold. The goose was also held a subaltern divinity, or *deus minorum gentium*, before whose shrine was sacrificed that creature, whose hourly food is human gore, and who is in so great renown abroad for being the delight and favourite of the Ægyptian *Cercopithecus*.‡ Millions of these animals were cruelly slaughtered every day, to appease the hunger of that consuming deity.

* This is an occasional satire upon dress and fashion in order to introduce what follows. H.

† Tailors. *MS. Pate.*

‡ The Ægyptians worshipped a monkey, which animal is very fond of eating lice, styled here creatures that feed on human gore, H.

The chief idol was also worshiped as the inventor of the yard and needle; whether as the god of seamen, or on account of certain other mystical attributes, has not been sufficiently cleared.

The worshippers of this deity had also a system of their belief, which seemed to turn upon the following fundamentals. They held the universe to be a large suit of clothes, which invests every thing: that the earth is invested by the air; the air is invested by the stars; and the stars are invested by the *primum mobile.* Look on this globe of earth, you will find it to be a very complete and fashionable dress. What is that which some call land, but a fine coat faced with green? or the sea, but a waistcoat of water-tabby? Proceed to the particular works of the creation, you will find how curious journeyman nature has been, to trim up the vegetable beaux; observe how sparkish a periwig adorns the head of a beech, and what a fine doublet of white satin is worn by the birch. To conclude from all, what is man himself but a *micro-coat,** or rather a complete suit of clothes with all its trimmings? as to his body, there can be no dispute; but examine even the acquirements of his mind, you will find them all contribute in their order towards furnishing out an exact dress: to instance no more; is not religion a cloak; honesty a pair of shoes worn out in the dirt; self-love a surtout; vanity a shirt; and conscience a pair of breeches; which, though a cover for lewdness as well as nastiness, is easily slipt down for the service of both?†

These *postulata* being admitted, it will follow in due course of reasoning, that those beings, which the world

* Alluding to the word microcosm, or a little world, as man has been called by philosophers. H.

† This humorous and witty train of ideas was probably suggested from the conscience of Oliver Cromwell, and the breeches on his coin. *See Dodsley's Fugitive Pieces, vol. II. p.* 17. N.

calls improperly suits of cloaths, are in reality the most refined species of animals; or to proceed higher, that they are rational creatures, or men. For, is it not manifest, that they live, and move, and talk, and perform all other offices of human life? are not beauty, and wit, and mien, and breeding, their inseparable properties? in short, we see nothing but them, hear nothing but them. Is it not they, who walk the streets, fill up parliament—, coffee—, play—, bawdy-houses? It is true, indeed, that these animals, which are vulgarly called *suits of clothes*, or *dresses*, do according to certain compositions receive different appellations. If one of them be trimmed up with a gold chain, and a red gown, and a white rod, and a great horse, it is called *a lord-mayor:* if certain ermines and furs be placed in a certain position, we style them *a judge*; and so an apt conjunction of lawn and black satin we entitle *a bishop*.

Others of these professors, though agreeing in the main system, were yet more refined upon certain branches of it; and held, that man was an animal compounded of two dresses, the natural and celestial suit, which were the body and the soul: that the soul was the outward, and the body the inward clothing; that the latter was *ex traduce;* but the former of daily creation and circumfusion. This last they proved by Scripture, because, in them we live, and move, and have our being; as likewise by philosophy, because they are all in all, and all in every part. Besides, said they, separate these two, and you will find the body to be only a senseless unsavoury carcass. By all which it is manifest, that the outward dress must needs be the soul.

To this system of religion, were tagged several subaltern doctrines, which were entertained with great vogue; as particularly, the faculties of the mind were deduced by the learned among them in this manner: embroidery,

was sheer wit; gold fringe, was agreeable conversation; gold lace, was repartee; a huge long periwig, was humour; and a coat full of powder, was very good raillery; all which required abundance of *finesse* and *delicatesse* to manage with advantage, as well as a strict observance after times and fashions.

I have, with much pains and reading, collected out of ancient authors this short summary of a body of philosophy and divinity, which seems to have been composed by a vein and race of thinking, very different from any other systems either ancient or modern. And it was not merely to entertain or satisfy the reader's curiosity, but rather to give him light into several circumstances of the following story; that knowing the state of dispositions and opinions in an age so remote, he may better comprehend those great events, which were the issue of them. I advise therefore the courteous reader to peruse with a world of application, again and again, whatever I have written upon this matter. And so leaving these broken ends, I carefully gather up the chief thread of my story, and proceed.

These opinions therefore were so universal, as well as the practices of them, among the refined part of court and town, that our three brother-adventurers, as their circumstances then stood, were strangely at a loss. For, on the one side, the three ladies they addressed themselves to, whom we have named already, were ever at the very top of the fashion, and abhorred all that were below it but the breadth of a hair. On the other side, their father's will was very precise, and it was the main precept in it, with the greatest penalties annexed, not to add to, or diminish from their coats one thread, without a positive command in the will. Now the coats their father had left them, were, it is true, of very good cloth, and besides, so neatly sown, you would swear they were

all of a piece; but at the same time very plain, and with little or no ornament: and it happened, that before they were a month in town, great shoulder-knots came up:* straight all the world was shoulder-knots; no approaching the ladies *ruelles* without the *quota* of shoulder-knots.† "That fellow," cries one, "has no soul; where is his shoulder-knot?" Our three brethren soon discovered their want by sad experience, meeting in their walks with forty mortifications and indignities. If they went to the play-house the door-keeper showed them into the twelve-penny gallery. If they called a boat, says a waterman, "I am first sculler." If they stepped to the Rose to take a bottle, the drawer would cry, "Friend, we sell no ale." If they went to visit a lady, a footman met them at the door with, "Pray send up your message." In this unhappy case they went immediately to consult their father's will, read it over and over, but not a word of the shoulder-knot: what should they do? what temper should they find? obedience was absolutely necessary, and yet shoulder-knots appeared extremely requisite. After much thought, one of the brothers, who hap-

* The first part of the Tale is the history of Peter; thereby popery is exposed: every body knows the papists have made great additions to christianity, that indeed is the great exception which the church of England makes againt them; accordingly Peter begins his pranks with adding a shoulder-knot to his coat. W. Wotton.

His description of the cloth, of which the coat was made, has a farther meaning than the words may seem to import; "The coats their father had left them, were of very good cloth, and besides, so neatly sown, you would swear they were all of a piece; but at the same time very plain, with little or no ornament." This is the distinguishing character of the christian religion: *christiana religio absoluta et simplex*, was Ammianus Marcellinus's description of it, who was himself a heathen. W. Wotton.

† By this is understood the first introducing of pageantry and unnecessary ornaments in the church; such as were neither for convenience nor edification; as a *shoulder-knot*, in which there is neither symmetry nor use. H.

pened to be more book-learned than the other two, said, he had found an expedient. It is true, said he, there is nothing here in this will, *totidem verbis*, making mention of shoulder-knots; but I dare conjecture, we may find them *inclusive*, or *totidem syllabis*. This distinction was immediately approved by all; and so they fell again to examine; but their evil star had so directed the matter that the first syllable was not to be found in the whole writings. Upon which disappointment, he who found the former evasion, took heart, and said, Brothers, there are yet hopes; for though we cannot find them *totidem verbis*, nor *totidem syllabis*, I dare engage we shall make them out *tertio modo*, or *totidem literis*. This discovery was also highly commended, upon which they fell once more to the scrutiny, and soon picked out S,H,O,U,L,-D,E,R; when the same planet, enemy to their repose, had wonderfully contrived, that a K was not to be found. Here was a weighty difficulty! but the distinguishing brother, for whom we shall hereafter find a name, now his hand was in, proved by a very good argument, that K was a modern illegitimate letter, unknown to the learned ages, nor any where to be found in ancient manuscripts. It is true, said he, the word *Calendæ* hath in Q. V. C.* been sometimes written with a K, but erroneously; for in the best copies it has been ever spelt with a C. And by consequence it was a gross mistake in our language to spell knot with a K; but that from henceforward he would take care it should be written with a C. Upon this all farther difficulty vanished; shoulder-knots were made clearly out to be *jure paterno;* and our three gentlemen swaggered with as large and as flaunting ones as the best. But as human happiness is of a very short duration, so in those days were human fashions, upon which

* *Quibusdam veteribus codicibus;* some ancient manuscripts. H.

it entirely depends. Shoulder-knots had their time, and we must now imagine them in their decline; for a certain lord came just from Paris with fifty yards of gold-lace upon his coat, exactly trimmed after the court-fashion of that month. In two days all mankind appeared closed up in bars of gold-lace:* whoever durst peep abroad without his compliment of gold-lace, was as scandalous as a — and as ill received among the women: what should our three knights do in this momentous affair? they had sufficiently strained a point already in the affair of shoulder-knots: upon recourse to the will, nothing appeared there but *altum silentium.* That of the shoulder-knots was a loose, flying, circumstantial point; but this of gold-lace seemed too considerable an alteration without better warrant; it did *aliquo modo essentiæ adhærere,* and therefore required a positive precept. But about this time it fell out, that the learned brother aforesaid had read *Aristotelis dialectica,* and especially that wonderful piece *de interpretatione,* which has the faculty of teaching its readers to find out a meaning in every thing but itself; like commentators on the revelations, who proceed prophets without understanding a syllable of the text. "Brothers," said he, "you are to be informed, that of wills *duo sunt genera, nuncupatory*† and *scriptory;* that in the scriptory will here before us, there is no precept or mention about gold-lace, *conceditur:* but, *si idem affirmetur de nuncupatorio, negatur.* For, brothers, if you remember, we heard a fellow say, when we were boys, that he heard my father's man say, that he would advise his sons to get gold-lace on their coats,‡ as soon as ever they

* I cannot tell whether the author means any new innovation by this word, or whether it be only to introduce the new methods of forcing and perverting Scripture. H.

† By this is meant tradition, allowed by the papists to have equal authority with the scripture, or rather greater. H.

‡ Traditions about rich vestments for the clergy. *MS. Pate.*

ould procure money to buy it."—"By G—, that is very ue," cries the other.* "I remember it perfectly well," aid the third. And so without more ado they got the argest gold-lace in the parish, and walked about as fine s lords.

A while after there came up all in fashion a pretty sort f *flame-coloured satin*† for linings; and the mercer rought a pattern of it immediately to our three gentlenen: "An please your worships," said he, "my Lord Conway and Sir John Walters had linings out of this very piece last night; it takes wonderfully, and I shall not have a remnant left, enough to make my wife a pincushion, by to-morrow morning at ten a clock." Upon this they fell again to rummage the will, because the present case also required a positive precept, the lining being held by orthodox writers to be of the essence of the coat. After long search, they could fix upon nothing to the matter in hand, except a short advice of their father in the will, *to take care of fire*, and *put out their candles*

* "When the papists cannot find any thing which they want in Scripture, they go to oral tradition: thus Peter is introduced dissatisfied with the tedious way of looking for all the letters of any word, which he has occasion for in the will; when neither the constituent syllables, nor much less the whole word, were there *in terminis*. W. Worrox.

† This is purgatory, whereof he speaks more particularly hereafter; but here, only to show how Scripture was perverted to prove it, which was done, by giving equal authority with the canon to Apocrypha, called here a codicil annexed. It is likely the author, in every one of these changes in the brothers' dresses, refers to some particular error in the church of Rome, though it is not easy, I think, to apply them all: but by this of flame-coloured satin, is manifestly intended purgatory: by gold-lace may perhaps be understood, the lofty ornaments and plate in the churches; the shoulder-knots and silver fringe are not so obvious, at least to me; but the Indian figures of men, women, and children, plainly relate to the pictures in the Romish churches, of God like an old man, of the Virgin Mary, and our Saviour as a child. H.

*before they went to sleep.** This, though a good deal for the purpose, and helping very far towards self-conviction, yet not seeming wholly of force to establish a command; (being resolved to avoid farther scruple, as well as future occasion for scandal;) says he that was the scholar, "I remember to have read in wills of a *codicil annexed*, which is indeed a part of the will, and what it contains has equal authority with the rest. Now, I have been considering of this same will here before us, and I cannot reckon it to be complete for want of such a codicil:† I will therefore fasten one in its proper place very dexterously: I have had it by me some time; it was written by a dog-keeper of my grandfather's,‡ and talks a great deal, as good luck would have it, of this very *flame-coloured satin.*" The project was immediately approved by the other two; an old parchment scroll was tagged on according to art, in the form of a codicil annexed, and the satin bought and worn.

Next winter, a player, hired for the purpose by the corporation of *fringe-makers*, acted his part in a new comedy, all covered with *silver fringe*,§ and according to the laudable custom, gave rise to that fashion. Upon which the brothers consulting their father's will, to their great astonishment found these words: Item, I charge and command my said three sons to wear no sort of *silver fringe* upon or about their said coats, &c. with a penalty, in case of disobedience, too long here to insert. However, after some pause, the brother so often mentioned for his erudition, who was well skilled in criticisms, had found in a certain author, which he said should be nameless, that the same word, which in the will is called *fringe*,

* That is, to take care of Hell; and, in order to do that, to subdue and extinguish their lusts. H.

† Apocrypha. *MS. Pate.*

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SECT. III.

A DIGRESSION CONCERNING CRITICS.§

ALTHOUGH I have been hitherto as cautious as I could, upon all occasions most nicely to follow the rules and methods of writing laid down by the example of our

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ceived, it would be very expedient for the public go of learning, that every *true critic*, as soon as he had nished his task assigned, should immediately deli hinself up to ratsbane, or hemp, or leap from so convenient altitude; and that no man's pretensions to illustrious a character, should by any means be receiv before that operation were performed.

Now, from this heavenly descent of *criticism*, and close analogy it bears to heroic virtue, it is easy to sign the proper employment of a true ancient genu *critic;* which is, to travel through this vast world writings; to pursue and hunt those monstrous fa bred within them; to drag out the lurking errors, l Cacus from his den; to multiply them like Hyd heads; and rake them together like Augeas's dung: else drive away a sort of dangerous fowl, who hav perverse inclination to plunder the best branches of tree of knowledge, like those stymphalian birds that up the fruit.

These reasonings will furnish us with an adequ definition of a true *critic:* that he is discoverer and lector of writers' faults; which may be farther put yond dispute by the following demonstration: that v ever will examine the writings in all kinds, where this ancient sect has honoured the world, shall imm ately find, from the whole thread and tenour of them, the ideas of the authors have been altogether conver and taken up with the faults, and blemishes, and o sights, and mistakes of other writers; and, let the ject treated on be whatever it will, their imaginat are so entirely possessed and replete with the defec other pens, that the very quintessence of what is does of necessity distil into their own; by which m the whole appears to be nothing else but an abstrac the *criticisms* themselves have made.

and acquit; and that a critic, who sets up to read
'or an occasion of censure and reproof, is a crea-
ıs barbarous as a judge, who should take up a re-
ɔn to hang all men that came before him upon a

ain, by the word *critic* have been meant, the re-
ɜ of ancient learning from the worms, and graves,
ust of manuscripts.
w the races of those two, have been for some ages
y extinct; and besides, to discourse any farther of
would not be at all to my purpose.
e third and noblest sort is that of the TRUE CRI-
whose original is the most ancient of all. Every
ritic is a hero born, descending in a direct line
ı celestial stem by Momus and Hybris, who begat
ı, who begat Tigellius, who begat Etcætera the
; who begat Bentley, and Rymer, and Wotton, and
ult, and Dennis; who begat Etcætera the younger.
d these are the *critics*, from whom the common-
ı of learning has in all ages received such im-
: benefits, that the gratitude of their admirers
l their origin in Heaven, among those of Hercules,
ıus, Perseus, and other great deservers of mankind.
eroic virtue itself has not been exempt from the
ıy of evil tongues. For it has been objected, that
ancient heroes, famous for combating so many gi-
ınd dragons, and robbers, were in their own persons
ıter nuisance to mankind than any of those mon-
hey subdued; and therefore, to render their obli-
ıs more complete, when all other vermin were de-
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them by men in a corner, who have the unhappin
conversing too little with present things. Refl
maturely upon all this, and taking in the whole co
of human nature, I easily concluded, that these anc
highly sensible of their many imperfections, must
have endeavoured, from some passages in their wor
obviate, soften, or divert the censorious reader, by s
or panegyric upon the *true critics*, in imitation of
masters, the moderns. Now, in the common-pla
both these, I was plentifully instructed, by a long c
of useful study in prefaces and prologues; and the
immediately resolved to try what I could discover
ther, by a diligent perusal of the most ancient w
and especially those who treated of the earliest t
Here I found, to my great surprise, that, although
all entered, upon occasion, into particular descriptic
the *true Critic*, according as they were governed by
fears or their hopes; yet whatever they touched o
kind, was with abundance of caution, adventurir
farther than mythology and hieroglyphic. This, I
pose, gave ground to superficial readers for urging t
lence of authors against the antiquity of the *true C*
though the types are so apposite, and the applicatio
necessary and natural, that it is not easy to conceive,
any reader, of a modern eye and taste, could ove
them. I shall venture from a great number to pro
a few, which, I am very confident, will put this que
beyond dispute.

It well deserves considering.* that these an
writers, in treating enigmatically upon this subject,

* This expression is faulty; it should be, 'It well deserves
considered:' or, 'it well deserves consideration,' &c. S

generally fixed upon the very same hieroglyph, varying only the story, according to their affections, or their wit. For first; Pausanias is of opinion, that the perfection of writing correct* was entirely owing to the institution of *critics*; and that he can possibly mean no other than the *true critic*, is, I think, manifest enough from the following description. He says, they were a race of men, who delighted to nibble at the superfluities, and excrescences of books; which the learned at length observing, took warning, of their own accord, to lop the luxuriant, the rotten, the dead, the sapless, and the overgrown branches from their works. But now, all this he cunningly shades under the following allegory; that the Nauplians in Argos learned the art of pruning their vines, by observing, that when an ASS had browsed upon one of them, it thrived the better, and bore fairer fruit. But Herodotus, holding the very same hieroglyph, speaks much plainer, and almost *in terminis*. He has been so bold as to tax the *true critics* of ignorance and malice; telling us openly, for I think nothing can be plainer, that in the western part of *Libya*, there were ASSES with horns: upon which relation Ctesias† yet refines, mentioning the very same animal about India, adding, that whereas all other ASSES wanted a gall, these horned ones were so redundant in that part, that their flesh was not to be eaten, because of its extreme bitterness.

Now, the reason why those ancient writers treated this subject only by types and figures, was, because they durst not make open attacks against a party so potent and so terrible as the critics of those ages were; whose very voice was so dreadful, that a legion of authors would tremble, and drop their pens at the sound: for so Hero-

* 'Correct,' for 'correctly.' S.

† Vide excerpta ex eo apud Photium. *Original.*

Now, it is certain, the institution of the *true critics* was of absolute necessity to the commonwealth of learning. For all human actions seem to be divided, like Themistocles and his company; one man can fiddle, and another can make a small town a great city; and he that cannot do either one or the other, deserves to be kicked out of the creation. The avoiding of which penalty, has doubtless given the first birth to the nation of critics; and, withal, an occasion for their secret detractors to report, that a true critic is a sort of mechanic, set up with a stock and tools for his trade, at as little expense as a tailor; and that there is much analogy between the utensils and abilities of both: that the tailor's hell is the type of a critic's common-place book, and his wit and learning held forth by the goose; that it requires at least as many of these to the making up of one scholar, as of the others to the composition of a man; that the valour of both is equal, and their weapons near* of a size. Much may be said in answer to those invidious reflections; and I can positively affirm the first to be a falsehood: for on the contrary, nothing is more certain, than that it requires greater layings out, to be free of the critic's company, than of any other you can name. For, as to be a true beggar, it will cost the richest candidate every groat he is worth; so, before one can commence a true critic, it will cost a man all the good qualities of his mind; which, perhaps for a less purchase, would be thought but an indifferent bargain.

Having thus amply proved the antiquity of criticism, and described the primitive state of it; I shall now examine the present condition of this empire, and show how well it agrees with its ancient self. A certain author,†

* Near, for nearly. S.

† A quotation after the manner of a great author. Vide Bentley's Dissertation, &c. *Original.*

whose works have many ages since been entirely lost, does, in his fifth book, and eighth chapter, say of critics, that their writings are the mirrors of learning. This I understand in a literal sense, and suppose our author must mean, that whoever designs to be a perfect writer must inspect into the books of critics, and correct his invention there, as in a mirror. Now, whoever considers, that the mirrors of the ancients were made of brass, and *sine mercurio*, may presently apply the two principal qualifications of a true modern critic, and consequently must needs conclude, that these have always been, and must be for ever the same. For, brass is an emblem of duration, and, when it is skilfully burnished, will cast reflection from its own superfices, without any assistance of mercury from behind. All the other talents of a *critic* will not require a particular mention, being included, or easily deducible to these. However, I shall conclude with three maxims, which may serve both as characteristics to distinguish a *true modern critic* from a pretender, and will be also of admirable use to those worthy spirits who engage in so useful and honourable an art.

The first is, that *criticism*, contrary to all other faculties of the intellect, is ever held the truest and best, when it is the very first result of the *critic's* mind: as fowlers reckon the first aim for the surest, and seldom fail of missing the mark, if they stay not for a second.

Secondly. The *true critics* are known, by their talent of swarming about the noblest writers, to which they are carried merely by instinct, as a rat to the best cheese, or as a wasp to the fairest fruit. So, when the king is on horseback, he is sure to be the dirtiest person of the company; and they that make their court best, are such as bespatter him most.

illustrious moderns; yet has the unhappy shortness of my memory led me into an error, from which I must immediately extricate myself, before I can decently pursue my principal subject. I confess with shame, it was an unpardonable omission to proceed so far as I have already done, before I had performed the due discourses, expostulatory, supplicatory, or deprecatory, with my good lords the critics. Towards some atonement for this grievous neglect, I do here make bold, humbly to present them with a short account of themselves, and their art, by looking into the original and pedigree of the word, as it is generally understood among us; and very briefly considering the ancient and present state thereof.

By the word *critic*, at this day so frequent in all conversations, there have sometimes been distinguished three very different species of mortal men, according as I have read in ancient books and pamphlets. For first, by this term were understood, such persons as invented or drew up rules for themselves and the world, by observing which, a careful reader might be able to pronounce upon the productions of the learned, form his taste to a true relish of the sublime and the admirable, and divide every beauty of matter, or of style, from the corruption that apes it: in their common perusal of books, singling out the errors and defects, the nauseous, the fulsome, the dull, and the impertinent, with the caution of a man that walks through Edinburgh streets in a morning, who is indeed as careful as he can to watch diligently, and spy out the filth in his way; not that he is curious to observe the colour and complexion of the ordure, or take its dimensions, much less to be paddling in, or tasting it; but only with a design to come out as cleanly as he may. These men seem, though very erroneously, to have understood the appellation of critic in a literal sense; that one principal part of his office was to

raise and acquit; and that a critic, who sets up to read nly for an occasion of censure and reproof, is a creature as barbarous as a judge, who should take up a resolution to hang all men that came before him upon a rial.

Again, by the word *critic* have been meant, the recorers of ancient learning from the worms, and graves, nd dust of manuscripts.

Now the races of those two, have been for some ages tterly extinct; and besides, to discourse any farther of hem would not be at all to my purpose.

The third and noblest sort is that of the TRUE CRITIC, whose original is the most ancient of all. Every *rue critic* is a hero born, descending in a direct line rom a celestial stem by Momus and Hybris, who begat Zoilus, who begat Tigellius, who begat Etcætera the elder; who begat Bentley, and Rymer, and Wotton, and Perrault, and Dennis; who begat Etcætera the younger.

And these are the *critics*, from whom the commonwealth of learning has in all ages received such immense benefits, that the gratitude of their admirers placed their origin in Heaven, among those of Hercules, Theseus, Perseus, and other great deservers of mankind. But heroic virtue itself has not been exempt from the obloquy of evil tongues. For it has been objected, that those ancient heroes, famous for combating so many giants, and dragons, and robbers, were in their own persons a greater nuisance to mankind than any of those monsters they subdued; and therefore, to render their obligations more complete, when all other vermin were destroyed, should, in conscience, have concluded with the same justice upon themselves. Hercules most generously did, and has upon that score procured to himself more temples and votaries than the best of his fellows. For these reasons, I suppose, it is, why some have con-

ceived, it would be very expedient for the public of learning, that every *true critic*, as soon as he h nished his task assigned, should immediately dc himself up to ratsbane, or hemp, or leap from convenient altitude; and that no man's pretensions illustrious a character, should by any means be rece before that operation were performed.

Now, from this heavenly descent of *criticism*, an close analogy it bears to heroic virtue, it is easy sign the proper employment of a true ancient ge *critic;* which is, to travel through this vast wor writings; to pursue and hunt those monstrous bred within them; to drag out the lurking errors Cacus from his den; to multiply them like Hy heads; and rake them together like Augeas's dun else drive away a sort of dangerous fowl, who h perverse inclination to plunder the best branches tree of knowledge, like those stymphalian birds th up the fruit.

These reasonings will furnish us with an adc definition of a true *critic:* that he is discoverer an lector of writers' faults; which may be farther pr yond dispute by the following demonstration: that ever will examine the writings in all kinds, wher this ancient sect has honoured the world, shall im ately find, from the whole thread and tenour of then the ideas of the authors have been altogether conv and taken up with the faults, and blemishes, and sights, and mistakes of other writers; and, let th ject treated on be whatever it will, their imagin are so entirely possessed and replete with the def other pens, that the very quintessence of what i does of necessity distil into their own; by which the whole appears to be nothing else but an abstr the *criticisms* themselves have made.

Iaving thus briefly considered the original and office
a *critic*, as the word is understood in its most noble
universal acceptation, I proceed to refute the obiec-
s of those, who argue from the silence and preter-
sion of authors; by which they pretend to prove,
t the very art of *criticism*, as now exercised, and by
explained, is wholly modern; and consequently, that
critics of Great-Britain and France have no title
m original so ancient and illustrious as I have de-
ced. Now, if I can clearly make out, on the contra-
that the ancient writers have particularly described
h the person and the office of a *true critic*, agree-
e* to the definition laid down by me; their grand
ection, from the silence of authors, will fall to the
und.

I confess to have, for a long time, borne a part in this
eral error;† from which I should never have acquit-
myself, but through the assistance of our noble mo-
ns; whose most edifying volumes I turn indefatiga-
over night and day, for the improvement of my mind,
l the good of my country: these have, with unweari-
pains, made many useful searches into the weak sides
the ancients, and given us a comprehensive list of
m.‡ Besides, they have proved beyond contradic-
n, that the very finest things delivered of old, have
en long since invented, and brought to light by much
er pens; and that the noblest discoveries those an-
nts ever made, of art or of nature, have all been pro-
ced by the transcending genius of the present age.

* Swift often uses the adjective instead of the adverb; it should
e been 'agreeably to,' &c. S.

† This is ungrammatical, the proper mode of expressing here,
ld be, 'I confess that I have, for a long time, borne a part,' &c. S.

‡ See Wotton of ancient and modern learning. *Note by the au-*

dotus tells us expressly in another place, how a vast army of Scythians was put to flight in a panic terror by the braying of an ASS.] From hence* it is conjectured by certain profound philologers, that the great awe and reverence paid to a *true critic*, by the writers of Britain, have been derived to us from those our Scythian ancestors. In short, this dread was so universal, that in process of time, those authors, who had a mind to publish their sentiments more freely, in describing the *true Critics* of their several ages, were forced to leave off the use of the former hieroglyph, as too nearly approaching the prototype, and invented other terms instead thereof, that were more cautious and mystical: so, Diodorus, speaking to the same purpose, ventures no farther than to say, that in the mountains of Helicon, there grows a certain weed, which bears a flower of so damned a scent, as to poison those who offer to smell it. Lucretius gives exactly the same relation;

> *Est etiam in magnis Heliconis montibus arbos,*
> *Floris odore hominem tetro consucta necare.**
>
> Lib. vi.

But Ctesias, whom we lately quoted, has been a great deal bolder; he had been used with much severity by the *true Critics* of his own age, and therefore could not forbear to leave behind him, at least one deep mark of his vengeance against the whole tribe. His meaning is so near the surface, that I wonder how it possibly came to be overlooked by those who deny the antiquity of

* 'From hence,' frequently used by our author, as well as, 'from thence,' and 'from whence,' are improper phrases, as the preposition 'from' is included in each of those words. 'Hence,' signifying *from this;* 'thence' *from that;* and 'whence,' *from which.* S.

* Near Helicon, and round the learned hill,
Grow trees, whose blossoms with their odour kill. H.

the *true critics*. For, pretending to make a description of many strange animals about India, he has set down these remarkable words: among the rest, says he, there is a serpent that wants teeth, and consequently cannot bite; but if its vomit, to which it is much addicted, happens to fall upon any thing, a certain rottenness or corruption ensues: these serpents are generally found among the mountains, where jewels grow, and they frequently emit a poisonous juice; whereof whoever drinks, that person's brains fly out of his nostrils.

There was also among the ancients a sort of *critics*, not distinguished in species from the former, but in growth or degree, who seem to have been only the tyroes or junior scholars; yet, because of their differing employments, they are frequently mentioned as a sect by themselves. The usual exercise of these younger students was, to attend constantly at theatres, and learn to spy out the worst parts of the play, whereof they were obliged carefully to take note, and render a rational account to their tutors. Fleshed at these smaller sports, like young wolves, they grew up in time to be nimble and strong enough for hunting down large game. For it has been observed, both among ancients and moderns, that a true critic has one quality in common with a whore and an alderman, never to change his title or his nature; that a gray critic has been certainly a green one, the perfections and acquirements of his age, being only the improved talents of his youth; like hemp, which some naturalists inform us is bad for suffocations, though taken but in the seed. I esteem the invention, or at least the refinements of prologues, to have been owing to these younger proficients, of whom Terence makes frequent and honourable mention, under the name of *malevoli*.

Now, it is certain, the institution of the *true critics* was of absolute necessity to the commonwealth of learning. For all human actions seem to be divided, like Themistocles and his company; one man can fiddle, and another can make a small town a great city; and he that cannot do either one or the other, deserves to be kicked out of the creation. The avoiding of which penalty, has doubtless given the first birth to the nation of critics; and, withal, an occasion for their secret detractors to report, that a true critic is a sort of mechanic, set up with a stock and tools for his trade, at as little expense as a tailor; and that there is much analogy between the utensils and abilities of both: that the tailor's hell is the type of a critic's common-place book, and his wit and learning held forth by the goose; that it requires at least as many of these to the making up of one scholar, as of the others to the composition of a man; that the valour of both is equal, and their weapons near* of a size. Much may be said in answer to those invidious reflections; and I can positively affirm the first to be a falsehood: for on the contrary, nothing is more certain, than that it requires greater layings out, to be free of the critic's company, than of any other you can name. For, as to be a true beggar, it will cost the richest candidate every groat he is worth; so, before one can commence a true critic, it will cost a man all the good qualities of his mind; which, perhaps for a less purchase, would be thought but an indifferent bargain.

Having thus amply proved the antiquity of criticism, and described the primitive state of it; I shall now examine the present condition of this empire, and show how well it agrees with its ancient self. A certain author,†

* Near, for nearly. S.

† A quotation after the manner of a great author. Vide Bentley's Dissertation, &c. *Original.*

whose works have many ages since been entirely lost, does, in his fifth book, and eighth chapter, say of critics, that their writings are the mirrors of learning. This I understand in a literal sense, and suppose our author must mean, that whoever designs to be a perfect writer must inspect into the books of critics, and correct his invention there, as in a mirror. Now, whoever considers, that the mirrors of the ancients were made of brass, and *sine mercurio*, may presently apply the two principal qualifications of a true modern critic, and consequently must needs conclude, that these have always been, and must be for ever the same. For, brass is an emblem of duration, and, when it is skilfully burnished, will cast reflection from its own superfices, without any assistance of mercury from behind. All the other talents of a *critic* will not require a particular mention, being included, or easily deducible to these. However, I shall conclude with three maxims, which may serve both as characteristics to distinguish a *true modern critic* from a pretender, and will be also of admirable use to those worthy spirits who engage in so useful and honourable an art.

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Secondly. The *true critics* are known, by their talent of swarming about the noblest writers, to which they are carried merely by instinct, as a rat to the best cheese, or as a wasp to the fairest fruit. So, when the king is on horseback, he is sure to be the dirtiest person of the company; and they that make their court best, are such as bespatter him most.

Lastly. A *true critic*, in the perusal of a book, is like a dog at a feast, whose thoughts and stomach are wholly set upon what the guests fling away, and consequently is apt to snarl most, when there are the fewest bones.*

Thus much, I think, is sufficient to serve by way of address to my patrons, the *true modern critics;* and may very well atone for my past silence, as well as that which I am like† to observe for the future. I hope I have deserved so well of their whole body, as to meet with generous and tender usage at their hands. Supported by which expectation, I go on boldly to pursue those adventures, already so happily begun.

SECT. IV.

A TALE OF A TUB.

I HAVE now, with much pains and study, conducted the reader to a period, where he must expect to hear of great revolutions. For no sooner had our learned brother, so often mentioned, got a warm house of his own over his head, than he began to look big, and to take mightily upon him; insomuch, that unless the gentle reader, out of his great candour, will please a little to exalt his idea, I am afraid he will henceforth hardly know the hero of the play, when he happens to meet him; his part, his dress, and his mien, being so much altered.

He told his brothers, "he would have them to know that he was their elder, and consequently his father's

* And how they're disappointed when they're pleas'd. CONGREVE. *MS. Pate.*

† 'Like' for 'likely.' S.

sole heir; nay, a while after, he would not allow them to call him *Brother*, but Mr. PETER; and then he must be styled *Father* PETER; and sometimes, *my Lord* PETER. To support this grandeur, which he soon began to consider could not be maintained without a better *fonde*, than what he was born to: after much thought, he cast about at last to turn projector and virtuoso, wherein he so well succeeded, that many famous discoveries, projects and machines, which bear great vogue and practice at present in the world, are owing entirely to Lord PETER's invention. I will deduce the best account I have been able to collect of the chief among them, without considering much the order they came out in; because, I think, authors are not well agreed as to that point.

I hope, when this treatise of mine shall be translated into foreign languages (as I may without vanity affirm, that the labour of collecting, the faithfulness in recounting, and the great usefulness of the matter to the public, will amply deserve that justice) that the worthy members of the several academies abroad, especially those of France and Italy, will favourably accept these humble offers, for the advancement of universal knowledge. I do also advertise the most reverend fathers, the eastern missionaries, that I have, purely for their sakes, made use of such words and phrases, as will best admit an easy turn into any of the oriental languages, especially the Chinese. And so I proceed with great content of mind, upon reflecting how much emolument this whole globe of the earth, is likely to reap by my labours.

The first undertaking of Lord Peter was, to purchase a *large continent*, lately said to have been discovered in *terra australis incognita*.* This tract of land he bought

* The West Indies, sold by the Pope to the King of Spain. *MS. Pete.*

at a very great penny-worth, from the discoverers themselves, (though some pretended to doubt whether they had ever been there) and then retailed it into several cantons to certain dealers, who carried over colonies, but were all shipwrecked in the voyage. Upon which Lord Peter sold the said continent to other customers again, and again, and again, and again, with the same success.

The second project I shall mention, was his sovereign remedy for *the worms*,* especially those in the spleen.† The patient was to eat nothing after supper for three nights:‡ as soon as he went to bed, he was carefully to lay on one side, and when he grew weary, to turn upon the other: he must also duly confine his two eyes to the same object: and by no means break wind at both ends together, without manifest occasion. These prescriptions diligently observed, the worms would void insensibly by perspiration, ascending through the brain.

A third invention was the erection of a *whispering office*,§ for the public good and ease of all such as are hypocondriacal, or troubled with the colick; as likewise of all eves-droppers, physicians, midwives, small politicians, friends fallen out, repeating poets, lovers happy or in despair, bawds, privy-counsellors, pages, parasites, and buffoons: in short, of all such as are in danger of burst-

* Fasting days in lent. *MS. Pate.*

† Penance and absolution are played upon under the notion of a sovereign remedy for the worms, especially in the spleen, which by observing Peter's prescription would void insensibly by perspiration, ascending through the brain, &c. W. Wotton.

‡ Here the author ridicules the penances of the church of Rome, which may be made as easy to the sinner as he pleases, provided he will pay for them accordingly. H.

§ Confession *MS. Pate.*

ing with too much wind.* An ass's head was placed so conveniently, that the party affected, might easily with his mouth accost either of the animal's ears, to which he was to apply close for a certain space, and by a fugitive faculty, peculiar to the ears of that animal, receive immediate benefit, either by eructation, or expiration, or evomitation.

Another very beneficial project of Lord Peter's was, *an office of insurance* for tobacco-pipes,† martyrs of the modern zeal, volumes of poetry, shadows,———— and rivers: that these, nor any of these, shall receive damage by fire. Whence, our friendly societies may plainly find themselves to be only transcribers from this original; though the one, and the other, have been of great benefit to the undertakers, as well as of equal to the public.

Lord PETER was also held the original author of *puppets* and *raree-shows*;‡ the great usefulness whereof being so generally known, I shall not enlarge farther upon this particular.

But another discovery, for which he was much renowned, was his famous *universal pickle.*§ For having remarked how your common pickle,‖ in use among housewives, was of no farther benefit than to preserve

* By his whispering-office, for the relief of eves-droppers, physicians, bawds, and privy-counsellors, he ridicules auricular confession; and the priest who takes it, is described by the ass's head. W. Wotton.

† Indulgences. *MS. Pate.*—The gross abuses whereof first gave occasion for the reformation. H.

‡ Ceremonies. *MS. Pate.*

§ Holy water. *MS. Pate.*—This he calls a universal pickle, to preserve houses, gardens, towns, men, women, children, and cattle, wherein he could preserve them as sound as insects in amber. W. Wotton.

‖ This is easily understood to be holy water, composed of the same ingredients with many other pickles. H

dead flesh, and certain kinds of vegetables; Pe great cost as well as art, had contrived a pick for houses, gardens, towns, men, women, child cattle; wherein he could preserve them as sou sects in amber. Now this pickle to the taste, t and the sight, appeared exactly the same with v common service for beef, and butter, and herri has been often that way applied with great suc for its many sovereign virtues, was quite a thing. For Peter would put in a certain quant powder *pimperlimpimp*,* after which it never success. The operation was performed by *s tion*,† in a proper time of the moon. The pati was to be pickled, if it were a house, would inf preserved from all spiders, rats, and weazels; i ty affected were a dog, he should be exempt fro and madness, and hunger. It also infallibly to all scabs, and lice, and scalled heads from chil ver hindering the patient from any duty, either board.

But of all Peter's rarities, he most valued set of *bulls*,‡ whose race was by great fort served in a lineal descent from those that gua golden fleece. Though some who pretended to them curiously, doubted the breed had not been

* And because holy water differs only in consecration mon water, therefore he tells us that his pickle by the pimperlimpimp receives new virtues, though it differs n nor smell from the common pickles, which preserve beef, and herrings. W. Wotton.

† Sprinkling. H.

‡ The papal bulls are ridiculed by name, so that here no loss for the author's meaning. W. Wotton.

Here the author has kept the name, and means the pop rather his fulminations, and excommunications of heretic all signed with lead and the seal of the fisherman, and said to have leaden feet and fishes tails. H.

tirely chaste; because they had degenerated from their ancestors in some qualities, and had acquired others very extraordinary, by a foreign mixture. The bulls of Colchis are recorded to have brazen feet; but whether it happened by ill pasture and running, by an allay from intervention of other parents, from stolen intrigues; whether a weakness in their progenitors had impaired the seminal virtue, or by a decline necessary through a long course of time, the originals of nature being depraved in these latter sinful ages of the world; whatever was the cause, it is certain, that Lord Peter's bulls were extremely vitiated by the rust of time in the metal of their feet, which was now sunk into common lead. However, the terrible roaring, peculiar to their lineage, was preserved; as likewise that faculty of breathing out fire from their nostrils;* which notwithstanding many of their detractors took to be a feat of art; to be nothing so terrible as it appeared; proceeding only from their usual course of diet, which was of squibs and crackers.† However, they had two peculiar marks, which extremely distinguished them from the bulls of Jason, and which I have not met together in the description of any other monster, beside that in Horace:

Varias inducere plumas;
and
Atrum desinat in piscem.

For these had *fishes tails*,‡ yet upon occasion could outfly any bird in the air. Peter put these bulls upon se-

* These passages, and many others, no doubt, must be construed as antichristian, by the church of Rome. When the chief minister and his minions are exposed, the keener the satire the more liable is it to be interpreted into high treason against the king. Orrery.

† These are the fulminations of the pope, threatening hell and damnation to those princes who offend him. H.

‡ Sub annulo piscatoris. *MS. Pate.*

Now, it is certain, the institution of the *true critics* was of absolute necessity to the commonwealth of learning. For all human actions seem to be divided, like Themistocles and his company; one man can fiddle, and another can make a small town a great city; and he that cannot do either one or the other, deserves to be kicked out of the creation. The avoiding of which penalty, has doubtless given the first birth to the nation of critics; and, withal, an occasion for their secret detractors to report, that a true critic is a sort of mechanic, set up with a stock and tools for his trade, at as little expense as a tailor; and that there is much analogy between the utensils and abilities of both: that the tailor's hell is the type of a critic's common-place book, and his wit and learning held forth by the goose; that it requires at least as many of these to the making up of one scholar, as of the others to the composition of a man; that the valour of both is equal, and their weapons near* of a size. Much may be said in answer to those invidious reflections; and I can positively affirm the first to be a falsehood: for on the contrary, nothing is more certain, than that it requires greater layings out, to be free of the critic's company, than of any other you can name. For, as to be a true beggar, it will cost the richest candidate every groat he is worth; so, before one can commence a true critic, it will cost a man all the good qualities of his mind; which, perhaps for a less purchase, would be thought but an indifferent bargain.

Having thus amply proved the antiquity of criticism, and described the primitive state of it; I shall now examine the present condition of this empire, and show how well it agrees with its ancient self. A certain author,†

* Near, for nearly. S.

† A quotation after the manner of a great author. Vide Bentley's Dissertation, &c. *Original.*

whose works have many ages since been entirely lost, does, in his fifth book, and eighth chapter, say of critics, that their writings are the mirrors of learning. This I understand in a literal sense, and suppose our author must mean, that whoever designs to be a perfect writer must inspect into the books of critics, and correct his invention there, as in a mirror. Now, whoever considers, that the mirrors of the ancients were made of brass, and *sine mercurio*, may presently apply the two principal qualifications of a true modern critic, and consequently must needs conclude, that these have always been, and must be for ever the same. For, brass is an emblem of duration, and, when it is skilfully burnished, will cast reflection from its own superfices, without any assistance of mercury from behind. All the other talents of a *critic* will not require a particular mention, being included, or easily deducible to these. However, I shall conclude with three maxims, which may serve both as characteristics to distinguish a *true modern critic* from a pretender, and will be also of admirable use to those worthy spirits who engage in so useful and honourable an art.

The first is, that *criticism*, contrary to all other faculties of the intellect, is ever held the truest and best, when it is the very first result of the *critic's* mind: as fowlers reckon the first aim for the surest, and seldom fail of missing the mark, if they stay not for a second.

Secondly. The *true critics* are known, by their talent of swarming about the noblest writers, to which they are carried merely by instinct, as a rat to the best cheese, or as a wasp to the fairest fruit. So, when the king is on horseback, he is sure to be the dirtiest person of the company; and they that make their court best, are such as bespatter him most.

Lastly. A *true critic*, in the perusal of a book, is like a dog at a feast, whose thoughts and stomach are wholly set upon what the guests fling away, and consequently is apt to snarl most, when there are the fewest bones.*

Thus much, I think, is sufficient to serve by way of address to my patrons, the *true modern critics;* and may very well atone for my past silence, as well as that which I am like† to observe for the future. I hope I have deserved so well of their whole body, as to meet with generous and tender usage at their hands. Supported by which expectation, I go on boldly to pursue those adventures, already so happily begun.

SECT. IV.

A TALE OF A TUB.

I HAVE now, with much pains and study, conducted the reader to a period, where he must expect to hear of great revolutions. For no sooner had our learned brother, so often mentioned, got a warm house of his own over his head, than he began to look big, and to take mightily upon him; insomuch, that unless the gentle reader, out of his great candour, will please a little to exalt his idea, I am afraid he will henceforth hardly know the hero of the play, when he happens to meet him; his part, his dress, and his mien, being so much altered.

He told his brothers, "he would have them to know that he was their elder, and consequently his father's

* And how they're disappointed when they're pleas'd. CONGREVE. *MS. Pate.*

† 'Like' for 'likely.' S.

sole heir; nay, a while after, he would not allow them to call him *Brother*, but Mr. PETER; and then he must be styled *Father* PETER; and sometimes, *my Lord* PETER. To support this grandeur, which he soon began to consider could not be maintained without a better *fonde*, than what he was born to: after much thought, he cast about at last to turn projector and virtuoso, wherein he so well succeeded, that many famous discoveries, projects and machines, which bear great vogue and practice at present in the world, are owing entirely to Lord PETER's invention. I will deduce the best account I have been able to collect of the chief among them, without considering much the order they came out in; because, I think, authors are not well agreed as to that point.

I hope, when this treatise of mine shall be translated into foreign languages (as I may without vanity affirm, that the labour of collecting, the faithfulness in recounting, and the great usefulness of the matter to the public will amply deserve that justice) that the worthy members of the several academies abroad, especially those o France and Italy, will favourably accept these humbl offers, for the advancement of universal knowledge. do also advertise the most reverend fathers, the easte missionaries, that I have, purely for their sakes, ma use of such words and phrases, as will best admit easy turn into any of the oriental languages, especia the Chinese. And so I proceed with great conter mind, upon reflecting how much emolument this w globe of the earth, is likely to reap by my labours.

The first undertaking of Lord Peter was, to pur a *large continent*, lately said to have been discove *terra australis incognita*.* This tract of land he b

* The West Indies, sold by the Pope to the King of Spai *Pate.*

at a very great penny-worth, from the discoverers themselves, (though some pretended to doubt whether they had ever been there) and then retailed it into several cantons to certain dealers, who carried over colonies, but were all shipwrecked in the voyage. Upon which Lord Peter sold the said continent to other customers again, and again, and again, and again, with the same success.

The second project I shall mention, was his sovereign remedy for *the worms*,* especially those in the spleen.† The patient was to eat nothing after supper for three nights:‡ as soon as he went to bed, he was carefully to lay on one side, and when he grew weary, to turn upon the other: he must also duly confine his two eyes to the same object: and by no means break wind at both ends together, without manifest occasion. These prescriptions diligently observed, the worms would void insensibly by perspiration, ascending through the brain.

A third invention was the erection of a *whispering office*,§ for the public good and ease of all such as are hypocondriacal, or troubled with the colick; as likewise of all eves-droppers, physicians, midwives, small politicians, friends fallen out, repeating poets, lovers happy or in despair, bawds, privy-counsellors, pages, parasites, and buffoons: in short, of all such as are in danger of burst-

* Fasting days in lent. *MS. Pate.*

† Penance and absolution are played upon under the notion of a sovereign remedy for the worms, especially in the spleen, which by observing Peter's prescription would void insensibly by perspiration, ascending through the brain, &c. W. Wotton.

‡ Here the author ridicules the penances of the church of Rome, which may be made as easy to the sinner as he pleases, provided he will pay for them accordingly. H.

§ Confession *MS. Pate*

ing with too much wind.* An ass's head was placed so conveniently, that the party affected, might easily with his mouth accost either of the animal's ears, to which he was to apply close for a certain space, and by a fugitive faculty, peculiar to the ears of that animal, receive immediate benefit, either by eructation, or expiration, or evomitation.

Another very beneficial project of Lord Peter's was, *an office of insurance* for tobacco-pipes,† martyrs of the modern zeal, volumes of poetry, shadows,———— and rivers: that these, nor any of these, shall receive damage by fire. Whence, our friendly societies may plainly find themselves to be only transcribers from this original; though the one, and the other, have been of great benefit to the undertakers, as well as of equal to the public.

Lord PETER was also held the original author of *puppets* and *raree-shows*;‡ the great usefulness whereof being so generally known, I shall not enlarge farther upon this particular.

But another discovery, for which he was much renowned, was his famous *universal pickle.*§ For having remarked how your common pickle,‖ in use among housewives, was of no farther benefit than to preserve

* By his whispering-office, for the relief of eves-droppers, physicians, bawds, and privy-counsellors, he ridicules auricular confession; and the priest who takes it, is described by the ass's head. W. Wotton.

† Indulgences. *MS. Pate.*—The gross abuses whereof first gave occasion for the reformation. H.

‡ Ceremonies. *MS. Pate.*

§ Holy water. *MS. Pate.*—This he calls a universal pickle, to preserve houses, gardens, towns, men, women, children, and cattle, wherein he could preserve them as sound as insects in amber. W. Wotton.

‖ This is easily understood to be holy water, composed of the same ingredients with many other pickles. H

dead flesh, and certain kinds of vegetables; Peter, with great cost as well as art, had contrived a pickle proper for houses, gardens, towns, men, women, children, and cattle; wherein he could preserve them as sound as insects in amber. Now this pickle to the taste, the smell, and the sight, appeared exactly the same with what is in common service for beef, and butter, and herrings, and has been often that way applied with great success, but, for its many sovereign virtues, was quite a different thing. For Peter would put in a certain quantity of his powder *pimperlimpimp*,* after which it never failed of success. The operation was performed by *spargefaction*,† in a proper time of the moon. The patient, who was to be pickled, if it were a house, would infallibly be preserved from all spiders, rats, and weazels; if the party affected were a dog, he should be exempt from mange, and madness, and hunger. It also infallibly took away all scabs, and lice, and scalled heads from children, never hindering the patient from any duty, either at bed or board.

But of all Peter's rarities, he most valued a certain set of *bulls*,‡ whose race was by great fortune preserved in a lineal descent from those that guarded the golden fleece. Though some who pretended to observe them curiously, doubted the breed had not been kept en-

* And because holy water differs only in consecration from common water, therefore he tells us that his pickle by the powder of pimperlimpimp receives new virtues, though it differs not in sight nor smell from the common pickles, which preserve beef, and butter, and herrings. W. Wotton.

† Sprinkling. H.

‡ The papal bulls are ridiculed by name, so that here we are at no loss for the author's meaning. W. Wotton.

Here the author has kept the name, and means the pope's bulls, or rather his fulminations, and excommunications of heretical princes, all signed with lead and the seal of the fisherman, and therefore said to have leaden feet and fishes tails. H.

tirely chaste; because they had degenerated from their ancestors in some qualities, and had acquired others very extraordinary, by a foreign mixture. The bulls of Colchis are recorded to have brazen feet; but whether it happened by ill pasture and running, by an allay from intervention of other parents, from stolen intrigues; whether a weakness in their progenitors had impaired the seminal virtue, or by a decline necessary through a long course of time, the originals of nature being depraved in these latter sinful ages of the world; whatever was the cause, it is certain, that Lord Peter's bulls were extremely vitiated by the rust of time in the metal of their feet, which was now sunk into common lead. However, the terrible roaring, peculiar to their lineage, was preserved; as likewise that faculty of breathing out fire from their nostrils;* which notwithstanding many of their detractors took to be a feat of art; to be nothing so terrible as it appeared; proceeding only from their usual course of diet, which was of squibs and crackers.† However, they had two peculiar marks, which extremely distinguished them from the bulls of Jason, and which I have not met together in the description of any other monster, beside that in Horace:

Varias inducere plumas;
and
Atrum desinat in piscem.

For these had *fishes tails*,‡ yet upon occasion could outfly any bird in the air. Peter put these bulls upon se-

* These passages, and many others, no doubt, must be construed as antichristian, by the church of Rome. When the chief minister and his minions are exposed, the keener the satire the more liable is it to be interpreted into high treason against the king. Orrery.

† These are the fulminations of the pope, threatening hell and damnation to those princes who offend him. H.

‡ Sub annulo piscatoris. *MS. Pate.*

veral employs. Sometimes he would set them a roaring to fright *naughty boys*,* and make them quiet. Sometimes he would send them out upon errands of great importance; where, it is wonderful to recount (and perhaps the cautious reader may think much to believe it) an *appetitus sensibilis* deriving itself through the whole family from their noble ancestors, guardians of the golden fleece, they continued so extremely fond of gold, that if Peter sent them abroad, though it were only upon a compliment, they would roar, and spit, and belch, and piss, and fart, and snivel out fire, and keep a perpetual coil, till you flung them a bit of gold; but then, *pulveris exigui jactu*, they would grow calm and quiet as lambs. In short, whether by secret connivance, or encouragement from their master, or out of their own liquorish affection to gold, or both; it is certain they were no better than a sort of sturdy, swaggering beggars; and where they could not prevail to get an alms, would make women miscarry, and children fall into fits, who, to this very day, usually call sprights and hobgoblins, by the name of *bull-beggars*. They grew at last so very troublesome to the neighbourhood, that some gentlemen of the north-west got a parcel of right English *bull-dogs*, and baited them so terribly, that they felt it ever after.

I must needs mention one more of Lord Peter's projects, which was very extraordinary, and discovered him to be master of a high reach, and profound invention. Whenever it happened, that any rogue of Newgate was condemned to be hanged, Peter would offer him a pardon for a certain sum of money; which, when the poor caitiff had made all shifts to scrape up, and send, his Lordship would return a piece of paper in this form:†

* That is, kings who incurred his displeasure. H.

† This is a copy of a general pardon, signed *servus servorum*. H.

"To all mayors, sheriffs, jailors, constables, bailiffs, hangmen, &c. Whereas we are informed, that A. B. remains in the hands of you, or any of you, under the sentence of death: We will and command you, upon the sight hereof, to let the said prisoner depart to his own habitation, whether he stands condemned for murder, sodomy, rape, sacrilege, incest, treason, blasphemy, &c. for which this shall be your sufficient warrant: and if you fail hereof, G—d—mn you and yours to all eternity. And so we bid you heartily farewell.

Your most humble
man's man,
Emperor PETER."*

The wretches, trusting to this, lost their lives and money too.

I desire of those, whom the learned among posterity will appoint for commentators upon this elaborate treatise, that they will proceed with great caution upon certain dark points, wherein all, who are not *verè adepti*, may be in danger to form rash and hasty conclusions, especially in some mysterious paragraphs, where certain *arcana* are joined for brevity sake, which in the operation must be divided. And I am certain, that future sons of art will return large thanks to my memory, for so grateful, so useful an *innuendo*.

It will be no difficult part to persuade the reader, that so many worthy discoveries met with great success in the world; though I may justly assure him, that I have related much the smallest number; my design having been only to single out such as will be of most benefit for public imitation, or which best served to give

* Absolution in *articulo mortis*, and the tax, *cameræ apostolicæ*, are jested upon in emperor Peter's letter. W. Wotton.

some idea of the reach and wit of the inventor. And therefore it need not be wondered at, if, by this time, Lord Peter was become exceeding rich: but, alas! he had kept his brain so long and so violently upon the rack, that at last it shook itself, and began to turn round for a little ease. In short, what with pride, projects, and knavery, poor Peter was grown distracted, and conceived the strangest imaginations in the world. In the height of his fits, as it is usual with those who run mad out of pride, he would call himself *God Almighty*,* and sometimes *Monarch of the Universe*. "I have seen him," says my author, "take three old *high-crowned hats*,† and clap them all on his head, three story high, with a huge *bunch of keys* at his girdle,‡ and an angling-rod in his hand.§ In which guise, whoever went to take him by the hand in the way of salutation, Peter with much grace, like a well-educated spaniel, would present them with his *foot*,‖ and if they refused his civility, then he would raise it as high as their chaps, and give them a damned kick on the mouth, which has ever since been called a salute. Whoever walked by without paying him their compliments, having a wonderful strong breath, he would blow their hats off into the dirt. Mean time his affairs at home went upside down, and his two bro-

* The pope is not only allowed to be the vicar of Christ, but by several divines is called God upon earth, and other blasphemous titles are given him. H.

† The triple-crown. H.

‡ The keys of the church. The church is here taken for the gate of Heaven; for the keys of Heaven are assumed by the pope, in consequence of what our Lord said to Peter: "I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of Heaven." H.

§ The pope's universal monarchy, and his triple crown, and fisher's ring. W. Wotton.

‖ Neither does his arrogant way of requiring men to kiss his slipper escape reflection. W. Wotton.

thers had a wretched time; where his first *boutade* * was, to kick both their *wives* one morning out of doors,† and his own too, and in their stead, gave orders to pick up the first three strollers that could be met with in the streets.‡ A while after he nailed up the cellar-door; and would not allow his brothers *a drop of drink* to their victuals.§ Dining one day at an alderman's in the city, Peter observed him expatiating, after the manner of his brethren, in the praises of his sirloin of beef. "Beef," said the sage magistrate, "is the king of meat; beef comprehends in it the quintessence of partridge, and quail, and venison, and pheasant, and plumb-pudding, and custard." When Peter came home, he would needs take the fancy of cooking up this doctrine into use, and apply the precept, in default of a sirloin, to his brown loaf: "Bread," says he, "dear brothers, is the staff of life; in which bread is contained, inclusive, the quintessence of beef, mutton, veal, venison, partridge, plumb-pudding, and custard: and to render all complete, there is intermingled a due quantity of water, whose crudities are also corrected by yeast or barm; through which means it becomes a wholesome fermented liquor, diffused through the mass of the bread." Upon the strength of these conclusions, next day at dinner, was the brown loaf served up in all the formality of a city feast. "Come, brothers," said Peter, "fall to, and spare not; here is

* This word properly signifies a sudden jerk, or lash of a horse, when you do not expect it. H.

† The celibacy of the Romish clergy is struck at in Peter's beating his own and brothers wives out of doors. W. Wotton.

‡ Graviùs peccat sacerdos si uxorem ducat, quàm si domi concubinam foveat." *MS. Pate.*

§ The pope's refusing the cup to the laity, persuading them that the blood is contained in the bread, and that the bread is the real and entire body of Christ. H.

excellent good *mutton*;* or hold, now my hand is in, I will help you." At which word, in much ceremony, with fork and knife he carves out two good slices of a loaf, and presents each on a plate to his brothers. The elder of the two, not suddenly entering into Lord Peter's conceit, began with very civil language to examine the mystery. "My lord," said he, "I doubt, with great submission, there may be some mistake."—"What," says Peter, "you are pleasant; come then, let us hear this jest your head is so big with."—"None in the world, my lord; but, unless I am very much deceived, your lordship was pleased a while ago to let fall a word about *mutton*, and I would be glad to see it with all my heart."—"How," said Peter, appearing in great surprise, "I do not comprehend this at all."—Upon which, the younger interposing to set the business aright: "My Lord," said he, "my brother I suppose is hungry, and longs for the mutton your Lordship has promised us to dinner."—"Pray," said Peter, "take me along with you; either you are both mad, or disposed to be merrier than I approve of; if *you* there do not like your piece, I will carve you another; though I should take that to be the choice bit of the whole shoulder."—"What then, my Lord," replied the first, "it seems this is a shoulder of mutton all this while."—"Pray, sir," says Peter, "eat your victuals, and leave off your impertinence, if you please, for I am not disposed to relish it at present." But the other could not forbear, being over-provoked at the affected seriousness of Peter's countenance. "By G—, my Lord," said he, "I can only say, that to my eyes, and fingers, and teeth, and

* Transubstantiation. Peter turns his bread into mutton; and, according to the popish doctrine of concomitants, his wine too, which in his way he calls palming his damned crusts upon the brothers for mutton. W. Wotton.

nose, it seems to be nothing but *a crust of bread.*" Upon which the second put in his word: "I never saw a piece of *mutton* in my life so nearly resembling a slice from *a twelve-penny loaf.*"—"Look ye, gentlemen." cries Peter in a rage, "to convince you, what a couple of blind, positive, ignorant, wilful puppies you are, I will use but this plain argument; by G—, it is true, good, natural *mutton* as any in Leadenhall market; and G— confound you both eternally, if you offer to believe otherwise." Such a thundering proof as this left no farther room for objection; the two unbelievers began to gather and pocket up their mistake, as hastily as they could. "Why, truly," said the first, "upon more mature consideration." "Ay," says the other, interrupting him, "now I have thought better on the thing, your lordship seems to have a great deal of reason."—"Very well," said Peter; "here, boy, fill me a beer-glass of claret; here's to you both with all my heart." The two brethren, much delighted to see him so readily appeased, returned their most humble thanks, and said, "they would be glad to pledge his Lordship." "That you shall," said Peter; "I am not a person to refuse you any thing that is reasonable: wine, moderately taken, is a cordial; here is a glass a piece for you: it is true natural juice from the grape, none of your damned vintners brewings." Having spoke thus, he presented to each of them another large dry crust, bidding them "drink it off, and not be bashful, for it would do them no hurt." The two brothers, after having performed the usual office in such delicate conjunctures, of staring a sufficient period at Lord Peter and each other, and finding how matters were likely to go, resolved not to enter on a new dispute, but let him carry the point as he pleased: for he was now got into one of his mad fits, and to argue or expostulate farther,

would only serve to render him a hundred times more untractable.

I have chosen to relate this worthy matter in all its circumstances, because it gave a principal occasion to that great and famous *rupture*,* which happened about the same time among these brethren, and was never afterwards made up. But of that I shall treat at large in another section.

However it is certain that Lord Peter, even in his lucid intervals, was very lewdly given in his common conversation, extreme† wilful and positive, and would at any time rather argue to the death, than allow himself once to be in an error. Besides, he had an abominable faculty of telling huge palpable lies upon all occasions,‡ and not only swearing to the truth, but cursing the whole company to Hell, if they pretended to make the least scruple of believing him. One time he swore he had a *cow*§ at home, which gave as much milk at a meal, as would fill three thousand churches; and what was yet more extraordinary, would never turn sour. Another time he was telling of an old *sign post*,‖ that belonged to his father, with nails and timber enough in it to build sixteen large men of war. Talking one day of Chinese waggons, which were made so light as to sail over mountains: "Z——ds," said Peter, "where's the wonder of that? by G—, I saw *a large house of lime and*

* By this rupture is meant the Reformation. H.

† 'Extreme' for 'extremely.' S.

‡ Infallibility. *MS. Pate.*

§ The ridiculous multiplying of the Virgin Mary's milk among the papists, under the allegory of a cow, which gave as much milk at a meal as would fill three thousand churches. W. Wotton.

‖ By the sign-post is meant the cross of our Blessed Saviour; and if all the wood, that is shown for parts of it, was collected, the quantity would sufficiently justify this sarcasm. H.

stone,* travel over sea and land,† (granting it stopped sometimes to bait) above two thousand German leagues." And that which was the good of it, he would swear desperately all the while, that he never told a lie in his life; and at every word, "By G—, gentlemen, I tell you nothing but the truth: and the D—l broil them eternally that will not believe me."

In short, Peter grew so scandalous, that all the neighbourhood began in plain words to say, "he was no better than a knave." And his two brothers, long weary of his ill usage, resolved at last to leave him; but first, they humbly desired a copy of their father's *will*, which had now lain by neglected, time out of mind. Instead of granting this request, he called them "damned sons of whores, rogues, traitors," and the rest of the vile names he could muster up. However, while he was abroad one day upon his projects, the two youngsters watched their opportunity, made a shift to come at the *will*,‡ and took a *copia vera*, by which they presently saw how grossly they had been abused; their father having left them equal heirs, and strictly commanded, that whatever they got should lie in common among them all. Pursuant to which, their next enterprise was, to break open the cellar-door, and get a little good *drink*,§ to spirit and comfort their hearts. In copying the will, they had met

* The chapel of Loretto. *MS. Pate.*—He falls here only upon the ridiculous inventions of popery: the church of Rome intended by these things to gull silly, superstitious people, and rook them of their money; the world had been too long in slavery, our ancestors gloriously redeemed us from that yoke. The church of Rome therefore ought to be exposed, and he deserves well of mankind that does expose it. W. Wotton.

† The chapel of Loretto, travelled from the Holy Land to Italy. H.

‡ Translated the Scriptures into the vulgar tongue. H.

§ Administered the cup to the laity at the communion. H.

another precept against whoring, divorce, and separate maintenance; upon which their next work was to discard their *concubines*, and send for their *wives*.* While all this was in agitation, there enters a solicitor from Newgate, desiring Lord Peter would please to procure a pardon for a thief, that was to be hanged to-morrow. But the two brothers told him, "he was a coxcomb to seek pardons from a fellow, who deserved to be hanged much better than his client;" and discovered all the method of that imposture, in the same form I delivered it a while ago, advising the solicitor to put his friend upon obtaining *a pardon from the King*.† In the midst of all this clutter and revolution, in comes Peter with a file of *dragoons* at his heels,‡ and gathering from all hands what was *in* the wind, he and his gang, after several millions of scurrilities and curses, not very important here to repeat,§ by main force very fairly kicked them both *out of doors*,‖ and would never let them come under his roof from that day to this.

SECT. V.

A DIGRESSION IN THE MODERN KIND.

We, whom the world is pleased to honour with the title of modern authors, should never have been able to

* Allowed the marriages of priests. H.

† Directed penitents not to trust to pardons and absolutions procured for money, but sent them to implore the mercy of God, from whence alone remission is to be obtained. H.

‡ By Peter's dragoons is meant the civil power, which those princes, who were bigoted to the Romish superstition, employed against the reformers. H.

§ It should be, 'here to be repeated.' S.

‖ The Pope shuts all who dissent from him out of the church. H.

compass our great design of an everlasting remembrance, and never-dying fame, if our endeavours had not been so highly serviceable to the general good of mankind. This, O universe, is the adventurous attempt of me thy secretary;

—— *Quemvis perferre laborem*
Suadet, et inducit noctes vigilare serenas.

To this end, I have some time since, with a world of pains and art, dissected the carcass of human nature, and read many useful lectures upon the several parts, both *containing* and *contained;* till at last it smelt so strong, I could preserve it no longer. Upon which, I have been at a great expense to fit up all the bones with exact contexture, and in due symmetry; so that I am ready to show a very complete anatomy thereof, to all curious gentlemen and others. But not to digress farther in the midst of a digression, as I have known some authors enclose digressions in one another, like a nest of boxes; I do affirm, that having carefully cut up human nature, I have found a very strange, new, and important discovery; that the public good of mankind is performed by two ways, instruction and diversion. And I have farther proved in my said several readings (which perhaps the world may one day see, if I can prevail on any friend to steal a copy, or on certain gentlemen of my admirers to be very importunate) that as mankind is now disposed, he* receives much greater advantage by being diverted than instructed; his epidemical diseases being

* Neither grammar nor custom will allow this mode of expression; the relative, 'he,' can never agree with 'mankind:' it should either be, 'as man is now disposed, he,' &c. or 'as mankind are now disposed, they,' &c. S.

fastidiosity, amorphy, and oscitation; whereas present universal empire of wit and learning, the but little matter left for instruction. However, pliance with a lesson of great age and authority, attempted carrying the point in all its heights; cordingly throughout this divine treatise, have kneaded up both together, with a layer of *utile* layer of *dulce*.

When I consider how exceedingly our illustri derns have eclipsed the weak glimmering light ancients, and turned them out of the road of all able commerce, to a degree, that our choice Tow of most refined accomplishments, are in grave whether there have been ever any ancients or which point, we are likely to receive wonderful tion, from the most useful labours and lucubra that worthy modern, Dr. Bentley: I say, when der all this, I cannot but bewail, that no famous has ever yet attempted a universal system, in portable volume, of all things that are to be kn believed, or imagined, or practised in life.] I a ever, forced to acknowledge, that such an enterpr thought on some time ago by a great philosophe Brazile.† The method he proposed, was, by a curious receipt, a nostrum, which after his u death I found among his papers; and do here, ou great affection to the modern learned, present th

* The learned person, here meant by our author, has be vouring to annihilate so many ancient writers, that, until he to stop his hand, it will be dangerous to affirm, whether th been any ancients in the world. *Original.*

† This is an imaginary island, of kin to that, which is c Painters' wives island, placed in some unknown part of th merely at the fancy of the map maker. H.

t doubting it may one day encourage some worthy rtaker.

ou take fair correct copies, well bound in calfskin lettered at the back, of all modern bodies of arts sciences whatsoever, and in what language you e. These you distil *in balneo mariæ*, infusing quint-ce of poppy Q. S. together with three pints of :, to be had from the apothecaries. You cleanse carefully the *sordes* and *caput mortuum*, letting all is volatile evaporate. You preserve only the first ing, which is again to be distilled seventeen times, hat remains will amount to about two drams. This keep in a glass vial hermetically sealed, for one-wenty days. Then you begin your catholic treatise, g every morning fasting, first shaking the vial, three s of this elixir, snuffing it strongly up your nose. ll dilate itself about the brain (where there is any) urteen minutes, and you immediately perceive in head an infinite number of abstracts, summaries, endiums, extracts, collections, medullas, *excerpta ams*, *florilegias*, and the like, all disposed into great :, and reducible upon paper.

must needs own, it was by the assistance of this *um*, that I, though otherwise *impar*, have adven-l upon so daring an attempt, never achieved or un-ken before, but by a certain author called Homer; hom, though otherwise a person not without some ies, and for an ancient, of a tolerable genius, I have vered many gross errors, which are not to be forgiven ery ashes, if by chance any of them are left. For eas we are assured, he designed his work for a com : body of all knowledge,* human, divine, political,

Homerus omnes res humanas poematis complexus est. *Xenoph. iv. Original.*

and mechanic; it is manifest he has wholly neglected some, and been very imperfect in the rest. For, first of all, as eminent a cabalist as his disciples would represent him, his account of the *opus magnum* is extremely poor and deficient; he seems to have read but very superficially either Sendivogus, Behmen, or *Anthroposophia Theomagica.** He is also quite mistaken about the *sphæra pyroplastica*, a neglect not to be atoned for; and, if the reader will admit so severe a censure, *vix crederem autorem hunc unquam audivisse ignis vocem.* His failings are not less prominent in several parts of the mechanics. For, having read his writings with the utmost application, usual among modern wits, I could never yet discover the least direction about the structure of that useful instrument, a saveall. For want of which, if the moderns had not lent their assistance, we might yet have wandered in the dark. But I have still behind a fault far more notorious to tax this author with; I mean, his gross ignorance in the common laws of this realm, and in the doctrine as well as discipline of the church of England.† A defect, indeed, for which both he, and all the ancients, stand most justly censured, by my worthy and ingenious friend, Mr. Wotton, bachelor of divinity, in his incomparable treatise of ancient and modern learning: a book, never to be sufficiently valued, whether we consider the happy turns and flowings of the author's wit, the great

* A treatise written about fifty years ago, by a Welsh gentleman of Cambridge. His name as I remember, Vaughan, as appears by the answer to it written by the learned Dr. Henry More. It is a piece of the most unintelligible fustian, that perhaps was ever published in any language. *Original.*

† Mr. Wotton, (to whom our author never gives any quarter) in his comparison of ancient and modern learning, numbers divinity, law, &c. among those parts of knowledge, wherein we excel the ancients. H.

usefulness of his sublime discoveries upon the subject of flies and spittle, or the laborious eloquence of his style. And I cannot forbear doing that author the justice of my public acknowledgments, for the great helps and liftings I had out of his incomparable piece, while I was penning this treatise.

But, beside these omissions in Homer already mentioned, the curious reader will also observe several defects in that author's writings, for which he is not altogether so accountable. For whereas every branch of knowledge has received such wonderful acquirements since his age, especially within these last three years, or thereabouts; it is almost impossible he could be so very perfect in modern discoveries, as his advocates pretend. We freely acknowledge him to be the inventor of *the compass*, of *gun-powder*, and *the circulation of the blood:* but, I challenge any of his admirers to show me, in all his writings, a complete account of *the spleen;* does he not also leave us wholly to seek in the art of *political wagering?* What can be more defective and unsatisfactory, than his long dissertation upon *tea?* And as to his method of *salivation without mercury*, so much celebrated of late, it is, to my own knowledge and experience, a thing very little to be relied on.

It was to supply such momentous defects, that I have been prevailed on, after long solicitation, to take pen in hand; and I dare venture to promise, the judicious reader shall find nothing neglected here, that can be of use upon any emergency of life. I am confident to have included and exhausted all, that human imagination can rise or fall to. Particularly, I recommend to the perusal of the learned, certain discoveries, that are wholly untouched by others; whereof I shall only mention, among a great many more, my new help for *smatterers*, or the art of being *deep-learned*, and *shallow-read*. A curious invention about

mouse-traps. A universal rule of reason, or every man his own *carver;* together with a most useful engine for *catching of owls.* All which, the judicious reader will find largely treated on, in the several parts of this discourse.

I hold myself obliged to give as much light as is possible, into the beauties and excellencies of what I am writing: because it is become the fashion and humour most applauded, among the first authors of this polite and learned age, when they would correct the ill-nature of critical, or inform the ignorance of courteous readers. Besides, there have been several famous pieces lately published, both in verse and prose, wherein, if the writers had not been pleased, out of their great humanity and affection to the public, to give us a nice detail of the sublime and the admirable they contain, it is a thousand to one, whether we should ever have discovered one grain of either. For my own particular, I cannot deny, that whatever I have said upon this occasion, had been more proper in a preface, and more agreeable to the mode, which usually directs it thither. But I here think fit to lay hold of that great and honourable privilege, of being the last writer; I claim an absolute authority in right, as the freshest modern, which gives me a despotic power over all authors before me. In the strength of which title, I do utterly disapprove and declare against that pernicious custom, making the *preface* a bill of fare to the book. For I have always looked upon it as a high point of indiscretion in monster-mongers, and other retailers of strange sights, to hang out a fair large picture over the door, drawn after the life, with a most eloquent description underneath: this has saved me many a three-pence; for my curiosity was fully satisfied, and I never offered to go in, though often invited by the urging and attending orator, with

his last moving and standing piece of rhetoric; "Sir, upon my word, we are just going to begin." Such is exactly the fate at this time of *prefaces*, *epistles*, *advertisements*, *introductions*, *prolegomenas*, *apparatuses*, to the readers. This expedient was admirable at first; our great Dryden has long carried it as far as it would go, and with incredible success. He has often said to me in confidence, "that the world would have never suspected him to be so great a poet, if he had not assured them so frequently in his prefaces, that it was impossible they could either doubt, or forget it." Perhaps it may be so; however, I much fear, his instructions have edified out of their place, and taught men to grow wiser in certain points, where he never intended they should; for it is lamentable to behold, with what a lazy scorn many of the yawning readers of our age, do now-a-days twirl over forty or fifty pages of preface and dedication (which is the usual modern stint) as if it were so much Latin. Though it must be also allowed on the other hand, that a very considerable number is * known to proceed critics and wits, by reading nothing else. Into which two factions, I think, all present readers may justly be divided. Now for myself, I profess to be of the former sort; and therefore having the modern inclination to expatiate upon the beauty of my own productions, and display the bright parts of my discourse, I thought best to do it in the body of the work; where, as it now lies, it makes a very considerable addition to the bulk of the volume; a circumstance by no means to be neglected by a skilful writer.

Having thus paid my due deference and acknowledgment to an established custom of our newest authors, by

* It should be, 'are' known, to agree with the following plurals, critics and wits. S.

a long digression unsought for, and a universal censure unprovoked; by forcing into the light, with much pains and dexterity, my own excellencies, and other men's defaults, with great justice to myself, and candour to them, I now happily resume my subject, to the infinite satisfaction both of the reader and the author.

SECT. VI.

A TALE OF A TUB.

We left Lord Peter in open rupture with his two brethren;* both for ever discarded from his house, and resigned to the wide world, with little or nothing to trust to. Which are circumstances that render them proper subjects for the charity of a writer's pen to work on; scenes of misery ever affording the fairest harvest for great adventures. And in this, the world may perceive the difference between the integrity of a generous author, and that of a common friend. The latter is observed to adhere close † in prosperity, but on the decline of fortune, to drop suddenly off. Whereas, the generous author, just on the contrary, finds his hero on the dunghill, from thence by gradual steps raises him to a throne, and then immediately withdraws, expecting not so much as thanks for his pains: in imitation of which example, I have placed Lord Peter in a *noble house*, given him a *title to wear*, and *money to spend*. There I shall leave him for some time; returning where common charity directs me, to the assistance of his two brothers, at their lowest

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The two exiles, so nearly united in fortune and interest, took a lodging together; where, at their first leisure, they began to reflect on the numberless misfortunes and vexations of their life past, and could not tell on the sudden, to what failure in their conduct they ought to impute them; when, after some recollection, they called to mind the copy of their father's *will*, which they had so happily recovered. This was immediately produced, and a firm resolution taken between them, to alter whatever was already amiss, and reduce all their future measures to the strictest obedience prescribed therein. The main body of the will (as the reader cannot easily have forgot) consisted in certain admirable rules about the wearing of their coats; in the perusal whereof, the two brothers, at every period, duly comparing the doctrine with the practice, there was never seen a wider difference between two things; horrible, downright transgressions of every point. Upon which they both resolved, without farther delay, to fall immediately upon reducing the whole, exactly after their father's model.

But, here it is good to stop the hasty reader, ever impatient to see the end of an adventure, before we writers can duly prepare him for it. I am to record, that these two brothers began to be distinguished at this time by certain names. One of them desired to be called MARTIN,* and the other took the appellation of JACK.† These two had lived in much friendship and agreement, under the tyranny of their brother Peter, as it is the talent of fellow-sufferers to do; men in misfor-

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tune, being like men in the dark, to whom all colours are the same: but when they came forward into the world, and began to display themselves to each other, and to the light, their complexions appeared extremely different; which the present posture of their affairs gave them sudden opportunity to discover.

But, here the severe reader may justly tax me as a writer of short memory, a deficiency to which a true modern cannot but, of necessity, be a little subject. Because, memory being an employment of the mind upon things past, is a faculty, for which the learned in our illustrious age, have no manner of occasion, who deal entirely with invention, and strike all things out of themselves, or at least by collision from each other: upon which account, we think it highly reasonable to produce our great forgetfulness, as an argument unanswerable for our great wit. I ought in method to have informed the reader, about fifty pages ago, of a fancy Lord Peter took, and infused into his brothers, to wear on their coats whatever trimmings came up in fashion; never pulling off any as they went out of the mode, but keeping on all together; which amounted in time to a medley the most antic, you can possibly conceive; and this to a degree, that upon the time of their falling out, there was hardly a thread of the original coat to be seen: but an infinite quantity of *lace* and *ribands*, and *fringe*, and *embroidery*, and *points;* I mean only those *tagged with silver*,* for the rest fell off. Now this material circumstance having been forgot in due place, as good fortune has ordered, comes in very properly here, when the two brothers are just going to reform their vestures into the primitive state, prescribed by their father's will.

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have been able to collect, of Martin's proceedings upon this great revolution.

But his brother Jack, whose adventures will be so extraordinary, as to furnish a great part in the remainder of this discourse, entered upon the matter with other thoughts, and a quite different spirit. For the memory of Lord Peter's injuries produced a degree of hatred and spite, which had a much greater share of inciting him, than any regards after his father's commands; since these appeared, at best, only secondary and subservient to the other. However, for this medley of humour he made a shift to find a very plausible name, honouring it with the title of *zeal;* which is perhaps the most significant word that has been ever yet produced in any language; as, I think, I have fully proved in my excellent analytical discourse upon that subject; wherein I have deduced a histori-theo-physi-logical account of zeal, showing how it first proceeded from a notion into a word, and thence, in a hot summer, ripened into a tangible substance. This work, containing three large volumes in folio, I design very shortly to publish by the modern way of subscription, not doubting but the nobility and gentry of the land will give me all possible encouragement; having had already such a taste of what I am able to perform.

I record therefore, that brother Jack, brimful of this miraculous compound, reflecting with indignation upon Peter's tyranny, and farther provoked by the despondency of Martin, prefaced his resolutions to this purpose. "What," said he, "a rogue that locked up his *drink*,* turned away our *wives*, cheated us of our *fortunes;* palmed his damned *crusts* upon us for *mutton;* and, at last, *kicked us out of doors;* must we be in his fashions, with

* Denieth the cup to the laity; enjoined celibacy to the clergy; transubstantiation. *MS. Pale.*

a pox! a rascal, besides, that all the street cries out against." Having thus kindled and inflamed himself, as high as possible, and by consequence in a delicate temper for beginning a reformation, he set about the work immediately; and in three minutes made more despatch, than Martin had done in as many hours. For, courteous reader, you are given to understand, that zeal is never so highly obliged, as when you set it a tearing; and Jack, who doated on that quality in himself, allowed it at this time its full swing. Thus it happened, that stripping down a parcel of *gold lace* a little too hastily, he rent the *main body of his coat* from top to bottom;* and whereas his talent was not of the happiest in taking up a stitch, he knew no better way, than to *darn* it again with *pack-thread* and *a skewer*. But the matter was yet infinitely worse (I record it with tears) when he proceeded to the *embroidery:* for, being clumsy by nature, and of temper impatient; withal, beholding millions of stitches that required the nicest hand, and sedatest constitution, to extricate; in a great rage he tore off the whole piece, cloth and all, and flung it into the kennel, and furiously thus continued his career; "Ah, good brother Martin," said he, "do as I do, for the love of God; strip, tear, pull, rend, flay off all, that we may appear as unlike that rogue Peter as it is possible; I would not, for a hundred pounds, carry the least mark about me, that might give occasion to the neighbours of suspecting that I was related to such a rascal." But Martin, who at this time happened to be extremely phlegmatic and sedate, begged his brother, of all love, "not to damage his coat by any means; for he never would get such another:" desired him "to consider, that it was not their business to form

* Removing Episcopacy, and setting up Presbytery in its room. *MS. Pate.*

their actions by any reflection upon Peter, but by observing the rules prescribed in their father's will. That he should remember, Peter was still their brother, whatever faults or injuries he had committed; and therefore they should, by all means, avoid such a thought, as that of taking measures for good and evil from no other rule, than of opposition to him. That it was true, the testament of their good father, was very exact in what related to the wearing of their coats; yet it was no less penal and strict, in prescribing agreement, and friendship, and affection between them. And therefore, if straining a point were at all dispensable, it would certainly be so, rather to the advance of unity, than increase of contradiction."

MARTIN had still proceeded as gravely as he began, and doubtless would have delivered an admirable lecture of morality, which might have exceedingly contributed to my reader's repose both of body and mind, the true ultimate end of ethics; but Jack was already gone a flight-shot beyond his patience. And as in scholastic disputes, nothing serves to rouse the spleen of him that opposes so much, as a kind of pedantic affected calmness in the respondent; disputants being for the most part like unequal scales, where the gravity of one side advances the lightness of the other, and causes it to fly up, and kick the beam: so it happened here, that the weight of Martin's argument exalted Jack's levity, and made him fly out and spurn against his brother's moderation. In short, Martin's patience put Jack in a rage; but that which most afflicted him, was, to observe his brother's coat so well reduced into the state of innocence; while his own was either wholly rent to his shirt; or those places, which had escaped his cruel clutches, were still in Peter's livery. So that he looked like a drunken beau, half rifled by bullies; or like a fresh tenant of Newgate, when he has refused the payment of

garnish; or like a discovered shoplifter, left to the mercy of Exchange women;* or like a bawd in her old velvet petticoat, resigned into the secular hands of the mobile. Like any, or like all of these, a medley of rags and lace, and rents, and fringes, unfortunate Jack did now appear: he would have been extremely glad to see his coat in the condition of Martin's, but infinitely gladder to find that of Martin in the same predicament with his. However, since neither of these was likely to come to pass, he thought fit to lend the whole business another turn, and to dress up necessity into a virtue. Therefore, after as many of the fox's arguments † as he could muster up, for bringing Martin to reason, as he called it; or, as he meant it, into his own ragged, bobtailed ‡ condition; and observing he said all to little purpose; what, alas! was left for the forlorn Jack to do, but after a million of scurrilities against his brother, to run mad with spleen, and spite, and contradiction. To be short, here began a mortal breach between these two. Jack went immediately to new lodgings, and in a few days it was for certain reported, that he had run out of his wits. In a short time after he appeared abroad, and confirmed the report by falling into the oddest whimsies that ever a sick brain conceived.

* The galleries over the piazzas in the Royal Exchange were formerly filled with shops, kept chiefly by women; the same use was made of a building called the New Exchange in the Strand; this edifice has been pulled down, the shopkeepers have removed from the Royal Exchange into Cornhill, and the adjacent streets; and there are now no remains of Exchange women, but in Exeter change, and they are no longer deemed the first ministers of fashion. H.

† The fox in the fable, who, having been caught in a trap and lost his tail, used many arguments to persuade the rest to cut off theirs; that the singularity of his deformity might not expose him to derision. H.

‡ Short cloaks. *MS. Pate.*

And now the little boys in the streets began to salute him with several names. Sometimes they would call him *Jack the bald*;* sometimes *Jack with a lantern*;† sometimes, *Dutch Jack*;‡ sometimes, *French Hugh*;§ sometimes, *Tom the Beggar*;‖ and sometimes, *Knocking Jack of the North*.¶ And it was under one, or some, or all of these appellations, which I leave the learned reader to determine, that he has given rise to the most illustrious and epidemic sect of Æolists; who, with honourable commemoration, do still acknowledge the renowned JACK, for their author and founder. Of whose original, as well as principles, I am now advancing to gratify the world with a very particular account.

——*Mellæo contingens cuncta lepore.*

SECT. VII.

A DIGRESSION IN PRAISE OF DIGRESSIONS.

I HAVE sometimes heard of an Iliad in a nutshell; but it has been my fortune to have much oftener seen a nutshell in an Iliad. There is no doubt that human life has received most wonderful advantages from both; but to which of the two the world is chiefly indebted, I shall leave among the curious, as a problem worthy of their utmost inquiry. For the invention of the latter, I think the commonwealth of learning is chiefly obliged to the great

* That is, Calvin; from *calvus*, bald. H.

† All those who pretend to inward light. H.

‡ Jack of Leyden, who gave rise to the Anabaptists. H.

§ The Hugonots. *MS. Pate.*

‖ The Guenses, by which name the Protestants in Flanders were called.

¶ John Knox, the reformer of Scotland. H.

modern improvement of digressions: the late refinements in knowledge, running parallel to those of diet in our nation, which, among men of a judicious taste, are dressed up in various compounds, consisting in * soups and olios, fricassees, and ragouts.

It is true, there is a sort of morose, detracting, ill-bred people, who pretend utterly to disrelish these polite innovations; and as to the similitude from diet, they allow the parallel, but are so bold † to pronounce the example itself a corruption and degeneracy of taste. They tell us, that the fashion of jumbling fifty things together in a dish, was at first introduced, in compliance ‡ to a depraved and debauched appetite, as well as to a crazy constitution: and to see a man hunting through an olio, after the head and brains of a goose, a widgeon, or a woodcock, is a sign he wants a stomach and digestion for more substantial victuals. Farther, they affirm, that digressions in a book, are like foreign troops in a state, which argue the nation to want a heart and hands of its own, and often either subdue the natives, or drive them into the most unfruitful corners.

But, after all that can be objected by these supercilious censors, it is manifest, the society of writers would quickly be reduced to a very inconsiderable number, if men were put upon making books, with the fatal confinement of delivering nothing beyond what is to the purpose. It is acknowledged, that were the case the same among us, as with the Greeks and Romans, when learning was in its cradle, to be reared, and fed, and clothed by inven-

* 'Consisting in,' is not an English phrase; it should be, 'consisting of,' &c. S.

† This is an inaccurate mode of speech frequently used by our author, in omitting the 'as;' it should be, 'so bold as to pronounce,' &c. S.

‡ 'In compliance to'—better—'In compliance with,' &c. S.

tion; it would be an easy task to fill up volumes upon particular occasions, without farther expatiating from the subjects, than by moderate excursions, helping to advance or clear the main design. But with knowledge it has fared, as with a numerous army, encamped in a fruitful country, which, for a few days, maintains itself by the product of the soil it is on; till provisions being spent, they are sent to forage many a mile, among friends or enemies, it matters not. Meanwhile the neighbouring fields, trampled and beated down, become barren and dry, affording no sustenance but clouds of dust.

The whole course of things being thus entirely changed between us and the ancients, and the moderns wisely sensible of it; we of this age have discovered a shorter, and more prudent method, to become scholars and wits, without the fatigue of reading or of thinking. The most accomplished way of using books at present, is twofold: either first, to serve them as some men do lords, learn their titles exactly, and then brag of their acquaintance. Or secondly, which is indeed the choicer, the profounder, and politer method, to get a thorough insight into the index, by which the whole book is governed and turned, like fishes by the tail. For, to enter the palace of learning at the great gate, requires an expense of time and forms; therefore men of much haste, and little ceremony, are content to get in by the back-door. For, the arts are all in a flying march, and therefore more easily subdued by attacking them in the rear. Thus physicians discover the state of the whole body, by consulting only what comes from behind. Thus men catch knowledge, by throwing their wit into the posteriors of a book, as boys do sparrows with flinging salt upon their tails. Thus human life is best understood, by the wise man's rule, of regarding the end. Thus are the sciences found, like Hercules's oxen, by tracing them backwards. Thus are old

sciences unravelled, like old stockings, by beginning at the foot.

Beside all this, the army of the sciences has been of late, with a world of martial discipline, drawn into its close order, so that a view or a muster may be taken of it, with abundance of expedition. For this great blessing we are wholly indebted to systems and abstracts, in which the modern fathers of learning, like prudent usurers, spent their sweat for the ease of us their children. For, labour is the seed of idleness, and it is the peculiar happiness of our noble age, to gather the fruit.

Now the method of growing wise, learned, and sublime, having become so regular an affair, and so established in all its forms; the number of writings must needs have increased accordingly, and to a pitch that has made it of absolute necessity for them to interfere continually with each other. Besides, it is reckoned, that there is not at this present a sufficient quantity of new matter left in nature, to furnish and adorn any one particular subject, to the extent of a volume. This I am told by a very skilful computer, who has given a full demonstration of it from rules of arithmetic.

This perhaps may be objected against by those who maintain the infinity of matter, and therefore will not allow that any species of it can be exhausted. For answer to which, let us examine the noblest branch of modern wit or invention, planted and cultivated by the present age, and which, of all others, has borne the most and the fairest fruit. For, though some remains of it were left us by the ancients, yet have not any of those, as I remember, been translated or compiled into systems for modern use. Therefore we may affirm to our own honour, that it has, in some sort, been both invented and brought to perfection by the same hands. What I mean is, that highly celebrated talent among the modern wits,

of deducing similitudes, allusions, and applications, very surprising, agreeable, and apposite from the *pudenda* of either sex, together with their proper uses. And truly, having observed how little invention bears any vogue, beside what is derived into these channels, I have sometimes had a thought, that the happy genius of our age and country was prophetically held forth by that ancient typical description of the Indian pigmies;* whose stature did not exceed above two foot; *sed quorum pudenda crassa, et ad talos usque pertingentia.* Now, I have been very curious to inspect the late productions, wherein the beauty of this kind have most prominently appeared; and although this vein has bled so freely, and all endeavours have been used in the power of human breath to dilate, extend, and keep it open; like the Scythians,† who had a custom, and an instrument, to blow up the privities of their mares, that they might yield the more milk: yet I am under an apprehension, it is near growing dry, and past all recovery; and that either some new *fonde* of wit should, if possible, be provided, or else, that we must even be content with repetition here, as well as upon all other occasions.

This will stand as an incontestable argument, that our modern wits are not to reckon upon the infinity of matter, for a constant supply. What remains therefore, but that our last recourse must be had to large indexes, and little compendiums? Quotations must be plentifully gathered, and booked in alphabet; to this end, though authors need be little consulted, yet critics, and commentators, and lexicons carefully must. But above all, those judicious collectors of bright parts, and flowers, and *observandas*, are to be nicely dwelt on, by some called the

* Ctesiæ fragm. apud Photium.
† Herodot. L. iv.

sieves and boulters of learning; though it is left undetermined, whether they dealt in pearls or meal; and consequently, whether we are more to value that which passed through, or what staid behind.

By these methods, in a few weeks, there starts up many a writer, capable of managing the profoundest and most universal subjects. For, what though his head be empty, provided his common-place book be full; and if you will bate him but the circumstances of method, and style, and grammar, and invention; allow him but the common privileges of transcribing from others, and digressing from himself, as often as he shall see occasion; he will desire no more ingredients towards fitting up a treatise, that shall make a very comely figure on a bookseller's shelf; there to be preserved neat and clean for a long eternity, adorned with the heraldry of its title fairly inscribed on a label; never to be thumbed or greased by students, nor bound to everlasting chains of darkness in a library: but, when the fulness of time is come, shall happily undergo the trial of purgatory, in order to ascend the sky.

Without these allowances, how is it possible we modern wits should ever have an opportunity to introduce our collections, listed under so many thousand heads of a different nature; for want of which, the learned world would be deprived of infinite delight, as well as instruction, and we ourselves buried beyond redress, in an inglorious and undistinguished oblivion?

From such elements as these, I am alive to behold the day, wherein the corporation of authors can outvie all its brethren in the guild. A happiness derived to us, with a great many others, from our Scythian ancestors; among whom the number of pens was so infinite, that the Grecian * eloquence had no other way of expressing it.

* Herodot. L. iv.

than by saying, that in the regions far to the North, it was hardly possible for a man to travel, the very air was so replete with feathers.

The necessity of this digression will easily excuse the length; and I have chosen for it as proper a place as I could readily find. If the judicious reader can assign a fitter, I do here impower him to remove it into any other corner he pleases. And so I return with great alacrity to pursue a more important concern.

SECT. VIII.

A TALE OF A TUB.

The learned Æolists * maintain the original cause of all things to be wind, from which principle this whole universe was at first produced, and into which it must at last be resolved; that the same breath, which had kindled, and blew up the flame of nature, should one day blow it out:

Quod procul à nobis flectat fortuna gubernans.

This is what the *adepti* understand by their *anima mundi;* that is to say, the spirit, or breath, or wind of the world; for, examine the whole system by the particulars of nature, and you will find it not to be disputed. For whether you please to call the *forma informans* of man, by the name of *spiritus, animus, afflatus,* or *anima;* what are all these but several appellations for wind, which is the ruling element in every compound, and into which they all resolve upon their corruption? Farther,

* All pretenders to inspiration whatsoever. H.

what is life itself, but, as it is commonly called, the breath of our nostrils? whence it is very justly observed by naturalists, that wind still continues of great emolument in certain mysteries not to be named, giving occasion for those happy epithets of *turgidus*, and *inflatus*, applied either to the *emittent*, or *recipient* organs.

By what I have gathered out of ancient records, I find the compass of their doctrine took in two-and-thirty points, wherein it would be tedious to be very particular. However, a few of their most important precepts, deducible from it, are by no means to be omitted; among which the following maxim was of much weight; that since wind had the master-share, as well as operation in every compound, by consequence, those beings must be of chief excellence, wherein that *primordium* appears most prominently to abound; and therefore man is in the highest perfection of all created things, as having, by the great bounty of philosophers, been endued with three distinct *animas* or winds, to which the sage Æolists, with much liberality, have added a fourth of equal necessity, as well as ornament, with the other three; by this *quartum principium*, taking in the four corners of the world; which gave occasion to that renowned *cabalist*, *Bumbastus*,* of placing the body of a man in due position to the four cardinal points.

In consequence of this, their next principle was, that man brings with him into the world a peculiar portion or grain of wind, which may be called a *quinta essentia*, extracted from the other four. This quintessence is of a catholic use upon all emergencies of life, is improvable into all arts and sciences, and may be wonderfully refined, as well as enlarged, by certain methods in educa-

* This is one of the names of Paracelsus; he was called Christophorus Theophrastus Paracelsus Bumbastus. H.

tion. This, when blown up to its perfection, ought n to be covetously hoarded up, stifled, or hid under bushel, but freely communicated to mankind. Up these reasons, and others of equal weight, the wise Æ lists affirm, the gift of BELCHING to be the nobl act of a rational creature. To cultivate which art, a render it more serviceable to mankind, they made use several methods. At certain seasons of the year, y might behold the priests among them, in vast numbe with their *mouths gaping wide* against a storm.* other times were to be seen several hundreds linked t gether in a circular chain, with every man a pair of b lows applied to his neighbour's breech, by which th blew up each other to the shape and size of a tun; a for that reason, with great propriety of speech, d usually call their bodies, their vessels. When by the and the like performances, they were grown sufficient replete, they would immediately depart, and dise bogue, for the public good, a plentiful share of their a quirements into their disciples' chaps. For we must he observe, that all learning was esteemed among them, be compounded from the same principle. Because, fir it is generally affirmed, or confessed, that learning pu eth men up: and secondly, they proved it by the fo lowing syllogism: "Words are but wind; and learni is nothing but words; *ergo*, learning is nothing b wind." For this reason, the philosophers among the did, in their schools, deliver to their pupils all the doctrines and opinions by eructation, wherein they h acquired a wonderful eloquence, and of incredible v riety. But the great characteristic, by which their chi sages were best distinguished, was a certain position

* This is meant of those seditious preachers, who blow up seeds of rebellion, &c. H.

countenance, which gave undoubted intelligence, to what degree or proportion, the spirit agitated the inward mass. For, after certain gripings, the wind and vapours issuing forth, having first by their turbulence and convulsions within caused an earthquake in man's little world, distorted the mouth, bloated the cheeks, and gave* the eyes a terrible kind of relievo; at such junctures all their belches were received for sacred, the sourer the better, and swallowed with infinite consolation by their meagre devotees. And, to render these yet more complete, because the breath of man's life is in his nostrils, therefore the choicest, most edifying, and most enlivening belches, were very wisely conveyed through that vehicle, to give them a tincture as they passed.

Their gods were the four winds, whom they worshipped, as the spirits that pervade and enliven the universe, and as those from whom alone all inspiration can properly be said to proceed. However, the chief of these, to whom they performed the adoration of *Latria*,† was the almighty North; an ancient deity, whom the inhabitants of Megalopolis, in Greece, had likewise in the highest reverence: *omnium deorum Boream maxime celebrant.*‡ This god, though endued with ubiquity, was yet supposed, by the profounder Æolists, to possess one peculiar habitation, or (to speak in form) a *cœlum empyræum*, wherein he was more intimately present. This was situated in a certain region, well known to the ancient Greeks, by them called, Σκοτία,§ or the land of darkness. And although many controversies have arisen upon that matter, yet so much is undisputed; that

* It should be, 'given.' S.

† *Latria* is that worship which is paid only to the Supreme Deity. H.

‡ Pausanias, l. viii.

§ Darkness, or Scotland. *MS Pat.*

tion; it would be an easy task to fill up volumes upon particular occasions, without farther expatiating from the subjects, than by moderate excursions, helping to advance or clear the main design. But with knowledge it has fared, as with a numerous army, encamped in a fruitful country, which, for a few days, maintains itself by the product of the soil it is on; till provisions being spent, they are sent to forage many a mile, among friends or enemies, it matters not. Meanwhile the neighbouring fields, trampled and beated down, become barren and dry, affording no sustenance but clouds of dust.

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what is life itself, but, as it is commonly called, the breath of our nostrils? whence it is very justly observed by naturalists, that wind still continues of great emolument in certain mysteries not to be named, giving occasion for those happy epithets of *turgidus*, and *inflatus*, applied either to the *emittent*, or *recipient* organs.

By what I have gathered out of ancient records, I find the compass of their doctrine took in two-and-thirty points, wherein it would be tedious to be very particular. However, a few of their most important precepts, deducible from it, are by no means to be omitted; among which the following maxim was of much weight; that since wind had the master-share, as well as operation in every compound, by consequence, those beings must be of chief excellence, wherein that *primordium* appears most prominently to abound; and therefore man is in the highest perfection of all created things, as having, by the great bounty of philosophers, been endued with three distinct *animas* or winds, to which the sage Æolists, with much liberality, have added a fourth of equal necessity, as well as ornament, with the other three; by this *quartum principium*, taking in the four corners of the world; which gave occasion to that renowned *cabalist*, *Bumbastus*,* of placing the body of a man in due position to the four cardinal points.

In consequence of this, their next principle was, that man brings with him into the world a peculiar portion or grain of wind, which may be called a *quinta essentia*, extracted from the other four. This quintessence is of a catholic use upon all emergencies of life, is improvable into all arts and sciences, and may be wonderfully refined, as well as enlarged, by certain methods in educa-

* This is one of the names of Paracelsus; he was called Christophorus Theophrastus Paracelsus Bumbastus. H.

tion. This, when blown up to its perfection, ought not to be covetously hoarded up, stifled, or hid under a bushel, but freely communicated to mankind. Upon these reasons, and others of equal weight, the wise Æolists affirm, the gift of BELCHING to be the noblest act of a rational creature. To cultivate which art, and render it more serviceable to mankind, they made use of several methods. At certain seasons of the year, you might behold the priests among them, in vast numbers, with their *mouths gaping wide* against a storm.* At other times were to be seen several hundreds linked together in a circular chain, with every man a pair of bellows applied to his neighbour's breech, by which they blew up each other to the shape and size of a tun; and for that reason, with great propriety of speech, did usually call their bodies, their vessels. When by these, and the like performances, they were grown sufficiently replete, they would immediately depart, and disembogue, for the public good, a plentiful share of their acquirements into their disciples' chaps. For we must here observe, that all learning was esteemed among them, to be compounded from the same principle. Because, first, it is generally affirmed, or confessed, that learning puffeth men up: and secondly, they proved it by the following syllogism: "Words are but wind; and learning is nothing but words; *ergo*, learning is nothing but wind." For this reason, the philosophers among them did, in their schools, deliver to their pupils all their doctrines and opinions by eructation, wherein they had acquired a wonderful eloquence, and of incredible variety. But the great characteristic, by which their chief sages were best distinguished, was a certain position of

* This is meant of those seditious preachers, who blow up the seeds of rebellion, &c. H.

countenance, which gave undoubted intelligence, to what degree or proportion, the spirit agitated the inward mass. For, after certain gripings, the wind and vapours issuing forth, having first by their turbulence and convulsions within caused an earthquake in man's little world, distorted the mouth, bloated the cheeks, and gave* the eyes a terrible kind of relievo; at such junctures all their belches were received for sacred, the sourer the better, and swallowed with infinite consolation by their meagre devotees. And, to render these yet more complete, because the breath of man's life is in his nostrils, therefore the choicest, most edifying, and most enlivening belches, were very wisely conveyed through that vehicle, to give them a tincture as they passed.

Their gods were the four winds, whom they worshipped, as the spirits that pervade and enliven the universe, and as those from whom alone all inspiration can properly be said to proceed. However, the chief of these, to whom they performed the adoration of *Latria*,† was the almighty North; an ancient deity, whom the inhabitants of Megalopolis, in Greece, had likewise in the highest reverence: *omnium deorum Boream maxime celebrant*.‡ This god, though endued with ubiquity, was yet supposed, by the profounder Æolists, to possess one peculiar habitation, or (to speak in form) a *cœlum empyræum*, wherein he was more intimately present. This was situated in a certain region, well known to the ancient Greeks, by them called, Σκοτία,§ or the land of darkness. And although many controversies have arisen upon that matter, yet so much is undisputed; that

* It should be, 'given.' S.

† *Latria* is that worship which is paid only to the Supreme Deity. H.

‡ Pausanias, l. viii.

§ Darkness, or Scotland. *MS Pat*

from a region of the like denomination, the most refined Æolists have borrowed their original; whence, in every age, the zealous among their priesthood have brought over their choicest inspiration, fetching it with their own hands from the fountain-head in certain bladders, and disploding it among the sectaries in all nations, who did, and do, and ever will, daily gasp and pant after it.

Now, their mysteries and rites were performed in this manner. It is well known among the learned, that the virtuosoes of former ages had a contrivance for carrying and preserving winds in casks or barrels, which was of great assistance upon long sea voyages: and the loss of so useful an art at present, is very much to be lamented; although, I know not how, with great negligence omitted by Pancirolus.* It was an invention ascribed to Æolus himself, from whom this sect is denominated; and who, in honour of their founder's memory, have to this day preserved great numbers of those barrels, whereof they fix one in each of their temples, first beating out the top; into this barrel, upon solemn days, the priest enters; where, having before duly prepared himself by the methods already described, a secret funnel is also conveyed from his posteriors to the bottom of the barrel, which admits new supplies of inspiration, from a northern chink or cranny. Whereupon you behold him swell immediately to the shape and size of his vessel. In this posture he disembogues whole tempests upon his auditory, as the spirit from beneath gives him utterance; which, issuing *ex adytis et penetralibus*, is not performed without much pain and gripings. And the wind, in breaking forth,

* An author who writ, *De Artibus perditis*, &c. of arts lost, and of arts invented. H.

deals with his face* as it does with that of the sea, first blackening, then wrinkling, and at last bursting it into a foam. It is in this guise, the sacred Æolist delivers his oracular belches to his panting disciples; of whom, some are greedily gaping after the sanctified breath; others are all the while hymning out the praises of the winds; and, gently wafted to and fro by their own humming, do thus represent the soft breezes of their deities appeased.

It is from this custom of the priests, that some authors maintain these Æolists to have been very ancient in the world. Because the delivery of their mysteries, which I have just now mentioned, appears exactly the same with that of other ancient oracles, whose inspirations were owing to certain subterraneous effluviums of wind, delivered with the same pain to the priest, and much about the same influence on the people. It is true indeed, that these were frequently managed and directed by female officers, whose organs were understood to be better disposed for the admission of those oracular gusts, as entering and passing up through a receptacle of greater capacity, and causing also a pruriency by the way, such as, with due management, hath been refined from carnal into a spiritual ecstacy. And, to strengthen this profound conjecture, it is farther insisted, that this custom of *female priests*† is kept up still in certain refined colleges of our modern Æolists, who are agreed to receive their inspiration derived through the receptacle aforesaid, like their ancestors, the sybils.

And whereas the mind of a man, when he gives the spur and bridle to his thoughts, does never stop, but na-

* This is an exact description of the changes made in the face by enthusiastic preachers. H.

† Quakers, who suffer their women to preach and pray. H.

turally sallies out into both extremes, of high and low, of good and evil; his first flight of fancy, commonly transports him to ideas of what is most perfect, finished, and exalted; till having soared out of his own reach and sight, not well perceiving how near* the frontiers of height and depth border upon each other; with the same course and wing, he falls down plump into the lowest bottom of things; like one who travels the East into the West; or like a straight line drawn by its own length into a circle. Whether a tincture of malice in our natures, makes us fond of furnishing every bright idea, with its reverse; or, whether reason, reflecting upon the sum of things, can, like the sun, serve only to enlighten one half of the globe, leaving the other half by necessity under shade and darkness; or, whether fancy, flying up to the imagination of what is highest and best, becomes overshot, and spent, and weary; and suddenly falls, like a dead bird of paradise, to the ground; or whether, after all these metaphysical conjectures, I have not entirely missed the true reason; the proposition however, which has stood me in so much circumstance, is altogether true; that as the most uncivilized parts of mankind have some way or other climbed up into the conception of a god, or supreme power; so they have seldom forgot to provide their fears with certain ghastly notions, which, instead of better, have served them pretty tolerably for a devil. And this proceeding seems to be natural enough; for it is with men, whose imaginations are lifted up very high, after the same rate, as with those, whose bodies are so; that as they are delighted with the advantage of a nearer contemplation upwards, so they are equally terrified with the dismal prospect of the precipice below. Thus, in the choice of a devil, it has been the

* 'Near,' for 'nearly.' S.

usual method of mankind, to single out some being, either in act, or in vision, which was in most antipathy to the god they had framed. Thus also the sect of Æolists possessed themselves with a dread, and horror, and hatred of two malignant natures, betwixt whom, and the deities they adored, perpetual enmity was established. The first of these was the chameleon,* sworn foe to inspiration, who in scorn devoured large influences of their god, without refunding the smallest blast by eructation. The other was a huge terrible monster, called *Moulinavent*, who, with four strong arms, waged eternal battle with all their divinities, dexterously turning to avoid their blows, and repay them with interest.

Thus furnished, and set out with gods, as well as devils, was the renowned sect of Æolists, which makes at this day so illustrious a figure in the world, and whereof, that polite nation of Laplanders are, beyond all doubt, a most authentic branch; of whom I therefore cannot, without injustice, here omit to make honourable mention; since they appear to be so closely allied in point of interest, as well as inclinations, with their brother Æolists among us, as not only to buy their winds by wholesale from the same merchants, but also to retail them after the same rate and method, and to customers much alike.

Now, whether the system here delivered was wholly compiled by Jack; or, as some writers believe, rather copied from the original at Delphos, with certain additions and emendations, suited to the times and circumstances; I shall not absolutely determine. This I may affirm, that Jack gave it at least a new turn, and formed

* I do not well understand what the author aims at here, any more than by the terrible monster, mentioned in the following lines, called *Moulin a vent*, which is the *French* name for a windmill. W. Wotton.

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I have long sought after this opportunity of doing justice to a society of men, for whom I have a peculiar honour; and whose opinions, as well as practices, have been extremely misrepresented, and traduced, by the malice or ignorance of their adversaries. For, I think it one of the greatest, and best of human actions, to remove prejudices, and place things in their truest and fairest light; which I therefore boldly undertake, without any regards of my own, beside the conscience, the honour, and the thanks.

SECT. IX.

A DIGRESSION CONCERNING THE ORIGINAL, THE USE, AND IMPROVEMENT, OF MADNESS IN A COMMONWEALTH.

Nor shall it any ways detract from the just reputation of this famous sect, that its rise and institution are owing to such an author, as I have described Jack to be; a person whose intellectuals were overturned, and his brain shaken out of its natural position; which we commonly suppose to be a distemper, and call by the name of madness or frenzy.* For, if we take a survey of the greatest actions that have been performed in the world, under the influence of single men; which are, the establishment of new empires by conquest; the advance and

* Credite mihi, anathymiasis si in cerebrum est, in toto corpore fluctum facit. Trimalchio apud Petronium.—ἀναθυμίασις vapor est et exhalatio, quæ hic de ventris flatibus intelligenda. *MS. Pate.*

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A certain great prince* raised a mighty army, filled his coffers with infinite treasures, provided an invincible fleet, and all this, without giving the least part of his design to his greatest ministers, or his nearest favourites. Immediately the whole world was alarmed; the neighbouring crowns in trembling expectations, towards what point the storm would burst; the small politicians every where forming profound conjectures. Some believed he had laid a scheme for universal monarchy; others, after much insight, determined the matter to be a project for pulling down the pope, and setting up the reformed religion, which had once been his own. Some again of a deeper sagacity, sent him into Asia to subdue the Turk, and recover Palestine. In the midst of all these projects and preparations, a certain state-surgeon,† gathering the nature of the disease by these symptoms, attempted the cure, at one blow performed the operation, broke the bag, and out flew the vapour; nor did any thing want to render it a complete remedy, only, that the prince unfortunately happened to die in the performance. Now is the reader exceeding‡ curious to learn, whence this vapour took its rise, which had so long set the nations at a gaze; what secret wheel, what hidden spring, could put into motion so wonderful an engine. It was afterwards discovered, that the movement of this whole machine had been directed by an absent female, whose eyes had raised a protuberancy, and before emission she was removed into an enemy's country. What should an unhappy prince do in such ticklish circumstances as these? he tried in vain the poet's never-failing receipt of *corpora quæque;* for,

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† Ravaillac, who stabbed Henry the Great in his coach. H.

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The other instance* is what I have read somewhere in a very ancient author, of a mighty king, who, for the space of above thirty years, amused himself to take and lose towns; beat armies, and be beaten; drive princes out of their dominions; fright children from their bread and butter; burn, lay waste, plunder, dragoon, massacre subject and stranger, friend and foe, male and female. It is recorded, that the philosophers of each country were in grave dispute upon causes natural, moral, and political, to find out where they should assign an original solution of this phenomenon. At last, the vapour or spirit, which animated the hero's brain, being in perpetual circulation, seized upon that region of the human body, so renowned for furnishing the *zibeta occidentalis*,†

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and gathering there into a tumour, left the rest of the world for that time in peace. Of such mighty consequence it is, where those exhalations fix; and of so little, from whence they proceed. The same spirits which, in their superior progress, would conquer a kingdom, descending upon the anus, conclude in a fistula.

Let us next examine the great introducers of new schemes in philosophy, and search, till we can find from what faculty of the soul the disposition arises in mortal man, of taking it into his head to advance new systems, with such an eager zeal, in things agreed on all hands impossible to be known: from what seeds this disposition springs, and to what quality of human nature, these grand innovators have been indebted for their number of disciples. Because it is plain, that several of the chief among them, both ancient and modern, were usually mistaken by their adversaries, and indeed by all, except their own followers, to have been persons crazed, or out of their wits; having generally proceeded, in the common course of their words and actions, by a method very different from the vulgar dictates of unrefined reason; agreeing for the most part in their several models, with their present undoubted successors in the academy of modern Bedlam; whose merits and principles I shall farther examine in due place. Of this kind were Epicurus, Diogenes, Apollonius, Lucretius, Paracelsus, Des Cartes, and others; who, if they were now in the world, tied fast, and separate from their followers, would, in this our undistinguishing age, incur manifest danger of phlebotomy, and whips, and chains, and dark chambers, and straw. For, what man in the natural state or course of thinking, did ever conceive it in his power, to reduce the notions of all mankind exactly to the same length, and breadth, and height of his own? yet, this is the first humble and civil design of all innovators in the empire of reason. Epicu-

rus modestly hoped, that one time or other, a certain fortuitous concourse of all men's opinions, after perpetual justlings, the sharp with the smooth, the light and the heavy, the round and the square, would, by certain clinamina, unite in the notions of atoms and void, as these did in the originals of all things. Cartesius reckoned to see, before he died, the sentiments of all philosophers, like so many lesser stars in his romantic system, wrapped and drawn within his own vortex. Now, I would gladly be informed, how it is possible to account for such imaginations as these in particular men, without recourse to my phenomenon of vapours, ascending from the lower faculties to overshadow the brain, and there distilling into conceptions, for which the narrowness of our mother-tongue has not yet assigned any other name, beside that of madness or frenzy. Let us therefore now conjecture how it comes to pass, that none of these great prescribers do ever fail* providing themselves and their notions with a number of implicit disciples. And, I think, the reason is easy to be assigned: for, there is a peculiar string in the harmony of human understanding, which in several individuals is exactly of the same tuning. This if you can dexterously screw up to its right key, and then strike gently upon it; whenever you have the good fortune to light among those of the same pitch, they will, by a secret necessary sympathy, strike exactly at the same time. And in this one circumstance lies all the skill or luck of the matter; for if you chance to jar the string among those, who are either above or below your own height, instead of subscribing to your doctrine, they will tie you fast, call you mad,

* This is ungrammatical. It should be, 'do ever fail to provide themselves,' &c. or if the participle be used, it should be 'do ever fail of providing,' &c. ' S.

and feed you with bread and water. It is therefore a point of the nicest conduct, to distinguish and adapt this noble talent, with respect to the differences of persons and of times. Cicero understood this very well, when writing to a friend in England, with a caution, among other matters, to beware of being cheated by our hackney-coachmen (who, it seems, in those days were as errant rascals as they are now) has these remarkable words: *Est quod gaudeas te in ista loca venisse, ubi aliquid sapere viderere.** For to speak a bold truth, it is a fatal miscarriage so ill to order affairs, as to pass for a fool in one company, when in another you might be treated as a philosopher. Which I desire some certain gentlemen of my acquaintance to lay up in their hearts, as a very seasonable *innuendo.*

This, indeed, was the fatal mistake of that worthy gentleman, my most ingenious friend, Mr. Wotton: a person, in appearance, ordained for great designs, as well as performances; whether you will consider his notions or his looks, surely no man ever advanced into the public, with fitter qualifications of body and mind, for the propagation of a new religion. O, had those happy talents, misapplied to vain philosophy, been turned into their proper channels of dreams and visions, where dis-

* The excellent Translator of Cicero's Familiar Letters observes that Swift has applied a passage in them, *with more humour*, perhaps, *than it was at first conceived.* And yet half the application is founded on a false fact. "In the Tale of a Tub," he says, "*Cicero*, writing to his friend Trebatius in England, with a caution, among other matters, to beware of being cheated by our hackney-coachmen (who, it seems, in those days were as arrant rascals as they are now) has these very remarkable words, *Est quod gaudeas te in ista loca venisse, ubi aliquid sapere viderere.*" Ep. Fam vii. 10. Would any one think now, that the very next words in *Cicero* show, that Trebatius did NOT go into England? And yet it follows, *With how much greater advantage would your noble talents have appeared*, HAD YOU GONE *into* BRITAIN! W. B.

tion of mind and countenance are of such sovereign
e; the base detracting world would not then have
red to report, that something is amiss, that his brain
s undergone an unlucky shake; which even his bro-
er modernists themselves, like ingrates, do whisper so
ıd, that it reaches up to the very garret I am writing
!

Lastly, whosoever pleases to look into the fountains
enthusiasm, from whence in all ages have eternally
oceeded such fattening streams, will find the spring
ad to have been as troubled and muddy, as the cur-
ıt: of such great emolument is a tincture of this va-
ur, which the world calls madness, that without its
lp, the world would not only be deprived of those two
eat blessings, conquests and systems, but even all man-
ıd would unhappily be reduced to the same belief in
ngs invisible. Now, the former *postulatum* being
ld, that it is of no import from what originals this va-
ır proceeds, but either in what angles it strikes and
eads over the understanding, or upon what species of
ın it ascends; it will be a very delicate point to cut
feather, and divide the several reasons to a nice and
ious reader, how this numerical difference in the
ın, can produce effects of so vast a difference from
same vapour,* as to be the sole point of individua-
n, between Alexander the Great, Jack of Leyden,
l Monsieur Des Cartes. The present argument is the
st abstracted that ever I engaged in; it strains my
ulties to their highest stretch: and I desire the read-
to attend with the utmost propensity; for I now pro-
ed to unravel this knotty point.

* 'How the same nerves are fashion'd to sustain
'The greatest pleasure, and the greatest pain.'
GARTH. *MS. Pate.*

There is in mankind a certain† * * *

* * * * * * * *

Hic multa * * * * * *

desiderantur. * * * * * *

* * * * And this I take to be a clear solution of the matter.

Having therefore so narrowly passed through this intricate difficulty, the reader will, I am sure, agree with me in the conclusion; that if the moderns mean by madness, only a disturbance or transposition of the brain, by force of certain vapours issuing up from the lower faculties; then has this madness been the parent of all those mighty revolutions, that have happened in empire, philosophy, and in religion. For, the brain, in its natural position and state of serenity, disposes its owner to pass his life in the common forms, without any thoughts of subduing multitudes to his own power, his reasons, or his visions; and the more he shapes his understanding by the pattern of human learning, the less he is inclined to form parties, after his particular notions; because that instructs him in his private infirmities, as well as in the stubborn ignorance of the people. But when a man's fancy gets astride on his reason; when imagination is at cuffs with the senses; and common understanding, as well as common sense, is kicked out of doors; the first proselyte he makes, is himself; and when that is once compassed, the difficulty is not so great in bringing over others; a strong delusion always operating from without, as vigorously as from within. For, cant and vision are, to the ear and the eye, the same that tickling is to the touch. Those entertainments and pleasures we most

† Here is another defect in the manuscript; but I think the author did wisely, and that the matter, which thus strained his faculties, was not worth a solution; and it were well if all metaphysical crotchet problems were no otherwise answered. H.

value in life, are such as dupe and play the wag with the senses. For, if we take an examination of what is generally understood by happiness, as it has respect either to the understanding or the senses, we shall find all its properties and adjuncts will herd under this short definition; that it is a perpetual possession of being well deceived. And first, with relation to the mind or understanding, it is manifest, what mighty advantages fiction has over truth; and the reason is just at our elbow, because imagination can build nobler scenes, and produce more wonderful revolutions, than fortune or nature will be at expense to furnish. Nor is mankind so much to blame, in his choice* thus determining him, if we consider that the debate merely lies between things past, and things conceived: and so the question is only this; whether things, that have place in the imagination, may not as properly be said to exist, as those that are seated in the memory; which may be justly held in the affirmative, and very much to the advantage of the former, since this is acknowledged to be the womb of things, and the other allowed to be no more than the grave. Again, if we take this definition of happiness, and examine it with reference to the senses, it will be acknowledged wonderfully adapt. How fading and insipid do all objects accost us, that are not conveyed in the vehicle of delusion! how shrunk is every thing, as it appears in the glass of nature! so that if it were not for the assistance of artificial mediums, false lights, refracted angles, varnish and tinsel, there would be a mighty level in the felicity and enjoyments of mortal men. If this were seriously considered by the world, as I have a certain rea-

* Here, as was observed on a similar occasion, 'his' is very improperly put in agreement with 'mankind:' and what follows is ungrammatical. It ought either to be, 'in his choice's thus determining him;' or, 'in being thus determined in his choice.' S.

son to suspect it hardly will, men would no longer reckon among their high points of wisdom, the art of exposing weak sides, and publishing infirmities; an employment, in my opinion, neither better nor worse than that of unmasking, which, I think, has never been allowed fair usage, either in the world, or the play-house.

In the proportion that credulity is a more peaceful possession of the mind, than curiosity; so far preferable is that wisdom, which converses about the surface, to that pretended philosophy, which enters into the depth of things, and then comes gravely back with informations and discoveries, that in the inside they are good for nothing. The two senses, to which all objects first address themselves, are the sight and the touch; these never examine farther than the colour, the shape, the size, and whatever other qualities dwell, or are drawn by art upon the outward of bodies; and then comes reason officiously with tools for cutting, and opening, and mangling, and piercing, offering to demonstrate, that they are not of the same consistence quite through. Now I take all this to be the last degree of perverting nature; one of whose eternal laws it is, to put her best furniture forward. And therefore, in order to save the charges of all such expensive anatomy for the time to come, I do here think fit to inform the reader, that in such conclusions as these, reason is certainly in the right; and that in most corporeal beings, which have fallen under my cognizance, the outside has been infinitely preferable to the in: whereof I have been farther convinced from some late experiments. Last week I saw a woman flayed, and you will hardly believe, how much it altered her person for the worse. Yesterday I ordered the carcass of a beau to be stripped in my presence; when we were all amazed to find so many unsuspected faults under one suit of clothes. Then I laid open his brain, his

, and his spleen: but I plainly perceived at every ation, that the farther we proceeded, we found the ts increase upon us in number and bulk: from all h, I justly formed this conclusion to myself; that ever philosopher or projector can find out an art to r and patch up the flaws and imperfections of na- will deserve much better of mankind, and teach us re useful science, than that so much in present m, of widening and exposing them, like him, who anatomy to be the ultimate end of physic. And hose fortunes and dispositions have placed him in venient station to enjoy the fruits of this noble art; at can with Epicurus content his ideas with the and images that fly off upon his senses from the su- es of things; such a man, truly wise, creams off e, leaving the sour and the dregs, for philosophy eason to lap up. This is the sublime and refined of felicity, called the possession of being well de- d; the serene peaceful state, of being a fool, among es.

t to return to *madness*. It is certain, that accord- the system I have above deduced, every species of proceeds from a redundancy of vapours; there- as some kinds of frenzy give double strength to news, so there are of other species, which add vi- and life, and spirit to the brain: now, it usually ns, that these active spirits, getting possession of rain, resemble those that haunt other waste and dwellings, which, for want of business, either va- and carry away a piece of the house, or else stay e, and fling it all out of the windows. By which ystically displayed the two principal branches of ss, and which some philosophers, not considering l as I, have mistaken to be different in their causes.

overhastily assigning the first to deficiency, and the other to redundance.

I think it therefore manifest, from what I have here advanced, that the main point of skill and address is, to furnish employment for this redundancy of vapour, and prudently to adjust the season of it; by which means, it may certainly become of cardinal and catholic emolument, in a commonwealth. Thus one man, choosing a proper juncture, leaps into *a gulf*;* thence proceeds a hero, and is called the saver of his country: another achieves the same enterprise,† but, unluckily timing it, has left the brand of madness fixed as a reproach upon his memory: upon so nice a distinction, are we taught to repeat the name of Curtius, with reverence and love; that of Empedocles, with hatred and contempt. Thus also it is usually conceived, that the elder Brutus only personated the fool and madman, for the good of the public; but this was nothing else than a redundancy of the same vapour long misapplied, called by the Latins, *Ingenium par negotiis*;‡ or, to translate it as nearly as I can, a sort of frenzy, never in its right element, till you take it up in the business of the state.

Upon all which, and many other reasons of equal weight, though not equally curious, I do here gladly embrace an opportunity I have long sought for, of recommending it as a very noble undertaking to Sir Edward Seymour, Sir Christopher Musgrave, Sir John Bowles, John Howe, Esq. and other patriots concerned, that they would move for leave to bring in a bill, for appointing commissioners to inspect into Bedlam, and the parts adjacent; who shall be empowered to send for persons, papers, and records; to examine into the merits and quali-

* Curtius. *MS. Pate.*
† Empedocles. *MS. Pate*
‡ Tacitus.

fications of every student and professor; to observe with utmost exactness their several dispositions and behaviour; by which means, duly distinguishing and adapting their talents, they might produce admirable instruments for the several offices in a state, * * * * *,† civil, and military; proceeding in such methods as I shall here humbly propose. And I hope the gentle reader will give some allowance to my great solicitudes in this important affair, upon account of the high esteem I have borne that honourable society, whereof I had some time the happiness to be an unworthy member.

Is any student tearing his straw in piece-meal, swearing and blaspheming, biting his grate, foaming at the mouth, and emptying his pisspot in the spectators faces? let the right worshipful the commissioners of inspection give him a regiment of dragoons, and send him into Flanders among the rest. Is another eternally talking, sputtering, gaping, bawling in a sound without period or article? what wonderful talents are here mislaid! let him be furnished immediately with a green bag and papers, and three-pence in his pocket,‡ and away with him to Westminster-Hall. You will find a third gravely taking the dimensions of his kennel; a person of foresight and insight, though kept quite in the dark; for why, like Moses, *ecce cornutaϑ erat ejus facies.* He walks duly in one pace, entreats your penny with due gravity and ceremony; talks much of hard times, and taxes, and the whore of Babylon; bars up the wooden window of his cell constantly at eight o'clock; dreams of fire, and shop-lifters, and court-customers, and privi-

† Ecclesiastical. H.

‡ A lawyer's coach-hire. *Note by the Author in* 1697.

ϑ Cornutus is either horned or shining, and by this term Moses is described in the vulgar Latin of the Bible. H.

leged places. Now, what a figure would all these acquirements amount to, if the owner were sent into the city among his brethren! Behold a fourth, in much and deep conversation with himself, biting his thumbs at proper junctures; his countenance checkered with business and design; sometimes walking very fast, with his eyes nailed to a paper that he holds in his hands: a great saver of time, somewhat thick of hearing, very short of sight, but more of memory: a man ever in haste, a great hatcher and breeder of business, and excellent at the famous art of whispering nothing: a huge idolater of monosyllables and procrastination; so ready to give his word to every body, that he never keeps it: one that has forgot the common meaning of words, but an admirable retainer of the sound: extremely subject to the looseness, for his occasions are perpetually calling him away. If you approach his grate in his familiar intervals; "Sir," says he, "give me a penny, and I'll sing you a song: but give me the penny first." (Hence comes the common saying, and commoner practice, of *parting with money for a song*.) What a complete system of court skill is here described in every branch of it, and all utterly lost with wrong application! Accost the hole of another kennel (first stopping your nose) you will behold a surly, gloomy, nasty, slovenly mortal, raking in his own dung, and dabbling in his urine. The best part of his diet is the reversion of his own ordure, which, expiring into steams, whirls perpetually about, and at last re-infunds. His complexion is of a dirty yellow, with a thin scattered beard, exactly agreeable to that of his diet upon its first declination; like other insects, who having their birth and education in an excrement, from thence borrow their colour and their smell. The student of this apartment is very sparing of his words, but somewhat over-liberal of his breath: he holds his hand out ready to receive

your penny, and immediately upon receipt withdraws to his former occupations. Now, is it not amazing to think, the society of Warwick-lane should have no more concern for the recovery of so useful a member; who, if one may judge from these appearances, would become the greatest ornament to that illustrious body? Another student struts up fiercely to your teeth, puffing with his lips, half squeezing out his eyes, and very graciously holds you out his hand to kiss. The keeper desires you "not to be afraid of this professor, for he will do you no hurt;" to him alone is allowed the liberty of the anti-chamber, and the orator of the place gives you to understand, that this solemn person is a tailor run mad with pride. This considerable student is adorned with many other qualities, upon which at present I shall not farther enlarge.*————Hark in your ear—I am strangely mistaken, if all his address, his motions, and his airs, would not then be very natural, and in their proper element.

I shall not descend so minutely, as to insist upon the vast number of beaux, fiddlers, poets, and politicians, that the world might recover by such a reformation; but what is more material, beside the clear gain redounding to the commonwealth, by so large an acquisition of persons to employ,† whose talents and acquirements, if I may be so bold as to affirm it, are now buried, or at least misapplied; it would be a mighty advantage accruing to the public from this inquiry, that all these would very much excel, and arrive at great perfection in their several kinds; which, I think, is manifest from what I have al-

* I cannot conjecture what the author means here, or how this chasm could be filled; though it is capable of more than one interpretation. W. Wotton.

† It should be, 'of persons to be employed.' S.

ready shown, and shall enforce by this one plain instance; that even I myself, the author of these momentous truths, am a person, whose imaginations are hard-mouthed, and exceedingly disposed to run away with his reason, which I have observed from long experience, to be a very light rider, and easily shaken off; upon which account, my friends will never trust me alone, without a solemn promise to vent my speculations in this, or the like manner, for the universal benefit of humankind; which perhaps the gentle, courteous, and candid reader, brimful of that modern charity and tenderness usually annexed to his office, will be very hardly persuaded to believe.

SECT. X.

A FARTHER DIGRESSION.

It is an unanswerable argument of a very refined age,* the wonderful civilities that have passed of late years between the nation of authors, and that of readers. There can hardly pop out a play,† a pamphlet, or a poem, without a preface full of acknowledgment to the world for the general reception and applause they have given it, which the Lord knows where, or when, or how, or from whom it received. In due deference to so laudable a custom, I do here return my humble thanks to his ma-

* This first sentence is wholly ungrammatical; it may be thus amended. 'It is an unanswerable argument of the age's being very refined, that wonderful civilities have passed,' &c. S.

† This is literally true; as we may observe in the preface to most Plays, Poems, &c. *Original.*

r, and both houses of parliament; to the lords of the
g's most honourable privy-council; to the reverend
judges; to the clergy, and gentry, and yeomanry of
land; but in a more especial manner, to my worthy
hren and friends at Will's coffee-house, and Gresham-
ge, and Warwick-lane, and Moorfields, and Scot-
-yard, and Westminster-hall, and Guild-hall: in short,
ll inhabitants and retainers whatsoever, either in
t, or church, or camp, or city, or country; for their
rous and universal acceptance of this divine treatise.
cept their approbation and good opinion with ex-
e gratitude, and, to the utmost of my poor capaci-
hall take hold of all opportunities to return the
ation.

am also happy, that fate has flung me into so blessed
ge, for the mutual felicity of booksellers and authors,
n I may safely affirm to be at this day the two only
fied parties in England. Ask an author how his last
e has succeeded; "why truly he thanks his stars,
world has been very favourable, and he has not the
reason to complain: and yet, by G—, he writ it in
ek, at bits and starts, when he could steal an hour
his urgent affairs;" as it is a hundred to one, you
see farther in the preface, to which he refers you;
or the rest, to the bookseller. There you go as a
mer, and make the same question: he "blesses his
the thing takes wonderfully, he is just printing the
d edition, and has but three left in his shop."
beat down the price: "Sir, we shall not differ:"
in hopes of your custom another time, lets you have
reasonable as you please: "and pray send as many
our acquaintance as you will, I shall, upon your ac-
t, furnish them all at the same rate."

ow, it is not well enough considered, to what acci-
and occasions the world is indebted, for the great-

est part of those noble writings, which hourly start up to entertain it. If it were not for a rainy day, a drunken vigil, a fit of the spleen, a course of physic, a sleepy Sunday, an ill run at dice, a long tailor's bill, a beggar's purse, a factious head, a hot sun, costive diet, want of books, and a just contempt of learning: but for these events, I say, and some others too long to recite (especially a prudent neglect of taking brimstone inwardly) I doubt, the number of authors, and of writings, would dwindle away to a degree most woful to behold. To confirm this opinion, hear the words of the famous Troglodyte philosopher: "It is certain (said he) some grains of folly are of course annexed, as part of the composition of human nature; only the choice is left us, whether we please to wear them inlaid, or embossed: and we need not to go very far to seek how that is usually determined, when we remember, it is with human faculties, as with liquors, the lightest will be ever at the top."

There is in this famous island of Britain, a certain paltry scribbler, very voluminous, whose character the reader cannot wholly be a stranger to.* He deals in a pernicious kind of writings, called *Second Parts*; and usually passes under the name of *The Author of the First*. I easily forsee, that as soon as I lay down my pen, this nimble operator will have stolen it, and treat me as inhumanly as he has already done Dr. Blackmore, Lestrange, and many others, who shall here be nameless;

* This mode of placing the preposition at the end of the sentence, however sanctified by custom, and frequently used by our author, is yet very faulty, and offensive to a cultivated ear. It may easily be avoided by placing the preposition before the word to which it properly belongs. Thus, in the above instance, instead of saying, 'whose character the reader cannot wholly be a stranger to,'—if we transpose the particle thus, 'to whose character the reader cannot wholly be a stranger;' the sentence closes with an important word, in a manner satisfactory to the ear. S.

I therefore fly for justice and relief, into the hands of that great rectifier of *saddles*,* and lover of mankind, Dr. Bentley; begging he will take this enormous grievance into his most *modern* consideration: and if it should so happen, that the furniture of an ass, in the shape of *second part*, must, for my own sins, be clapped by a mistake upon my back, that he will immediately please, in the presence of the world, to lighten me of the burden, and take it home to his own house, till the true beast thinks fit to call for it.

In the mean time I do here give this public notice, that my resolutions are, to circumscribe within this discourse, the whole stock of matter I have been so many years providing. Since my vein is once opened, I am content to exhaust it all at a running, for the peculiar advantage of my dear country, and for the universal benefit of mankind. Therefore hospitably considering the number of my guests, they shall have my whole entertainment at a meal; and I scorn to set up the leavings in the cupboard. What the guests cannot eat, may be given to the poor; and the *dogs* † under the table may gnaw the bones. This I understand for a more generous proceeding, than to turn the company's stomach by inviting them again to-morrow, to a scurvy meal of scraps.

If the reader fairly considers the strength of what I have advanced in the foregoing section, I am convinced it will produce a wonderful revolution in his notions and opinions; and he will be abundantly better prepared, to receive and to relish the concluding part of this miraculous treatise. Readers may be divided into three classes, the superficial, the ignorant, and the learned: and I have,

* Alluding to the trite phrase, 'place the saddle on the right horse.' H.

† By dogs, the author means common injudicious critics, as he explains it himself before in his Digression upon Critics. H.

with much felicity, fitted my pen to the genius and advantage of each. The superficial reader will be strangely provoked to laughter; which clears the breast and the lungs, is sovereign against the spleen, and the most innocent of all diuretics. The ignorant reader, between whom and the former the distinction is extremely nice, will find himself disposed to stare; which is an admirable remedy for ill eyes, serves to raise and enliven the spirits, and wonderfully helps perspiration. But the reader truly learned, chiefly for whose benefit I wake when others sleep, and sleep when others wake, will here find sufficient matter to employ his speculations for the rest of his life. It were much to be wished, and I do here humbly propose for an experiment, that every prince in Christendom will take seven of the deepest scholars in his dominions, and shut them up close for seven years, in seven chambers, with a command to write seven ample commentaries on this comprehensive discourse. I shall venture to affirm, that whatever difference may be found in their several conjectures, they will be all, without the least distortion, manifestly deducible from the text. Mean time, it is my earnest request, that so useful an undertaking may be entered upon, if their majesties please, with all convenient speed; because I have a strong inclination, before I leave the world, to taste a blessing which we mysterious writers can seldom reach, till we have gotten into our graves: whether it is, that fame, being a fruit grafted on the body, can hardly grow, and much [illegible] ripen, till the stock is in the earth: or, whether she [illegible] a bird of prey, and is lured, among the rest, to pur[illegible] after the scent of a carcass: or whether she con[illegible]ives her trumpet sounds best and farthest, when she [illegible] in a tomb, by the advantage of a rising ground, [illegible] the echo of a hollow vault.

It is true, indeed, the republic of dark authors, after

they once found out this excellent expedient of dying, have been peculiarly happy in the variety, as well as extent of their reputation. For, night being the universal mother of things, wise philosophers hold all writings to be fruitful, in the proportion* they are *dark;* and therefore, the true *illuminated*† (that is to say, the *darkest of all*) have met with such numberless commentators, whose scholastic midwifery has delivered them of meanings, that the authors themselves perhaps never conceived, and yet may very justly be allowed the lawful parents of them;‡ the words of such writers being like seed, which, however scattered at random, when they light upon a fruitful ground, will multiply far beyond either the hopes or imagination of the sower.

And therefore, in order to promote so useful a work, I will here take leave to glance a few innuendoes, that may be of great assistance to those sublime spirits, who shall be appointed to labour in a universal comment, upon this wonderful discourse. And first,§ I have couched a very profound mystery in the number of *O's* multiplied by *seven*, and divided by *nine*. Also, if a devout brother of the *rosy cross*, will pray fervently for *sixty-three* mornings with a lively faith, and then transpose certain letters and syllables, according to prescription in the

* It should be, 'in the proportion that they are dark:' or, 'in proportion as they are dark:' or, still better, 'in proportion to their darkness.' S.

† A name of the Rosicrusians. *MS. Pate.*—These were fanatic alchemists, who in search after the great secret had invented a means altogether proportioned to their end: it was a kind of theological philosophy, made up of almost equal mixtures of Pagan platonism, Christian quietism, and the Jewish cabbala. Warburton on the Rape of the Lock. H.

‡ Nothing is more frequent than for commentators to force interpretations, which the author never meant. H.

§ This is what the cabbalists among the Jews have done with the bible, and pretend to find wonderful mysteries by it. *Original.*

second and fifth section, they will certainly reveal into a full receipt of the *opus magnum*. Lastly, whoever will be at the pains to calculate the whole number of each letter in this treatise, and sum up the difference exactly between the several numbers, assigning the true natural cause for every such difference; the discoveries in the product will plentifully reward his labour. But then he must beware of Bythus and Sigé,* and be sure not to forget the qualities of Achamoth; *à cujus lacrymis humecta prodit substantia, à risu lucida, à tristitia, et à timore mobilis;* wherein Eugenius Philalethes† hath committed an unpardonable mistake.

SECT. XI.

A TALE OF A TUB.

AFTER so wide a compass as I have wandered, I do now gladly overtake, and close in with my subject, and

* I was told by an eminent divine, whom I consulted on this point, that these two barbarous words, with that of Achamoth, and its qualities, as here set down, are quoted from Irenæus. This he discovered by searching that ancient writer for another quotation of our author, which he has placed in the title-page, and refers to the book and chapter: the curious were very inquisitive, whether those barbarous words, *basyma cacabasa*, &c. are really in Irenæus, and it, on inquiry, it was found they were a sort of cant or jargon of certain heretics, and therefore very properly prefixed to such a book as this of our author. W. WOTTON.

† To the treatise mentioned above, p. 118, called Anthroposophia Theomagica, there is another annexed, called *Anima magica abscondita*, written by the same author, Vaughan, under the name of Eugenius Philalethes, but in neither of those treatises is there any mention of Achamoth, or its qualities, so that this is nothing but amusement, and a ridicule of dark, unintelligible writers; only the words, *à cujus lacrymis, &c.* are, as we have said, transcribed from Irenæus, though I know not from what part. I believe one of the author's designs was to set curious men a hunting through indexes, and inquiring for books out of the common road. W. WOTTON.

shall henceforth hold on with it an even pace to the end of my journey, except some beautiful prospect appears within sight of my way; whereof though at present I have neither warning nor expectation, yet upon such an accident, come when it will, I shall beg my reader's favour and company, allowing me to conduct him through it along with myself. For, in writing, it is as in travelling: if a man is in haste to be at home, (which I acknowledge to be none of my case, having never so little business as when I am there) and his horse be tired with long riding, and ill ways, or naturally a jade, I advise him clearly to make the straitest and the commonest road, be it ever so dirty: but then surely we must own such a man to be a scurvy companion at best; he spatters himself and his fellow travellers at every step: all their thoughts, and wishes, and conversation, turn entirely upon the subject of their journey's end; and at every splash and plunge, and stumble, they heartily wish one another at the devil.

On the other side, when a traveller and his horse are in heart and plight; when his purse is full, and the day before him; he takes the road only where it is clean and convenient; entertains his company there as agreeably as he can; but, upon the first occasion, carries them along with him to every delightful scene in view, whether of art, of nature, or of both; and if they chance to refuse, out of stupidity or weariness, let them jog on by themselves and be d——n'd; he'll overtake them at the next town; at which arriving, he rides furiously through; the men, women, and children run out to gaze; a hundred *noisy curs** run barking after him, of which, if he honours the boldest with a lash of his whip, it is rather out of

* By these are meant what the author, p. 100, calls, the true critics. H.

sport than revenge: but should some sourer mongrel dare too near an approach, he receives a salute on the chops by an accidental stroke from the courser's heels, nor is any ground lost by the blow, which sends him yelping and limping home.

I now proceed to sum up the singular adventures of my renowned Jack; the state of whose dispositions and fortunes the careful reader does, no doubt, most exactly remember, as I last parted with them in the conclusion of a former section. Therefore his next care must be, from two of the foregoing, to extract a scheme of notions, that may best fit his understanding for a true relish of what is to ensue.

JACK had not only calculated the first revolution of his brain so prudently, as to give rise to that epidemic sect of Æolists, but succeeding also into a new and strange variety of conceptions, the fruitfulness of his imagination led him into certain notions, which, although in appearance very unaccountable, were not without their mysteries and their meanings, nor wanted followers to countenance and improve them. I shall therefore be extremely careful and exact in recounting such material passages of this nature, as I have been able to collect, either from undoubted tradition, or indefatigable reading; and shall describe them as graphically as it is possible, and as far as notions of that height and latitude can be brought within the compass of a pen. Nor do I at all question, but they will furnish plenty of noble matter for such, whose converting imaginations dispose them to reduce all things into types; who can make shadows, no thanks to the sun; and then mould them into substances, no thanks to philosophy; whose peculiar talent lies in fixing tropes and allegories to the letter, and refining what is literal into figure and mystery.

JACK had provided a fair copy of his father's *will*, engrossed in form upon a large skin of parchment; and

resolving to act the part of a most dutiful son, he became the fondest creature of it imaginable. For although, as I have often told the reader, it consisted wholly in certain plain, easy directions about the management and wearing of their coats, with legacies and penalties in case of obedience or neglect; yet he began to entertain a fancy that the matter was *deeper* and *darker*, and therefore must needs have a great deal more of mystery at the bottom. "Gentlemen," said he, "I will prove this very skin of parchment to be *meat*, *drink*, and *cloth*, to be *the philosopher's stone*, and *the universal medicine*. In consequence of which raptures, he resolved to make use of it in the most necessary, as well as the most paltry occasions of life."* He had a way of working it into any shape he pleased: so that it served him for a night-cap when he went to bed, and for an umbrella in rainy weather. He would lap a piece of it about a sore toe, or, when he had fits, burn two inches under his nose: or, if any thing lay heavy on his stomach, scrape off, and swallow as much of the powder as would lie on a silver penny; they were all infallible remedies. With analogy to these refinements, his common talk and conversation ran wholly in the phrase of his will,† and he circumscribed the utmost of his eloquence within that compass, not daring to let slip a syllable without authority from that. Once, at a strange house, he was suddenly taken short upon an urgent juncture, whereon it may not be allowed too particularly to dilate; and being not able to call to mind, with that suddenness the occasion required,

* The author here lashes those pretenders to purity, who place so much merit in using scripture phrases on all occasions. H.

† The Protestant dissenters use scripture phrases in their serious discourses and compositions, more than the Church-of-England men; accordingly Jack is introduced, making his common talk and conversation to run wholly in the phrase of his WILL. W. Wotton.

an authentic phrase for demanding the way to the *backside*, he chose rather, as the most prudent course, to incur the penalty in such cases usually annexed.* Neither was it possible for the united rhetoric of mankind, to prevail with him to make himself clean again: because having consulted the will upon this emergency, he met with a passage near the bottom (whether foisted in by the transcriber, is not known) which seemed to forbid it.†

He made it a part of his religion, never to say *grace to his meat*;‡ nor could all the world persuade him, as the common phrase is, to *eat his victuals like a Christian*.§

He bore a strange kind of appetite to *snap-dragon*,‖ and to the *livid snuffs of a burning candle*, which he would catch and swallow with an agility wonderful to conceive; and by this procedure maintained a perpetual flame in his belly, which issuing in a glowing steam from both his eyes, as well as his nostrils, and his mouth, made his head appear in a dark night, like the skull of an ass, wherein a roguish boy had conveyed a farthing candle, to the terror of his majesty's liege subjects. Therefore

* Incurring the penalty in such cases usually annexed, wants no explanation.

† He would not make himself clean, because, having consulted the will (*i. e.* the New Testament) he met with a passage near the bottom (*i. e.* in the 11th verse of the last chapter of the Revelations:) 'He which is filthy, let him be filthy still,' which seemed to forbid it. Whether foisted in by the transcriber, is added; because this paragraph is wanting in the Alexandrian MS. the oldest and most authentic copy of the New Testament. H.

‡ The slovenly way of receiving the sacrament among the fanatics. H.

§ This is a common phrase to express eating cleanly, and is meant for an invective against that indecent manner among some people in receiving the sacrament; so in the lines before, which is to be understood of the Dissenters refusing to kneel at the sacrament. H.

‖ I cannot well find out the author's meaning here, unless it be the hot, untimely, blind zeal of enthusiasts. H.

he made use of no other expedient to light himself home, but was wont to say, " that a wise man was his own lantern."

He would shut his eyes as he walked along the streets: and if he happened to bounce his head against a post, or fall into a kennel, as he seldom missed either to do one, or both, he would tell the gibing apprentices, who looked on, " that he submitted with entire resignation, as to a trip, or a blow of fate, with whom he found, by long experience, how vain it was either to wrestle or to cuff; and whoever durst undertake to do either, would be sure to come off with a swinging fall, or a bloody nose. It was *ordained*,"* said he, " some few days before the creation, that my nose and this very post should have a rencounter; and therefore, nature thought fit to send us both into the world in the same age, and to make us countrymen and fellow-citizens. Now, had my eyes been open, it is very likely the business might have been a great deal worse; for how many a confounded slip is daily got by a man, with all his foresight about him! Besides, the eyes of the understanding see best, when those of the senses are out of the way; and, therefore, blind men are observed to tread their steps with much more caution, and conduct, and judgment, than those who rely with too much confidence upon the virtue of the visual nerve, which every little accident shakes out of order, and a drop, or a film, can wholly disconcert: like a lantern among a pack of roaring bullies when they scour the streets, exposing its owner, and itself, to outward kicks and buffets, which both might have escaped, if the vanity of appearing would have suffered them to walk in the dark. But farther; if we examine the conduct of these boasted lights, it will prove yet a great deal

* Predestination. *MS. Pate.*

worse than their fortune. It is true, I have broke my nose against this post, because fortune either forgot, or did not think it convenient to twitch me by the elbow, and give me notice to avoid it. But, let not this encourage either the present age, or posterity, to trust their noses into the keeping of their eyes, which may prove the fairest way of losing them for good and all. For, O ye eyes, ye blind guides; miserable guardians are ye of our frail noses; ye, I say, who fasten upon the first precipice in view; and then tow our wretched willing bodies after you, to the very brink of destruction: but, alas! that brink is rotten, our feet slip, and we tumble down prone into a gulf, without one hospitable shrub in the way to break the fall; a fall, to which not any nose of mortal make is equal, except that of the giant Laurcalco,* who was lord of the silver bridge. Most properly, therefore, O eyes, and with great justice, may you be compared to those foolish lights, which conduct men through dirt and darkness, till they fall into a deep pit, or a noisome bog."

This I have produced, as a scantling of Jack's great eloquence, and the force of his reasoning upon such abstruse matters.

He was, besides, a person of great design and improvement in affairs of devotion, having introduced a new deity, who has since met with a vast number of worshippers; by some called *Babel*, by others, *Chaos*; who had an ancient temple of Gothic structure upon Salisbury-plain, famous for its shrine, and celebration by pilgrims.

When he had some *roguish trick to play*,† he would *down with his knees, up with his eyes*, and *fall to pray-*

* See Don Quixote. H.

† The villanies and cruelties committed by enthusiasts and fanatics among us, were all performed under the disguise of religion and long prayers. H.

ers, though in the midst of the kennel. Then it was that those who understood his pranks, would be sure to get far enough out of his way; and whenever curiosity attracted strangers to laugh, or to listen, he would, of a sudden, with one hand out with his gear, and piss full in their eyes, and with the other, all bespatter them with mud.

In winter he went always *loose and unbuttoned*,* and *clad as thin as possible*, to let in the ambient heat; and in summer *lapped himself close and thick* to keep it out.

In all revolutions of government,† he would make his court for the office of *hangman general:* and in the exercise of that dignity, wherein he was very dexterous, would make use of no other vizard than *a long prayer*.‡

He had a tongue so musculous and subtile, that he could twist it up into his nose, and deliver a strange kind of speech from thence. He was also the first in these kingdoms, who began to improve the Spanish accomplishment of braying, and having large ears perpetually exposed and arrected, he carried his art to such a perfection, that it was a point of great difficulty to distinguish, either by the view or the sound, between the original and the copy.

He was troubled with a disease, reverse to that calledthe stinging of the *tarantula*;§ and would run dog-mad at the noise of music,‖ especially a pair of bag-pipes. But he would cure himself again, by taking two or three turns in Westminster-hall, or Billingsgate, or in a board-

* They affect differences in habit and behaviour. H.

† They are severe persecutors, and all in a form of cant and devotion. H.

‡ Cromwell and his confederates went, as they called it, to seek the Lord, when they resolved to murder the king. H.

§ Calvin was against church music. *MS. Pate.*

‖ This is to expose our dissenters' aversion against instrumental music in churches. W. Wotton.

ing-school, or the Royal-Exchange, or a State coffee-house.

He was a person that feared no *colours*,* but mortally hated all, and upon that account bore a cruel aversion against *painters*:† insomuch that in his paroxysms, as he walked the streets, he would have his pockets loaden with stones to pelt at *the signs*.

Having, from this manner of living, frequent occasion to wash himself, he would often *leap over head and ears into water*,‡ though it were in the midst of the winter, but was always observed to come out again much dirtier, if possible, than he went in.

He was the first that ever found out the secret of contriving a soporiferous medicine to be conveyed in at the ears; it was a compound of *sulphur and balm of Gilead*, with a little *pilgrim's salve*.§

He wore a large plaster of artificial caustics on his stomach with the fervour of which he could set himself a groaning, like the famous board upon application of a red-hot iron.

He would stand in the turning of a street, and calling those who passed by, would cry to one, "Worthy Sir, do me the honour of *a good slap in the chaps*."‖ To another "Honest friend, pray favour me with a handsome kick on the arse; Madam, shall I entreat a small box on the ear from your ladyship's fair hands? Noble

* He would suffer no paintings in churches. *MS. Pate.*

† They quarrel at the most innocent decency and ornament, and defaced the statues and paintings in all the churches in England. H.

‡ Immersion in baptism. *MS. Pate.*

§ Fanatic preaching, composed either of Hell and damnation, or a fulsome description of the joys of Heaven; both in such a dirty, nauseous stile, as to be well resembled to pilgrim's salve. H.

‖ The fanatics have always had a way of affecting to run into persecution, and count vast merit upon every little hardship they suffer. H.

captain, lend a reasonable thwack, for the love of God, with that cane of yours over these poor shoulders." And when he had, by such earnest solicitations, made a shift to procure a basting sufficient to swell up his fancy and his sides, he would return home extremely comforted and full of terrible accounts of what he had undergone for the public good. "Observe this stroke," said he, showing his bare shoulders: a plaguy Janizary gave it me this very morning at seven o'clock, as, with much ado, I was driving off the great Turk. Neighbours, mind, this broken head deserves a plaster; had poor Jack been tender of his noddle, you would have seen the Pope and the French king, long before this time of day, among your wives and your warehouses. Dear Christians, the great Mogul was come as far as Whitechapel, and you may thank these poor sides, that he hath not (God bless us) already swallowed up man, woman, and child."

It was highly worth observing the singular effects of that aversion,* or antipathy, which Jack and his brother Peter seemed, even to an affectation, to bear against each other. Peter had lately done some rogueries, that forced him to abscond; and he seldom ventured to stir out before night, for fear of bailiffs. Their lodgings were at the two most distant parts of the town from each other; and whenever their occasions or humours called them abroad, they would make choice of the oddest unlikely times, and most uncouth rounds they could invent, that they

* The papists and fanatics, though they appear the most averse against each other, yet bear a near resemblance in many things, as hath been observed by learned men. *Original.*

The agreement of our dissenters and the papists, in that which bishop Stillingfleet called the fanaticism of the church of Rome, is ludicrously described, for several pages together, by Jack's likeness to Peter, and their being often mistaken for each other, and their frequent meeting when they least intended it. W. Wotton.

might be sure to avoid one another: yet, after all this, it was their perpetual fortune to meet. The reason of which is easy enough to apprehend; for, the frenzy and the spleen of both having the same foundation, we may look upon them as two pair of compasses equally extended, and the fixed foot of each remaining in the same centre; which, though moving contrary ways at first, will be sure to encounter some where or other in the circumference. Besides, it was among the great misfortunes of Jack, to bear a huge personal resemblance with his brother Peter. Their humour and dispositions were not only the same, but there was a close analogy in their shape, their size, and their mien. Insomuch, as nothing was more frequent than for a bailiff to seize Jack by the shoulders, and cry, "Mr. Peter, you are the king's prisoner." Or, at other times, for one of Peter's nearest friends to accost Jack with open arms, "Dear Peter, I am glad to see thee; pray send me one of your best medicines for the worms." This, we may suppose, was a mortifying return of those pains and proceedings Jack had laboured in so long; and finding how directly opposite all his endeavours had answered to the sole end and intention which he had proposed to himself; how could it avoid having terrible effects upon a head and heart so furnished as his? However, the poor remainders of his coat bore all the punishment; the orient sun never entered upon his diurnal progress, without missing a piece of it. He hired a tailor to stitch up the collar so close, that it was ready to choke him, and squeezed out his eyes at such a rate, as one could see nothing but the white. What little was left of the main substance of the coat, he rubbed every day for two hours against a rough-cast wall, in order to grind away the remnants of lace and embroidery; but at the same time went on with so much violence, that he proceeded a heathen philoso-

pher. Yet, after all he could do of this kind, the success continued still to diappoint his expectation. For, as it is the nature of rags to bear a kind of mock resemblance to finery; there being a sort of fluttering appearance in both, which is not to be distinguished at a distance, in the dark, or by short-sighted eyes: so, in those junctures, it fared with Jack and his tatters, that they offered to the first view a ridiculous flaunting; which, assisting the resemblance in person and air, thwarted all his projects of separation, and left so near a similitude between them, as frequently deceived the very disciples and followers of both. * * * * *

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Desunt nonnulla.

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The old Sclavonian proverb said well, "that it is with men, as with asses; whoever would keep them fast, must find a very good hold at their ears." Yet, I think we may affirm, that it has been verified by repeated experience, that,

Effugiet tamen hæc sceleratus vincula Proteus.

It is good therefore to read the maxims of our ancestors, with great allowances to time and persons: for, if we look into primitive records, we shall find, that no revolutions have been so great, or so frequent, as those of human ears. In former days there was a curious invention to catch and keep them; which, I think, we may justly reckon among the *artes perditæ:* and how can it be otherwise, when in the latter centuries, the very species is not only diminished to a very lamentable degree, but the poor remainder is also degenerated so far, as to mock our skilfullest tenure? For, if the only slitting

of one ear in a stag, has been found sufficient to propagate the defect through a whole forest; why should we wonder at the greatest consequences, from so many loppings and mutilations, to which the ears of our fathers, and our own, have been of late so much exposed: it is true, indeed, that while this island of ours was under the dominion of grace, many endeavours were made to improve the growth of ears, once more among us. The proportion of largeness was not only looked upon as an ornament of the outward man, but as a type of grace in the inward. Besides, it is held by naturalists, that if there be a protuberancy of parts in the superior region of the body, as in the ears and nose, there must be a parity also in the inferior: and therefore, in that truly pious age, the males in every assembly, according as they were gifted, appeared very forward in exposing their ears to view, and the regions about them; because Hippocrates tells us,* "that when the vein behind the ear happens to be cut, a man becomes an eunuch; and the females were nothing backwarder, in beholding and edifying by them: whereof those who had already used the means, looked about them with great concern, in hopes of conceiving a suitable offspring by such a prospect: others, who stood candidates for benevolence, found there a plentiful choice, and were sure to fix upon such as discovered the largest ears, that the breed might not dwindle between them. Lastly, the devouter sisters, who looked upon all extraordinary dilatations of that member, as protrusions of zeal, or spiritual excrescences, were sure to honour every head they sat upon, as if they had been marks of grace; but especially, that of the preacher, whose ears were usually of the prime magnitude; which upon that account, he was very frequent

* Lib. de aëre, locis, et aquis

and exact in exposing with all advantages to the people; in his rhetorical paroxysms turning sometimes to hold forth the one, and sometimes to hold forth the other; from which custom, the whole operation of preaching is to this very day, among their professors, styled by the phrase of *holding forth.*

Such was the progress of the saints for advancing the size of that member; and it is thought, the success would have been every way answerable, if in process of time, a cruel king had not arisen,* who raised a bloody persecution against all ears above a certain standard; upon which, some were glad to hide their flourishing sprouts in a black border, others crept wholly under a perriwig; some were slit, others cropped, and a great number sliced off to the stumps. But of this more hereafter in my general history of ears: which I design very speedily to bestow upon the public.

From this brief survey of the falling state of ears in the last age, and the small care had to advance their ancient growth in the present, it is manifest, how little reason we can have to rely upon a hold so short, so weak, and so slippery; and that whoever desires to catch mankind fast, must have recourse to some other methods. Now, he that will examine human nature with circumspection enough, may discover several handles whereof the six† senses afford one apiece, beside a great number that are screwed to the passions, and some few riveted to the intellect. Among these last, curiosity is one, and, of all others, affords the finest grasp: curiosity, that spur in the side, that bridle in the mouth, that ring in the nose, of a lazy and impatient, and a grunting reader.

* This was King Charles the second, who at his restoration turned out all the dissenting teachers that would not conform. H.

† Including Scaliger's. *Original.*

By this handle it is, that an author should seize upon his readers; which as soon as he has once compassed, all resistance and struggling are in vain; and they become his prisoners as close as he pleases, till weariness or dulness force him to let go his gripe.

And therefore I, the author of this miraculous treatise, having hitherto, beyond expectation, maintained by the aforesaid handle a firm hold upon my gentle readers; it is with great reluctance, that I am at length compelled to remit my grasp; leaving them in the perusal of what remains, to that natural oscitancy inherent in the tribe. I can only assure thee, courteous reader, for both our comforts, that my concern is altogether equal to thine, for my unhappiness in losing, or mislaying among my papers, the remaining part of these memoirs; which consisted of accidents, turns, and adventures, both new, agreeable, and surprising; and therefore calculated in all due points, to the delicate taste of this our noble age. But, alas! with my utmost endeavours, I have been able only to retain a few of the heads. Under which, there was a full account, how Peter got a protection out of the King's-bench; and of a reconcilement* between Jack and him, upon a design they had, in a certain rainy night, to trepan brother Martin into a spunging-house, and there strip him to the skin. How Martin, with much ado, showed them both a fair pair of heels: How a new warrant came out against Peter; upon

* In the reign of King James the Second, the Presbyterians, by the king's invitation, joined with the Papists, against the Church of England, and addressed him for repeal of the penal laws and test. The King, by his dispensing power, gave liberty of conscience, which both Papists and Presbyterians made use of; but, upon the Revolution, the Papists being down of course, the Presbyterians freely continued their assemblies, by virtue of King James's indulgence, before they had a toleration by law. This I believe the author means by Jack's stealing Peter's protection, and making use of it himself. H.

which, how Jack left him in the lurch, stole his protection, and made use of it himself. How Jack's tatters came into fashion in court and city; how he got upon *a great horse*,* and eat *custard*.† But the particulars of all these with several others, which have now slid out of my memory, are lost beyond all hopes of recovery. For which misfortune, leaving my readers to condole with each other, as far as they shall find it to agree with their several constitutions; but conjuring them by all the friendship that has passed between us, from the title page to this, not to proceed so far as to injure their healths for an accident past remedy; I now go on to the ceremonial part of an accomplished writer, and therefore, by a courtly modern, least of all others to be omitted.

* Sir Humphrey Edwyn, a Dissenter, when lord mayor of London in 1697, had the folly to go in his formalities to a conventicle, with the ensigns of his office; which produced "A Dialogue between Jack and Will, concerning the lord mayor's carrying the sword to a conventicle, 1697," 4to.—This transaction, probably, occasioned the provisions in Stat. 5 Geo. 1. c. 4; which declares that any mayor, bailiff, or other magistrate, being present at any place of public worship, other than the Church of England, in the peculiar habit of his office, or attended with the ensigns thereof, shall, on conviction, be adjudged incapable to bear any public office or employment whatsoever. N.

† Custard is a famous dish at a lord mayor's feast. H.

THE CONCLUSION.

GOING too long, is a cause of abortion, as effectual, though not so frequent, as going too short; and holds true especially in the labours of the brain. Well fare the heart of that noble Jesuit,* who first adventured to confess in print, that books must be suited to their several seasons, like dress, and diet, and diversions; and better fare our noble nation, for refining upon this among other French modes. I am living fast to see the time, when a book that misses its tide, shall be neglected, as the moon by day, or like mackarel a week after the season. No man has more nicely observed our climate, than the bookseller who bought the copy of this work; he knows to a tittle, what subjects will best go off in a dry year, and which it is proper to expose foremost, when the weather-glass is fallen to much rain. When he had seen this treatise, and consulted his almanac upon it, he gave me to understand, that he had manifestly considered the two principal things, which were, the bulk, and the subject; and found, it would never take but after a long vacation, and then only, in case it should happen to be a hard year for turnips. Upon which I desired to know, considering my urgent necessities, what he thought might be acceptable this month. He looked westward, and said, "I doubt we shall have a fit of bad weather; however, if you could prepare some pretty little banter (but not in verse) or a small treatise upon the ——, it would run like wild-fire. But, if it hold up, I have already hired an author to write something against Dr. Bentley, which, I am sure, will turn to account.†"

* Pere d'Orleans. *Original.*

† When Dr. Prideaux brought the copy of his Connexion of the Old and New Testament to the bookseller, he told him, "it was a

At length we agreed upon this expedient; that when a customer comes for one of these, and desires in confidence to know the author; he will tell him very privately, as a friend, naming whichever of the wits shall happen to be that week in vogue; and if Durfey's last play should be in course, I would as lieve he may be the person as Congreve. This I mention, because I am wonderfully well acquainted with the present relish of our courteous readers: and have often observed, with singular pleasure, that a fly driven from a honey-pot, will immediately with very good appetite alight, and finish his meal on an excrement.

I have one word to say upon the subject of profound writers, who are grown very numerous of late; and I know very well, the judicious world is resolved to list me in that number. I conceive therefore, as to the business of being profound, that it is with writers, as with wells; a person with good eyes may see to the bottom of the deepest, provided any water be there; and often when there is nothing in the world at the bottom, beside dryness and dirt, though it be but a yard and half under ground, it shall pass however for wondrous deep, upon no wiser a reason, than because it is wondrous dark.

I am now trying an experiment very frequent among modern authors; which is to write upon nothing: when the subject is utterly exhausted, to let the pen still move on; by some called, the ghost of wit, delighting to walk after the death of its body. And to say the truth, there seems to be no part of knowledge in fewer hands, than that of discerning when to have done. By the time that an author has written out a book, he and his readers are become old acquaintance, and grow very loth to part; so

dry subject, and the printing could not safely be ventured unless he could enliven it with a little humour." H.

that I have sometimes known it to be in writing, as in visiting, where the ceremony of taking leave has employed more time than the whole conversation before. The conclusion of a treatise resembles the conclusion of human life, which has sometimes been compared to the end of a feast; where few are satisfied to depart, *ut plenus vitæ conviva:* for men will sit down after the fullest meal, though it be only to doze, or to sleep out the rest of the day. But, in this latter, I differ extremely from other writers; and shall be too proud, if, by all my labours, I can have any ways * contributed to the repose of mankind, in times so turbulent and unquiet as these.† Neither do I think such an employment so very alien from the office of a wit as some would suppose. For, among a very polite nation in Greece,‡ there were the same temples built and consecrated to Sleep and the Muses; between which two § deities they believed the strictest friendship was established.

I have one concluding favour to request of my reader: that he will not expect to be equally diverted and informed, by every line, or every page of this discourse; but give some allowance to the author's spleen, and short fits or intervals of dulness, as well as his own; and lay it seriously to his conscience, whether, if he were walk-

* This is a corruption, introduced into writing from vulgar speech. It should be 'any wise,' not 'any ways:' *wise*, adverbially used, signifying *mode*, or *manner:* as *likewise*, *in like manner; no wise*, *in no manner:* often also written, *no-ways*. S.

† This was writen before the peace of Riswick, which was signed in September, 1697. H.

‡ Trazenii, Pausan. l. 2.

§ The word *two* is improperly used here: *Sleep* is considered as one deity, and *the Muses* in a body, cannot, with any propriety, be called another. The word *two* should therefore be omitted, and the sentence run thus: 'between which deities,' &c. S.

ing the streets in dirty weather, or a rainy day, he would allow it fair dealing, in folks at their ease from a window to criticise his gait, and ridicule his dress at such a juncture.

In my disposure of employments of the brain, I have thought fit to make invention the master, and to give method, and reason, the office of its lackeys. The cause of this distribution was, from observing it my peculiar case, to be often under a temptation of being witty upon occasions, where I could be neither wise, nor sound, nor any thing to the matter in hand. And I am too much a servant of the modern way, to neglect any such opportunities, whatever pains or improprieties I may be at, to introduce them. For I have observed, that from a laborious collection of seven hundred thirty-eight flowers, and shining hints of the best modern authors, digested with great reading into my book of common-places, I have not been able, after five years, to draw, hook, or force into common conversation, any more than a dozen. Of which dozen, the one moiety failed of success, by being dropped among unsuitable company; and the other cost me so many strains, and traps, and ambages to introduce, that I at length resolved to give it over. Now, this disappointment (to discover a secret) I must own, gave me the first hint of setting up for an author; and I have since found among some particular friends, that it is become a very general complaint, and has produced the same effects upon many others. For, I have remarked many a towardly word to be wholly neglected or despised in discourse, which has passed very smoothly, with some consideration and esteem, after its preferment and sanction in print. But now, since by the liberty and encouragement of the press, I am grown absolute master of the occasions and opportunities to ex-

pose the talents I have acquired; I already discover, that the issues of my *observanda* begin to grow too large for the receipts. Therefore, I shall here pause a while, till I find, by feeling the world's pulse and my own, that it will be of absolute necessity for us both to resume my pen.

THE HISTORY OF MARTIN.

Giving an Account of his Departure from Jack, and their setting up for themselves, on which Account they were obliged to travel and meet many Disasters, finding no Shelter near Peter's Habitation: Martin succeeds in the North; Peter thunders against Martin for the Loss of the large Revenue he used to recieve from thence. Harry Huff sent Martin a Challenge to fight, which he received; Peter rewards Harry for the pretended Victory, which encouraged Harry to huff Peter also. With many other extraordinary Adventures of the said Martin in several Places with many considerable Persons.

With a Digression concerning the Nature, Usefulness, and Necessity of Wars and Quarrels.*

HOW Jack and Martin, being parted, set up each for himself. How they travelled over hills and dales, met many disasters, suffered much from the good cause, and struggled with difficulties and wants, not having where to lay their head; by all which they afterward proved themselves to be right father's sons, and Peter to be spurious. Finding no shelter near Peter's habitation, Martin travelled northwards, and finding the Thuringi-

* Inserted in the early editions of the "Tale of a Tub," under the title of 'What follows after Sect. IX. in the manuscript;' but was omitted in subsequent editions, by the Dean's direction, in order to remove the censure of those who put a construction on it foreign to his design. As in these cooler times the whole allegory has been justly esteemed, the reader will doubtless be pleased at seeing this part of it preserved from oblivion. N.

ans and neighbouring people disposed to change, he set up his stage first among them; where, making it his business to cry down Peter's powders, plasters, salves, and drugs, which he had sold a long time at a dear rate, allowing Martin none of the profit, though he had been often employed in recommending and putting them off; the good people, willing to save their pence, began to hearken to Martin's speeches. How several great lords took the hint and on the same account declared for Martin; particularly one, who, not having enough of one wife, wanted to marry a second; and knowing Peter used not to grant such licences but at a swinging price, he struck up a bargain with Martin, whom he found more tractable, and who assured him he had the same power to allow such things. How most of the other northern lords, for their own private ends, withdrew themselves and their dependants from Peter's authority, and closed in with Martin. How Peter, enraged at the loss of such large territories, and consequently of so much revenue, thundered against Martin, and sent out the strongest and most terrible of his bulls to devour him; but this having no effect, and Martin defending himself boldly and dexterously, Peter at last put forth proclamations, declaring Martin, and all his adherents, rebels and traitors, ordaining and requiring all his loving subjects to take up arms, and to kill, burn, and destroy all and every one of them, promising large rewards, &c. upon which ensued bloody wars and desolation.

How Harry Huff, lord of Albion, one of the greatest bullies of those days, sent a cartel to Martin, to fight him on a stage, at cudgels, quarter-staff, back-sword, &c. Hence the origin of that genteel custom of prize-fighting, so well known and practised to this day among those polite islanders, though unknown every where else. How Martin, being a bold blustering fellow, accepted the chal-

lenge; how they met and fought, to the great diversion of the spectators: and after giving one another broken heads, and many bloody wounds and bruises, how they both drew off victorious; in which their example has been frequently imitated by great clerks and others, since that time. How Martin's friends applauded his victory: and how lord Harry's friends complimented him on the same score; and particularly lord Peter, who sent him a fine feather for his cap, to be worn by him and his successors, as a perpetual mark for his bold defence of lord Peter's cause. How Harry, flushed with his pretended victory over Martin, began to huff Peter also, and at last downright quarrelled with him about a wench. How some of lord Harry's tenants, ever fond of changes, began to talk kindly of Martin, for which he mauled them soundly; as he did also those that adhered to Peter. How he turned some out of house and hold, others he hanged or burnt, &c.

How Harry Huff, after a deal of blustering, wenching and bullying, died, and was succeeded by a good-natured boy, who, giving way to the general bent of his tenants, allowed Martin's notions to spread every where, and take deep root in Albion. How, after his death, the farm fell into the hands of a lady, who was violently in love with Lord Peter. How she purged the whole country with fire and sword, resolved not to leave the name or remembrance of Martin. How Peter triumphed, and set up shops again, for selling his own powders, plasters, and salves, which were now called the only true ones, Martin's being all declared counterfeit. How great numbers of Martin's friends left the country, and, travelling up and down in foreign parts, grew acquainted with many of Jack's followers, and took a liking to many of their notions and ways, which they afterwards brought back into Albion, now under another landlady, more mo-

derate and more cunning than the former. How she endeavoured to keep friendship both with Peter and Martin, and trimmed for some time between the two, not without countenancing and assisting at the same time many of Jack's followers; but, finding no possibility of reconciling all the three brothers, because each would be master, and allow no other salves, powders, or plasters to be used but his own, she discarded all three, and set up a shop for those of her own farm, well furnished with powders, plasters, salves, and all other drugs, necessary, all right and true, composed according to receipts made by physicians and apothecaries of her own creating, which they extracted out of Peter's, and Martin's, and Jack's receipt-books; and of this medley or hodgepodge made up a dispensatory of their own; strictly forbidding any other to be used, and particularly Peter's, from which the greatest part of this new dispensatory was stolen. How the lady, farther to confirm this change, wisely imitating her father, degraded Peter from the rank he pretended as eldest brother: and set up herself in his place, as head of the family, and ever after wore her father's old cap, with the fine feather he had got from Peter for standing his friend: which has likewise been worn, with no small ostentation, to this day, by all her successors, though declared enemies to Peter. How lady Bess and her physicians, being told of many defects and imperfections in their new medley dispensatory, resolve on a farther alteration, and to purge it from a great deal of Peter's trash, that still remained in it; but were prevented by her death. How she was succeeded by a North-country farmer, who pretended great skill in the managing of farms, though he could never govern his own poor little farm, nor yet this large new one after he got it. How this new landlord, to show his valour and dexterity, fought against enchanters, weeds, giants, and wind-mills,

and claimed great honour for his victories, though he oft-times b-sh-t himself when there was no danger. How his successor, no wiser than he, occasioned great disorders by the new methods he took to manage his farms. How he attempted to establish in his northern farm, the same dispensatory used in the southern, but miscarried, because Jack's powders, pills, salves, and plasters, were there in great vogue.

How the Author finds himself embarrassed for having introduced into his History a new sect, different from the three he had undertaken to treat of; and how his inviolable respect to the sacred number three, obliges him to reduce these four, as he intends to do all other things, to that number;* and for that end to drop the former Martin, and to substitute in his place lady Bess's institution, which is to pass under the name of Martin in the sequel of this true History. This weighty point being cleared, the author goes on, and describes mighty quarrels and squabbles between Jack and Martin; how sometimes the one had the better, and sometimes the other, to the great desolation of both farms, till at last both sides concur to hang up the landlord, who pretended to die a martyr for Martin, though he had been true to neither side, and was suspected by many to have a great affection for Peter.

* 'A panegyrical Essay upon the number THREE,' is among the treatises advertised at the beginning of The Tale of a Tub. N.

A DIGRESSION ON THE NATURE, USEFULNESS, AND NECESSITY OF WARS AND QUARRELS.

THIS being a matter of great consequence, the author intends to treat it methodically, and at large, in a treatise apart, and here to give only some hints of what his large treatise contains. The state of war, natural to all creatures. War is an attempt to take by violence from others, a part of what they have, and we want. Every man, fully sensible of his own merit, and finding it not duly regarded by others, has a natural right to take from them all that he thinks due to himself; and every creature, finding its own wants more than those of others, has the same right to take every thing its nature requires. Brutes, much more modest in their pretensions this way, than men; and mean men more than great ones. The higher one raises his pretensions this way, the more bustle he makes about them; and the more success he has, the greater hero. Thus greater souls, in proportion to their superior merit, claim a greater right to take every thing from meaner folks. This the true foundation of grandeur and heroism, and of the distinction of degrees among men. War therefore necessary to establish subordination, and to found cities, kingdoms, &c. as also to purge bodies politic of gross humours. Wise princes find it necessary to have wars abroad, to keep peace at home. War, famine, and pestilence, the usual cures for corruptions in bodies politic. A comparison of these three. The Author is to write a panegyric on each of them. The greatest part of mankind love war more than peace. They are but few and mean spirited that live in peace with all men. The modest and meek of all kinds, always a prey to those of more noble or stronger appetites. The inclination to war universal:

ıose that cannot, or dare not make war in person, em-
ıy others to do it for them. This maintains bullies,
ıvoes, cut-throats, lawyers, soldiers, &c. Most profes-
ıns would be useless if all were peaceable. Hence
ıtes want neither smiths nor lawyers, magistrates nor
ners, soldiers nor surgeons. Brutes, having but nar-
w appetites, are incapable of carrying on, or perpetuat-
ɡ war against their own species, or of being led out in
ɔops and multitudes to destroy one another. These
erogatives proper to man alone. The excellency of
ıman nature demonstrated, by the vast train of appe-
ıes, passions, wants, &c. that attend it. This matter to
: more fully treated in the Author's Panegyric on Man-
ind.

THE

HISTORY OF MARTIN.

(CONTINUED.)

How Jack, having got rid of the old landlord, set up another to his mind, quarrelled with Martin, and turned him out of doors. How he pillaged all his shops, and abolished the whole dispensatory. How the new landlord laid about him, mauled Peter, worried Martin, and made the whole neighbourhood tremble. How Jack's friends fell out among themselves, split into a thousand parties, turned all things topsyturvy, till every body grew weary of them; and at last, the blustering landlord dying, Jack was kicked out of doors, a new landlord brought in, and Martin re-established. How this new landlord let Martin do what he pleased, and Martin agreed to every thing his pious landlord desired, provided Jack might be kept low. Of several efforts Jack made to raise up his head, but all in vain; till at last the landlord died, and was succeeded by one who was a great friend to Peter, who, to humble Martin, gave Jack some liberty. How Martin grew enraged at this, called in a foreigner, and turned out the landlord; in which Jack concurred with Martin, because this landlord was entirely devoted to Peter, into whose arms he threw himself, and left his country. How the new landlord secured Martin in the full possession of his former rights, but would not allow him to destroy Jack, who had always been his friend. How Jack got up his head in the north, and put himself in possession of a whole canton, to the great discontent of Martin, who, finding also that some of Jack's friends

were allowed to live and get their bread in the south parts of the country, grew highly discontent with the new landlord he had called in to his assistance. How this landlord kept Martin in order, upon which he fell into a raging fever, and swore he would hang himself, or join in with Peter, unless Jack's children were all turned out to starve. Of several attempts made to cure Martin, and make peace between him and Jack, that they might unite against Peter; but all made ineffectual by the great address of a number of Peter's friends, that herded among Martin's, and appeared the most zealous for his interest. How Martin, getting abroad in his mad fit, looked so like Peter in his air and dress, and talked so like him, that many of the neighbours could not distinguish the one from the other; especially when Martin went up and down strutting in Peter's armour, which he had borrowed to fight Jack. What remedies were used to cure Martin's distemper, * * * * *

Here the Author being seized with a fit of dulness (to which he is very subject) after having read a poetical epistle addressed to ***, it entirely composed his senses, so that he has not writ a line since.

N. B. Some things that follow after this are not in the MS. but seem to have been written since, to fill up the place of what was not thought convenient then to print.

A PROJECT,

FOR THE UNIVERSAL BENEFIT OF MANKIND.

THE Author, having laboured so long, and done so much to serve and instruct the public, without any advantage to himself, has at last thought of a project, which will tend to the great benefit of all mankind, and produce a handsome revenue to the author. He intends to print by subscription, in ninety-six large volumes in *folio*, an exact description of *Terra Australis incognita*, collected with great care and pains from nine hundred and ninety-nine learned and pious authors, of undoubted veracity. The whole work, illustrated with maps and cuts agreeable to the subject, and done by the best masters, will cost but one guinea each volume to subscribers, one guinea to be paid in advance, and afterwards a guinea on receiving each volume, except the last. This work will be of great use for all men, and necessary for all families, because it contains exact accounts of all the provinces, colonies, and mansions, of that spacious country, where, by a general doom, all transgressors of the law are to be transported: and every one having this work may choose out the fittest and best place for himself, there being enough for all, so as every one shall be fully satisfied.

The author supposes that one copy of this work will be bought at the public charge, or out of the parish-rates, for every parish-church in the three kingdoms, and in all the dominions thereunto belonging. And that every family that can command ten pounds per annum, even though retrenched from less necessary expenses, will subscribe for one. He does not think of giving out above nine volumes yearly: and, considering the number re-

quisite, he intends to print at least one hundred thousand for the first edition. He is to print proposals against next term, with a specimen, and a curious map of the capital city, with its twelve gates, from a known author, who took an exact survey of it in a dream. Considering the great care and pains of the author, and the usefulness of the work, he hopes every one will be ready, for their own good as well as his, to contribute cheerfully to it, and not grudge him the profit he may have by it, especially if it comes to a third or fourth edition, as he expects it will very soon.

He doubts not but it will be translated into foreign languages, by most nations of Europe, as well as of Asia and Africa, being of as great use to all those nations as to his own; for this reason he designs to procure patents and privileges for securing the whole benefit to himself, from all those different princes and states; and hopes to see many millions of this great work printed, in those different countries and languages, before his death.

After this business is pretty well established, he has promised to put a friend on another project almost as good as this; by establishing insurance offices every where, for securing people from shipwreck, and several other accidents in their voyage to this country; and these offices shall furnish, at a certain rate, pilots well versed in the route, and that know all the rocks, shelves, quicksands, &c. that such pilgrims and travellers may be exposed to. Of these he knows a great number ready instructed in most countries: but the whole scheme of this matter he is to draw up at large, and communicate to his friend.

Here ends the manuscript.

A

FULL AND TRUE ACCOUNT

OF THE

BATTLE

FOUGHT LAST FRIDAY,

BETWEEN THE

ANCIENT AND THE MODERN BOOKS

IN ST. JAMES'S LIBRARY.*

* Dr. Swift's plan of the "Battle of the Books in the King's Library," was taken from a very ingenious French tract in 12mo, intituled, "Histoire Poëtique de la Guerre nouvellement declarée entre les Anciens et les Moderns." See *Gent. Mag.* vol. XL. p. 159. N.

Though I reverence those men of ancient time, that either have written truth perspicuously, or set us in any better way to find it out ourselves; yet to the antiquity itself I think nothing due;—for if we will reverence the age, the present is the oldest. If the antiquity of the writer, I am not sure, that generally they to whom such honour is given, were more ancient when they wrote than I am that am writing. But, if it be well considered, the praise of ancient authors proceeds not from the reverence for the dead, but from the competition and mutual envy of the living." HOBBES. *MS. Pate.*

"I have very lately been authentically informed, that Swift used to be mortified at Sir William Temple's frequent censure and contempt of burlesque writings; and was much hurt at the last paragraph of Sir William's Essay upon Ancient and Modern Learning; where he says, 'I wish the vein of ridiculing all that is serious and good, all honour and virtue, as well as learning and piety, may have no worse effect on any state; it is the itch of our age and climate; and has overrun both the court and the stage, enters a house of lords and commons as boldly as a coffee-house; debates of council, as well as private conversation; and I have known, in my life, more than one or two ministers of state, that would rather have said a witty thing, than have done a wise one; and made the company laugh, rather than the kingdom rejoice.'" DR. WARTON.

THE BOOKSELLER TO THE READER.

The following discourse, as it is unquestionably of the same author, so it seems to have been written about the same time with the former; I mean, the year 1697, when the famous dispute was on foot about Ancient and Modern Learning. The controversy took its rise from an essay of Sir William Temple's upon that subject; which was answered by W. Wotton, B. D. with an appendix by Dr. Bentley, endeavouring to destroy the credit of Æsop and Phalaris for authors, whom Sir William Temple had in the essay before-mentioned highly commended. In that appendix, the Doctor falls hard upon a new edition of Phalaris, put out by the honourable Charles Boyle, now earl of Orrery, to which Mr. Boyle replied at large with great learning and wit; and the Doctor voluminously rejoined. In this dispute, the town highly resented to see a person of Sir William Temple's character and merits, roughly used by the two reverend gentlemen aforesaid, and without any manner of provocation. At length, there appearing no end of the quarrel, our author tells us, that the BOOKS in St. James's library, looking upon themselves as parties principally concerned, took up the controversy, and came to a decisive battle; but the manuscript, by the injury of fortune or weather, being in several places imperfect, we cannot learn to which side the victory fell.

I must warn the reader to beware of applying to persons, what is here meant only of books in the most literal sense. So, when Virgil is mentioned, we are not to understand the person of a famous poet called by that name; but only certain sheets of paper bound up in leather, containing in print the works of the said poet: and so of the rest.

THE PREFACE OF THE AUTHOR.

SATIRE is a sort of glass,* wherein beholders do generally discover every body's face but their own; which is the chief reason for that kind reception it meets with in the world, and that so very few are offended with it. But if it should happen otherwise, the danger is not great; and I have learned, from long experience, never to apprehend mischief from those understandings, I have been able to provoke: for, anger and fury, though they add strength to the sinews of the body, yet are found to relax those of the mind; and to render all its efforts feeble and impotent.

There is a brain that will endure but one scumming: let the owner gather it with discretion, and manage his little stock with husbandry; but, of all things, let him beware of bringing it under the lash of his betters; because, that will make it all bubble up into impertinence, and he will find no new supply. Wit, without knowledge, being a sort of cream, which gathers in a night to the top, and by a skilful hand may be soon whipped into froth: but once scummed away, what appears underneath will be fit for nothing, but to be thrown to the hogs.

* Since every man is fond of his own face, why should you, when we hold it, break the glass? ETHEREGE.

A FULL AND TRUE ACCOUNT, &c.

WHOEVER examines, with due circumspection, into the annual records of Time,* will find it remarked, that war is the child of pride, and pride the daughter of riches: the former of which assertions may be soon granted; but one cannot so easily subscribe to the latter: for pride is nearly related to beggary and want, either by father or mother, and sometimes by both; and, to speak naturally, it very seldom happens among men to fall out,† when all have enough; invasions usually travelling from north to south; that is to say, from poverty to plenty. The most ancient and natural grounds of quarrels, are lust and avarice; which, though we may allow to be brethren, or collateral branches of pride, are certainly the issues of want. For, to speak in the phrase of writers upon politics, we may observe in the republic of dogs, which in its original seems to be an institution of the many, that the whole state is ever in the profoundest peace, after a full meal: and that civil broils arise among them, when it happens for one great bone to be seized on by some leading dog,‡ who either divides it among the few and then it falls to an oligarchy, or keeps it to him-

* Riches produce pride; pride is war's ground, &c. *Vid.* Ephem. de Mary Clarke; opt. edit.—now called Wing's Sheet Almanack, and printed for the Company of Stationers. H.

† This is ungrammatical; it should be 'it very seldom happens among men, that they fall out,' &c. S.

‡ This mode of expression is bald, and not reconcilable to grammar: it should be, 'when it happens that one great bone is seized on by some leading dog,' &c. S.

self, and then it runs up to a tyranny. The same reasoning also holds place among them, in those dissentions we behold, upon a turgescency in any of their females. For, the right of possession lying in common (it being impossible to establish a property in so delicate a case) jealousies and suspicions do so abound, that the whole commonwealth of that street, is reduced to a manifest state of war, of every citizen against every citizen; till some one of more courage, conduct, or fortune than the rest, seizes and enjoys the prize: upon which naturally arises plenty of heart-burning, and envy, and snarling against the happy dog. Again, if we look upon any of these republics engaged in a foreign war, either of invasion or defence, we shall find the same reasoning will serve, as to the grounds and occasions of each; and that poverty, or want, in some degree or other (whether real, or in opinion, which makes no alteration in the case) has a great share, as well as pride, on the part of the aggressor.

Now, whoever will please to take this scheme, and either reduce or adapt it to an intellectual state, or commonwealth of learning, will soon discover the first ground of disagreement between the two great parties at this time in arms, and may form just conclusions, upon the merits of either cause. But the issue or events of this war,* are not so easy to conjecture at:† for, the present quarrel is so inflamed by the warm heads of either faction, and the pretensions somewhere or other so exorbitant as not to admit the least overtures of accommodation. This quarrel first began, as I have heard it affirmed by an old

* "For there is nothing more uncertain
"Than, in events of war, Dame Fortune." HUDIBRAS.

† 'Are not so easy to conjecture at,' is a strange impropriety of speech: the sentence would run much better thus: 'But it is not so easy to conjecture what will be the issue or events of this war.' Ed.

dweller in the neighbourhood, about a small spot of ground, lying and being upon one of the two tops of the hill Parnassus; the highest and largest of which had, it seems, been, time out of mind, in quiet possession of certain tenants, called the ancients; and the other was held by the moderns. But these, disliking their present station, sent certain ambassadors to the ancients, complaining of a great nuisance: how the height of that part of Parnassus, quite spoiled the prospect of theirs, especially towards the east;* and therefore, to avoid a war, offered them the choice of this alternative; either that the ancients, would please to remove themselves and their effects, down to the lower summit, which the moderns would graciously surrender to them, and advance in† their place: or else the said ancients, will give leave to the moderns, to come with shovels and mattocks, and level the said hill, as low as they shall think it convenient. To which the ancients made answer; how little they expected such a message as this, from a colony, whom they had admitted, out of their own free grace, to so near a neighbourhood. That, as to their own seat, they were *aborigines* of it, and therefore to talk with them of a removal or surrender, was a language they did not understand. That, if the height of the hill on their side, shortened the prospect of the moderns, it was a disadvantage they could not help; but desired them to consider, whether that injury (if it be any) were not largely recompensed, by the shade and shelter it afforded them. That, as to the levelling or digging down, it was either folly or ignorance to propose it, if they did, or did not know, how that side of the hill was an entire rock, which would break their tools and hearts, without any damage

* Whence we derive all learning. *MS. Pate.*

† For 'in,' read 'into.' S.

to itself. That they would therefore advise the moderns rather to raise their own side of the hill, than dream of pulling down that of the ancients: to the former of which they would not only give license, but also largely contribute. All this was rejected by the moderns, with much indignation, who still insisted upon one of the two expedients; and so this difference broke out into a long and obstinate war, maintained on the one part by resolution, and by the courage of certain leaders and allies; but on the other, by the greatness of their number, upon all defeats affording continual recruits. In this quarrel, whole rivulets of ink have been exhausted, and the virulence of both parties enormously augmented. Now, it must be here understood, that ink is the great missive weapon in all battles of the learned, which, conveyed through a sort of engine called a quill, infinite numbers of these are darted at the enemy, by the valiant on each side, with equal skill and violence, as if it were an engagement of *porcupines*. This malignant liquor was compounded by the engineer who invented it, of two ingredients, which are, gall and copperas; by its bitterness and venom to suit in some degree, as well as to foment, the genius of the combatants. And as the Grecians after an engagement, when they could not agree about the victory, were wont to set up trophies on both sides, the beaten party being content to be at the same expense, to keep itself in countenance (a laudable and ancient custom, happily revived of late, in the art of war;) so the learned, after a sharp and bloody dispute, do on both sides hang out their trophies too, whichever comes by the worst. These trophies have largely inscribed on them the merits of the cause: a full impartial account of such a *battle*, and how the victory fell clearly to the party that set them up. They are known to the world under several names; as, *disputes*, *arguments*, *rejoinders*, *brief*

considerations, answers, replies, remarks, reflections, objections, confutations. For a very few days they are fixed up in all public places, either by themselves or their representatives,* for passengers to gaze at; whence the chiefest and largest are removed to certain magazines, they call *libraries*, there to remain in a quarter purposely assigned them, and thenceforth begin to be called *books of controversy.*

In these books is wonderfully instilled and preserved the spirit of each warrior, while he is alive; and after his death, his soul transmigrates there,† to inform them. This, at least, is the more common opinion; but I believe it is with libraries as with other cemeteries; where some philosophers affirm, that a certain spirit, which they call *brutum hominis*, hovers over the monument, till the body is corrupted, and turns to dust, or to worms, but then vanishes or dissolves; so we may say, a restless spirit haunts over every book, till dust or worms have seized upon it; which to some may happen in a few days, but to others later: and therefore books of controversy, being, of all others, haunted by the most disorderly spirits, have always been confined in a separate lodge from the rest; and for fear of a mutual violence against each other, it was thought prudent by our ancestors to bind them to the peace with strong iron chains. Of which invention the original occasion was this. When the works of Scotus first came out, they were carried to a certain library, and had lodgings appointed them; but this author was no sooner settled, than he went to visit his master, Aristotle; and there both concerted together to seize Plato by main force, and turn him out from his ancient

* Their title-pages. H.

† The word 'there' is here improperly used; it should be 'thither.' S.

station among the divines, where he had peaceably dwelt near eight hundred years. The attempt succeeded, and the two usurpers have reigned ever since in his stead: but to maintain quiet for the future, it was decreed that all *polemics*, of the larger size, should be held fast with a chain.

By this expedient, the public peace of libraries might certainly have been preserved, if a new species of controversial books had not arose* of late years, instinct with a more malignant spirit, from the war above-mentioned between the learned, about the higher summit of Parnassus.

When these books were first admitted into the public libraries, I remember to have said, upon occasion, to several persons concerned, how I was sure they would create broils wherever they came, unless a world of care were taken: and therefore I advised, that the champions of each side should be coupled together, or otherwise mixed, that, like the blending of contrary poisons, their malignity might be employed among themselves. And it seems, I was neither an ill prophet, nor an ill counsellor; for it was nothing else but the neglect of this caution, which gave occasion to the terrible fight that happened on Friday last, between the ancient and modern books, in the King's Library. Now, because the talk of this battle is so fresh in every body's mouth, and the expectation of the town so great to be informed in the particulars; I, being possessed of all qualifications requisite in an historian, and retained by neither party, have resolved to comply with the urgent importunity of my friends, by writing down a full impartial account hereof.

* 'Arose,' improperly used here for 'arisen.' S.

The guardian of the Regal Library, a person of great valour, but chiefly renowned for his *humanity*,* had been a fierce champion for the moderns; and, in an engagement upon Parnassus, had vowed, with his own hands, to knock down two of the ancient chiefs, who guarded a small pass on the superior rock: but, endeavouring to climb up, was cruelly obstructed by his own unhappy weight, and tendency towards his centre; a quality to which those of the modern party are extreme subject; for being light-headed, they have, in speculation, a wonderful agility, and conceive nothing too high for them to mount; but, in reducing to practice, discover a mighty pressure about their posteriors and their heels. Having thus failed in his design, the disappointed champion bore a cruel rancour to the ancients; which he resolved to gratify, by showing all marks of his favour to the books of their adversaries, and lodging them in the fairest apartments; when at the same time, whatever book had the boldness to own itself for an advocate of the ancients, was buried alive in some obscure corner, and threatened, upon the least displeasure, to be turned out of doors. Besides, it so happened, that about this time there was a strange confusion of place, among all the books in the library; for which, several reasons were assigned. Some imputed it to a great heap of learned dust, which a perverse wind blew off from a shelf of moderns, into the keeper's eyes. Others affirmed, he had a humour to pick the worms out of the schoolmen, and swallow them fresh and fasting; whereof some fell upon his spleen, and some climbed up into his head,

* The honourable Mr. Boyle, in the preface to his edition of Phalaris, says, he was refused a manuscript by the library-keeper, *cujus* (i. e. MSS.) *ulteriorem copiam, Bibliothecarius ex suâ summâ humanitate negavit.* Dr. Bentley was then library-keeper: the two ancients were Phalaris and Æsop. H.

station among the divines, where he had peaceably dwelt near eight hundred years. The attempt succeeded, and the two usurpers have reigned ever since in his stead: but to maintain quiet for the future, it was decreed that all *polemics*, of the larger size, should be held fast with a chain.

By this expedient, the public peace of libraries might certainly have been preserved, if a new species of controversial books had not arose* of late years, instinct with a more malignant spirit, from the war above-mentioned between the learned, about the higher summit of Parnassus.

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to the great perturbation of both. And lastly, others maintained, that by walking much in the dark about the library, he had quite lost the situation of it out of his head; and therefore, in replacing his books, he was apt to mistake, and clap Des Cartes next to Aristotle; poor Plato had got between Hobbes and the Seven Wise Masters, and Virgil was hemmed in with Dryden on one side, and Withers on the other.

Mean while those books, that were advocates for the moderns, chose out one from among them, to make a progress through the whole library, examine the number and strength of their party, and concert their affairs. This messenger performed all things very industriously, and brought back with him a list of their forces in all fifty thousand, consisting chiefly of light-horse, heavy-armed foot, and mercenaries: whereof the foot were in general but sorrily armed, and worse clad: their* horses large, but extremely out of case and heart; however, some few, by trading among the ancients, had furnished themselves tolerably enough.

While things were in this ferment, discord grew extremely high; hot words passed on both sides, and ill blood was plentifully bred. Here a solitary ancient, squeezed up among a whole shelf of moderns, offered fairly to dispute the case, and to prove by manifest reason, that the priority was due to them, from long possession; and in regard of their prudence, antiquity, and above all, their great merits toward the moderns. But these denied the premises, and seemed very much to wonder, how the ancients could pretend to insist upon their antiquity, when it was so plain (if they went to

* There is an ambiguity in this expression from the arrangement of the sentence, which might thus be removed: 'whereof the foot were in general but sorrily armed, and worse clad: the horses of the cavalry were large,' &c. S.

that) that the moderns were much the more ancient* of the two. As for any obligations they owed to the ancients, they renounced them all. "It is true," said they, "we are informed, some few of our party have been so mean as to borrow their subsistence from you; but the rest, infinitely the greater number (and especially we *French* and *English*) were so far from stooping to so base an example, that there never passed, till this very hour, six words between us. For, our horses were of our own breeding, our arms of our own forging, and our clothes of our own cutting out and sewing." Plato was by chance up on the next shelf, and observing those that spoke to be in the ragged plight mentioned a while ago; their jades lean and foundered, their weapons of rotten wood, their armour rusty, and nothing but rags underneath; he laughed loud, and in his pleasant way swore, "by —— he believed them."

Now, the moderns had not proceeded in their late negotiation with secrecy enough, to escape the notice of the enemy. For those advocates, who had begun the quarrel, by setting first on foot the dispute of precedency, talked so loud of coming to a battle, that Sir William Temple happened to overhear them, and gave immediate intelligence to the ancients; who, thereupon, drew up their scattered troops together, resolving to act upon the defensive: upon which, several of the moderns fled over to their party, and among the rest, Temple himself. This Temple, having been educated and long conversed among the ancients, was, of all the moderns, their greatest favourite, and became their greatest champion.

Things were at this crisis, when a material accident fell out. For, upon the highest corner of a large window, there dwelt a certain spider, swollen up to the first

* According to the modern paradox. *Original*

magnitude by the destruction of infinite numbers of flies, whose spoils lay scattered before the gates of his palace, like human bones before the cave of some giant. The avenues to his castle were guarded with turnpikes and palisadoes, all after the modern way of fortification. After you had passed several courts, you came to the centre, wherein you might behold the constable himself in his own lodgings, which had windows, fronting to each avenue, and ports to sally out, upon all occasions of prey or defence. In this mansion he had for some time dwelt in peace and plenty, without danger to his person, by swallows from above, or to his palace, by brooms from below: when it was the pleasure of fortune to conduct thither a wandering bee, to whose curiosity a broken pane in the glass had discovered itself, and in he went; where expatiating a while, he at last happened to alight upon one of the outward walls of the spider's citadel; which, yielding to the unequal weight, sunk down to the very foundation. Thrice he endeavoured to force his passage, and thrice the centre shook. The spider within, feeling the terrible convulsion, supposed at first, that nature was approaching to her final dissolution; or else, that *Beelzebub*,* with all his legions, was come to revenge the death of many thousands of his subjects, whom his enemy had slain and devoured. However, he at length valiantly resolved to issue forth, and meet his fate. Mean while the bee had acquitted himself of his toils, and posted securely at some distance, was employed in cleansing his wings, and disengaging them from the ragged remnants of the cobweb. By this time the spider was adventured out, when beholding the chasms, the ruins, and dilapidations of his fortress, he was very near at his

* The Hebrew god of flies. *MS. Pate.*

wit's end; he stormed and swore like a madman, and swelled till he was ready to burst. At length, casting his eye upon the bee, and wisely gathering causes from events, (for they knew each other by sight) "A plague split you," said he, "for a giddy son of a whore; is it you with a vengeance, that have made this litter here? could not you look before you, and be d—n'd? do you think I have nothing else to do (in the devil's name) but to mend and repair after your arse?"—"Good words, friend," said the bee (having now pruned himself, and being disposed to droll) "I'll give you my hand and word to come near your kennel no more; I was never in such a confounded pickle since I was born."—"Sirrah," replied the spider, "if it were not for breaking an old custom in our family, never to stir abroad against an enemy, I should come and teach you better manners."—"I pray have patience," said the bee, "or you'll spend your substance, and for aught I see, you may stand in need of it all, toward the repair of your house."—"Rogue, rogue," replied the spider, "yet, methinks you should have more respect to a person, whom all the world allows to be so much your betters."—"By my troth," said the bee, "the comparison will amount to a very good jest; and you will do me a favour to let me know the reasons, that all the world is pleased to use, in so hopeful a dispute." At this the spider, having swelled himself into the size and posture of a disputant, began his argument in the true spirit of controversy, with resolution to be heartily scurrilous and angry, to urge on his own reasons, without the least regard to the answers or objections of his opposite; and fully predetermined in his mind against all conviction.

"Not to disparage myself," said he, "by the comparison with such a rascal, what art thou but a vagabond

without house or home, without stock or inheritance? born to no possession of your own, but a pair of wings and a drone-pipe. Your livelihood is a universal plunder upon nature; a freebooter over fields and gardens; and, for the sake of stealing, will rob a nettle, as easily as a violet. Whereas I am a domestic animal, furnished with a native stock within myself. This large castle (to show my improvements in the mathematics) is all built with my own hands, and the materials extracted altogether out of my own person."

"I am glad," answered the bee, "to hear you grant, at least, that I am come honestly by my wings and my voice: for then, it seems, I am obliged to Heaven alone for my flights and my music; and Providence would never have bestowed on me two such gifts, without designing them for the noblest ends. I visit indeed all the flowers and blossoms of the field and garden; but whatever I collect thence, enriches myself, without the least injury to their beauty, their smell, or their taste. Now, for you and your skill in architecture, and other mathematics, I have little to say: in that building of yours there might, for aught I know, have been labour and method enough; but by woful experience for us both, it is too plain, the materials are naught; and I hope you will henceforth take warning, and consider duration and matter, as well as method and art. You boast indeed of being obliged to no other creature, but of drawing and spinning out all from yourself; that is to say, if we may judge of the liquor in the vessel, by what issues out, you possess a good plentiful store of dirt and poison in your breast; and, though I would by no means lessen or disparage your genuine stock of either, yet, I doubt you are somewhat obliged for an increase of both, to a little foreign assistance. Your inherent portion of dirt does not fail of acquisitions, by sweepings exhaled from be-

low; and one insect furnishes you with a share of poison to destroy another. So that, in short, the question comes all to this; whether is the nobler being of the two,* that which, by a lazy contemplation of four inches round, by an overweening pride, feeding and engendering on itself, turns all into excrement and venom, producing nothing at all, but flybane and a cobweb: or that which, by a universal range, with long search, much study, true judgment, and distinction of things, brings home honey and wax."

This dispute was managed with such eagerness, clamour, and warmth, that the two parties of books, in arms below, stood silent awhile, waiting in suspense what would be the issue; which was not long undetermined: for the bee, grown impatient at so much loss of time, fled straight away to a bed of roses, without looking for a reply: and left the spider, like an orator collected in himself, and just prepared to burst out.

It happened upon this emergency, that Æsop broke silence first. He had been of late most barbarously treated by a strange effect of the Regent's *humanity*, who † had torn off his title-page, sorely defaced one half of his leaves, and chained him fast among a shelf of moderns; where soon discovering how high the quarrel was likely to proceed, he tried all his arts, and turned himself to a thousand forms. At length in the borrowed shape of an ass, the Regent mistook him for a modern; by which means he had time and opportunity to escape to the ancients, just when the spider and the bee were entering into their contest; to which he gave his attention with a world of pleasure; and when it was ended, swore in the loudest key, "that in all his life he

* It ought to be—'which is the nobler being of the two,' &c. S.

† Bentley, who denied the antiquity of Æsop. See note, p. 20. H.

had never known two cases so parallel, and adapt * to each other, as that in the window, and this upon the shelves. The disputants," said he, "have admirably managed the dispute between them, have taken in the full strength of all that is to be said on both sides, and exhausted the substance of every argument *pro* and *con*. It is but to adjust the reasonings of both to the present quarrel, then to compare and apply the labours and fruits of each, as the bee has learnedly deduced them; and we shall find the conclusion fall plain and close upon the moderns and us. For, pray, gentlemen, was ever any thing so modern as the spider in his air, his turns, and his paradoxes? He argues in the behalf of you his brethren, and himself, with many boastings of his native stock, and great genius; that he spins and spits wholly from himself, and scorns to own any obligation or assistance from without. Then he displays to you his great skill in architecture, and improvement in the mathematics. To all this, the bee, as an advocate retained by us the ancients, thinks fit to answer; that if one may judge of the great genius or inventions of the moderns, by what they have produced, you will hardly have countenance to bear you out, in boasting of either. Erect your schemes with as much method and skill as you please; yet if the materials be nothing but dirt, spun out of your own entrails (the guts of modern brains) the edifice will conclude at last in a cobweb; the duration of which, like that of other spiders' webs, may be imputed to their being forgotten, or neglected, or hid in a corner. For, any thing else of genuine that the moderns may pretend to, I cannot recollect; unless it be a large vein of wrangling and satire, much of a nature and substance with the spider's

* There is no such word in English as adapt, used adjectively; it should be the participle, 'adapted.' S.

poison; which, however they pretend to spit wholly out of themselves, is improved by the same arts, by feeding upon the insects and vermin of the age. As for us the ancients, we are content, with the bee, to pretend to nothing of our own, beyond our wings and our voice: that is to say, our flights and our language. For the rest, whatever we have got, has been by infinite labour and search, and ranging through every corner of nature; the difference is, that instead of dirt and poison, we have rather chosen to fill our hives with honey and wax; thus furnishing mankind with the two noblest of things, which are sweetness and light."

It is wonderful to conceive the tumult arisen among the books, upon the close of this long descant of Æsop: both parties took the hint, and heightened their animosities so on a sudden, that they resolved it should come to a battle. Immediately the two main bodies withdrew, under their several ensigns, to the farther parts of the library, and there entered into cabals, and consults upon the present emergency. The moderns were in very warm debates upon the choice of their leaders; and nothing less than the fear impending from their enemies, could have kept them from mutinies, upon this occasion. The difference was greatest among the horse, where every private trooper pretended to the chief command, from Tasso and Milton, to Dryden and Withers. The light-horse were commanded by Cowley and Despreaux.* There came the bowmen under their valiant leaders, Des Cartes, Gassendi, and Hobbes; whose strength was such, that they could shoot their arrows beyond the atmosphere, never to fall down again, but turn like that of Evander into meteors, or like the cannon-ball into stars. Paracelsus brought a squadron of stink-pot-flingers, from

* More commonly known by the name of Boileau. H.

the snowy mountains of Rhætia. There came a vast body of dragoons, of different nations, under the leading of Harvey,* their great *aga:* part armed with sithes, the weapons of death; part with lances and long knives, all steeped in poison; part shot bullets of a most malignant nature, and used white powder, which infallibly killed without report. There came several bodies of heavy-armed foot, all mercenaries, under the ensigns of Guicciardini, Davila, Polydore Virgil, Buchanan, Mariana, Camden, and others. The engineers were commanded by Regiomontanus, and Wilkins. The rest was a confused multitude, led by Scotus, Aquinas, and Bellarmine; of mighty bulk and stature, but without either arms, courage, or discipline. In the last place, came infinite swarms of *caloncs*,† a disorderly rout led by L'Estrange; rogues and raggamuffins, that follow the camp for nothing but the plunder: all without coats‡ to cover them.

The army of the ancients was much fewer in number; Homer led the horse, and Pindar the light-horse; Euclid was chief engineer; Plato and Aristotle commanded the bowmen; Herodotus and Livy the foot; Hippocrates the dragoons; the allies, led by Vossius and Temple, brought up the rear.

All things violently tending to a decisive battle, Fame, who much frequented, and had a large apartment for-

* Doctor Harvey, who discovered the circulation of the blood, a discovery much insisted on by the advocates for the moderns, and excepted against, as false, by Sir William Temple. H.

† By calling this disorderly rout *calones*, the author points both his satire and contempt against all sorts of mercenary scribblers, who write as they are commanded by the leaders and patrons of sedition, faction, corruption, and every evil work; they are styled *calones*, because they are the meanest and most despicable of all writers; as the *calones*, whether belonging to the army, or private families, were the meanest of all slaves or servants whatsoever. H.

‡ These are pamphlets which are not bound or covered. H.

merly assigned her in the Regal Library, fled up straight to Jupiter, to whom she delivered a faithful account of all that passed between the two parties below; for, among the gods, she always tells truth. Jove, in great concern, convokes a council in the milky way. The senate assembled, he declares the occasion of convening them; a bloody battle just impendent between two mighty armies of ancient and modern creatures, called books, wherein the celestial interest was but too deeply concerned. Momus, the patron of the moderns, made an excellent speech in their favour, which was answered by Pallas, the protectress of the ancients. The assembly was divided in their affections; when Jupiter commanded the book of fate to be laid before him. Immediately were brought by Mercury three large volumes in folio, containing memoirs of all things past, present, and to come. The clasps were of silver double gilt; the covers of celestial turkey-leather; and the paper such as here on earth might pass almost for vellum. Jupiter, having silently read the decree, would communicate the import to none, but presently shut up the book.

Without the doors of this assembly, there attended a vast number of light, nimble gods, menial servants to Jupiter: these are his ministering instruments in all affairs below. They travel in a caravan, more or less together, and are fastened to each other, like a link of galley-slaves, by a light chain, which passes from them to Jupiter's great toe: and yet, in receiving or delivering a message, they may never approach above the lowest step of his throne, where he and they whisper to each other, through a large hollow trunk. These deities are called by mortal men, accidents, or events; but the gods call them second causes. Jupiter having delivered his message to a certain number of these divinities, they

flew immediately down to the pinnacle of the regal library, and consulting a few minutes, entered unseen, and disposed the parties according to their orders.

Mean while Momus, fearing the worst, and calling to mind an ancient prophecy, which bore no very good face to his children the moderns, bent his flight to the region of a malignant deity, called Criticism. She dwelt on the top of a snowy mountain in Nova Zembla; there Momus found her extended in her den, upon the spoils of numberless volumes, half devoured. At her right-hand sat Ignorance, her father and husband, blind with age; at her left, Pride, her mother, dressing her up in the scraps of paper herself had torn. There was Opinion, her sister, light of foot, hood-winked, and head-strong, yet giddy, and perpetually turning. About her played her children, Noise and Impudence, Dulness and Vanity, Positiveness, Pedantry, and Ill-manners. The goddess herself had claws like a cat; her head, and ears, and voice, resembled those of an ass: her teeth fallen out before, her eyes turned inward, as if she looked only upon herself; her diet was the overflowing of her own gall; her spleen was so large, as to stand prominent, like a dug of the first rate, nor wanted excrescences in form of teats, at which a crew of ugly monsters were greedily sucking; and, what is wonderful to conceive, the bulk of spleen increased faster than the sucking could diminish it. "Goddess," said Momus, "can you sit idly here, while our devout worshippers, the moderns, are this minute entering into a cruel battle, and perhaps now lying under the swords of their enemies; who then hereafter will ever sacrifice, or build altars to our divinities? Haste therefore to the British isle, and, if possible, prevent their destruction; while I make factions among the gods, and gain them over to our party."

Momus having thus delivered himself, staid not for an answer, but left the goddess to her own resentment. Up she rose in a rage, and, as it is the form upon such occasions, began a soliloquy. "It is I," said she, "who give wisdom to infants and idiots; by me, children grow wiser than their parents; by me, beaux become politicians, and school-boys judges of philosophy; by me, sophisters debate, and conclude upon the depths of knowledge; and coffee-house wits, instinct by me, can correct an author's style, and display his minutest errors, without understanding a syllable of his matter, or his language; by me striplings spend their judgment, as they do their estate, before it comes into their hands. It is I, who have deposed wit and knowledge from their empire over poetry, and advanced myself in their stead. And shall a few upstart ancients dare to oppose me? but come my aged parent, and you my children dear, and thou my beauteous sister; let us ascend my chariot, and haste to assist our devout moderns, who are now sacrificing to us a hecatomb, as I percieve by that grateful smell, which from thence reaches my nostrils."

The goddess, and her train, having mounted the chariot, which was drawn by tame geese, flew over infinite regions, shedding her influence in due places, till at length she arrived at her beloved island of Britain: but in hovering over its metropolis, what blessings did she not let fall, upon her seminaries of Gresham and Covent-Garden?* And now, she reached the fatal plain of St. James's Library, at what time the two armies were upon the point to engage; where, entering with all her caravan unseen, and landing upon a case of shelves, now desert, but once inhabited by a colony of virtuosos, she staid a while to observe the posture of both armies.

* See the notes, p. 68. H.

But here the tender cares of a mother began to fill her thoughts, and move in her breast: for, at the head of a troop of modern bowmen she cast her eyes upon her son Wotton; to whom the Fates had assigned a very short thread. Wotton, a young hero, whom an unknown father, of mortal race, begot by stolen embraces with this goddess. He was the darling of his mother above all her children, and she resolved to go and comfort him. But first, according to the good old custom of deities, she cast about to change her shape, for fear the divinity of her countenance might dazzle his mortal sight, and overcharge the rest of his senses. She, therefore, gathered up her person into an octavo compass: her body grew white and arid, and split in pieces with dryness; the thick turned into paste-board, and the thin into paper; upon which her parents and children artfully strewed a black juice, or decoction of gall and soot, in form of letters: her head, and voice, and spleen, kept their primitive form; and that, which before was a cover of skin, did still continue so. In this guise she marched on towards the moderns, undistinguishable in shape and dress from the divine Bentley, Wotton's dearest friend. "Brave Wotton," said the goddess, "why do our troops stand idle here, to spend their present vigour, and opportunity of the day? Away, let us haste to the generals, and advise to give the onset immediately." Having spoke thus, she took the ugliest of her monsters, full glutted from her spleen, and flung it invisibly into his mouth, which, flying straight up into his head, squeezed out his eye-balls, gave him a distorted look, and half overturned his brain. Then she privately ordered two of her beloved children, Dulness and Ill-manners, closely to attend his person in all encounters. Having thus accoutred him she vanished in a mist, and the hero perceived it was the goddess his mother.

'he destined hour of fate being now arrived, the fight
ın; whereof before I dare adventure to make a par-
lar description, I must, after the example of other au-
s, petition for a hundred tongues, and mouths, and
ls, and pens; which would all be too little, to per-
ı so immense a work. Say goddess, that presidest
r History, who it was that first advanced in the field
attle. Paracelsus, at the head of his dragoons, ob-
ing Galen in the adverse wing, darted his javelin
ı a mighty force, which the brave ancient received
ı his shield, the point breaking in the second fold.

* * * * *Hic pauca*
* * * * * *desunt.*

y bore the wounded *aga*† on their shields to his
iot * * * * *
* * * * * *
ent * * * * * *
nulla. * * * * * *
* * * * * *

hen Aristotle, observing Bacon advance with a fu-
s mien, drew his bow to the head, and let fly his ar-
which missed the valiant modern, and went whiz-
over his head; but Des Cartes it hit; the steel
t quickly found a defect in his headpiece; it pierc-
ıe leather and the paste-board, and went in at his
-eye. The torture of the pain whirled the valiant
nan round, till death, like a star of superior influ-
, drew him into his own vortex. * * *
ns hiatus * * * * *
n MS. * * * * *
* when Homer appeared at the head of the

loctor Harvey. It was not thought proper to name his antago-
ıut only to intimate, that he was wounded; other moderns
ıared by the hiatus that follows, probably for similar rea-
H.

cavalry, mounted on a furious horse, with difficulty managed by the rider himself, but which no other mortal durst approach; he rode among the enemy's ranks, and bore down all before him. Say, goddess, whom he slew first, and whom he slew last. First, Gondibert* advanced against him, clad in heavy armour, and mounted on a staid sober gelding, not so famed for his speed, as his docility in kneeling, whenever his rider would mount or alight. He made a vow to Pallas, "that he would never leave the field, till he had spoiled Homer of his armour." Madman, who had never once seen the wearer, nor understood his strength! Him Homer overthrew horse and man to the ground, there to be trampled and choked in the dirt. Then, with a long spear, he slew Denham, a stout modern, who from his father's† side derived his lineage from Apollo, but his mother was of mortal race. He fell, and bit the earth. The celestial part Apollo took, and made it a star; but the terrestrial lay wallowing upon the ground. Then Homer slew Sam Wesley,‡ with a kick of his horse's heel; he took Perrault by mighty force out of his saddle, then hurled him at Fontenelle, with the same blow dashing out both their brains.

On the left wing of the horse, Virgil appeared in shining armour, completely fitted to his body: he was mounted on a dapple-grey steed, the slowness of whose pace was an effect of the highest mettle and vigour. He cast his eye on the adverse wing, with a desire to find an object worthy of his valour, when behold upon a

* Sir William Davenant. *MS. Pate.*

† Sir John Denham's poems are very unequal, extremely good, and very indifferent; so that his detractors said, he was not the real author of Cooper's Hill. See "The Session of the Poets," in Dryden's Miscellanies. H.

‡ Sam Wesley, with contempt. *MS. Pate.*

gelding of a monstrous size, appeared a foe, issu-
om among the thickest of the enemy's squadrons;
is speed was less than his noise; for his horse, old
ean, spent the dregs of his strength in a high trot,
, though it made slow advances, yet caused a loud
ng of his armour, terrible to hear. The two cava-
had now approached within the throw of a lance,
the stranger desired a parley, and lifting up the
of his helmet, a face hardly appeared from within,
h, after a pause, was known for that of the renowned
en. The brave ancient suddenly started, as one
sed with surprise and disappointment together:
e helmet was nine times too large for the head,
appeared situate far in the hinder part, even like
dy in a lobster, or like a mouse under a canopy of
or like a shrivelled beau, from within the pent-
of a modern periwig: and the voice was suited
visage, sounding weak and remote. Dryden, in
g harangue, soothed up the good ancient, called
Father; and, by a large deduction of genealogies,
it plainly appear, that they were nearly related.
he humbly proposed an exchange of armour, as a
g mark of hospitality between them. Virgil con-
d (for the goddess Diffidence came unseen, and cast
t before his eyes) though his was of gold* and cost
dred beeves, the other's but of rusty iron. However,
glittering armour became the modern yet worse
his own. Then they agreed to exchange horses;
when it came to the trial, Dryden was afraid, and
ly unable to mount. * * * *

* * * * *

* * * * *Alter hiatus*

* * * * * *in MS.*

* * * * *

ee Homer. *Original.*

Lucan appeared upon a fiery horse of admirable shape, but head-strong, bearing the rider where he list over the field; he made a mighty slaughter among the enemy's horse; which destruction to stop, Blackmore, a famous modern (but one of the mercenaries) strenuously opposed himself, and darted his javelin with a strong hand, which, falling short of its mark, struck deep in the earth. Then Lucan threw a lance; but Æsculapius came unseen, and turned off the point. "Brave modern," said Lucan, "I perceive some God protects you,* for never did my arm so deceive me before: but what mortal can contend with a God? therefore, let us fight no longer, but present gifts to each other." Lucan then bestowed the modern a pair of spurs, and Blackmore gave Lucan a bridle. * * * * *

Pauca desunt. * * * * * *

* * * * * * *

Creech: but the goddess Dulness took a cloud, formed into the shape of Horace, armed and mounted, and placed in a flying posture before him. Glad was the cavalier to begin a combat with a flying foe, and pursued the image, threatening loud; till at last it led him to the peaceful bower of his father Ogleby, by whom he was disarmed, and assigned to his repose.

Then Pindar slew ——, and ——, and Oldham, and ——, and Afra† the Amazon, light of foot; never advancing in a direct line, but wheeling with incredible agility and force, he made a terrible slaughter among the enemy's light horse. Him when Cowley observed, his generous heart burnt within him, and he advanced against the fierce ancient, imitating his address, his pace,

* His skill as a physician atoned for his dulness as a poet. H.

† Mrs. Afra Behn, author of many plays, novels, and poems. H.

and career, as well as the vigour of his horse, and his own skill would allow. When the two cavaliers had approached within the length of three javelins, first Cowley threw a lance, which missed Pindar, and passing into the enemy's ranks, fell ineffectual to the ground. Then Pindar darted a javelin so large and weighty, that scarce a dozen cavaliers, as cavaliers are in our degenerate days, could raise it from the ground: yet he threw it with ease, and it went by an unerring hand, singing through the air; nor could the modern have avoided present death, if he had not luckily opposed the shield, that had been given him by Venus.* And now, both heroes drew their swords, but the modern was so aghast and disordered that he knew not where he was; his shield dropped from his hands; thrice he fled, and thrice he could not escape; at last he turned, and lifting up his hand in the posture of a suppliant: "Godlike Pindar," said he, "spare my life, and possess my horse with these arms, beside the ransom, which my friends will give, when they hear I am alive, and your prisoner." "Dog," said Pindar, "let your ransom stay with your friends; but your carcass shall be left for the fowls of the air, and the beasts of the field." With that, he raised his sword, and with a mighty stroke cleft the wretched modern in twain, the sword pursuing the blow; and one half lay panting on the ground to be trod in pieces by the horses' feet; the other half was borne by the frighted steed through the field. This Venus†

* His poem called The Mistress. H.

† I do not approve the author's judgment in this, for I think Cowley's Pindarics are much preferable to his Mistress. It may however be considered, that Cowley's Pindarics were but copies, of which Pindar was the original; before Pindar, therefore, his Pindarics might fall; and his Mistress be preserved as properly his own. H.—It may be observed, in defence of Dr. Hawkesworth's judgment concerning Cowley, that it agrees with that of Mr. Dryden, who says, "If I may be pardoned for so bold a truth, Mr. Cowley has copied

took, washed it seven times in ambrosia, then struck it thrice with a sprig of amaranth; upon which, the leather grew round and soft, and the leaves turned into feathers, and being gilded before, continued gilded still: so it became a dove, and she harnessed it to her chariot.

* * * * * *Hiatus valde deflendus in MS.*

* * * * *

THE EPISODE OF BENTLEY AND WOTTON.*

Day being far spent, and the numerous forces of the moderns half inclining to a retreat, there issued forth from a squadron of their heavy armed foot, a captain, whose name was Bentley, the most deformed of all the moderns; tall, but without shape or comeliness; large, but without strength or proportion. His armour was patched up of a thousand incoherent pieces; and the sound of it, as he marched, was loud and dry, like that made by the fall of a sheet of lead, which an Etesian wind† blows suddenly down, from the roof of some steeple. His helmet was of old rusty iron, but the vizor was brass; which, tainted by his breath, corrupted into copperas, nor wanted gall from the same fountain; so that, whenever provoked by anger or labour, an atramentous quality of most malignant nature was seen to distil from his lips. In his right hand he grasped a flail,

him (Pindar) to a fault; so great a one, in my opinion, that it throws his Mistress infinitely below his Pindariques, and his latter compositions, which are undoubtedly the best of his Poems, and the most correct." Preface to Juvenal, Dryden's Works, vol. III. p. 162. N.

* As the account of the Battle of the Books, is an allegorical representation of Sir William Temple's essay, in which the ancients are opposed to the moderns, the account of Bentley and Wotton is called an episode, and their intrusion represented as an under action. H.

† Bentley against Boyle. *MS. Pate.*

and (that he might never be unprovided of an offensive weapon) a vessel full of ordure in his left.* Thus completely armed, he advanced with a slow and heavy pace where the modern chiefs were holding a consult upon the sum of things; who, as he came onwards, laughed to behold his crooked leg, and hump shoulder, which his boot and armour vainly endeavouring to hide, were forced to comply with, and expose. The generals made use of him for his talent of railing; which, kept within government, proved frequently of great service to their cause, but at other times did more mischief than good; for at the least touch of offence, and often without any at all, he would, like a wounded elephant, convert it against his leaders. Such at this juncture was the disposition of Bentley, grieved to see the enemy prevail, and dissatisfied with every body's conduct but his own. He humbly gave the modern generals to understand, "that he conceived, with great submission, they were all a pack of rogues, and fools, and sons of whores, and d——n'd cowards, and confounded loggerheads, and illiterate whelps, and nonsensical scoundrels; that if himself had been constituted general, those presumptuous dogs,† the ancients, would long before this have been beaten out of the field. You," said he, "sit here idle; but when I, or any other valiant modern, kill an enemy, you are sure to seize the spoil. But I will not march one foot against the foe, till you all swear to me, that whomever I take or kill, his arms I shall quietly possess." Bentley having spoken thus, Scaliger bestowing him a sour look: "Miscreant prater," said he, "eloquent only in thine own eyes, thou railest without wit, or truth, or discretion. The malignity of thy temper perverteth nature, thy learning makes thee

* The person here spoken of, is famous for letting fly at every body without distinction, and using mean and foul scurrilities. WOTTON.

† See Homer de Thersite. *Original.*

more barbarous, thy study of humanity more inhuman, thy converse among poets more groveling, miry, and dull. All arts of civilizing others, render thee rude and untractable; courts have taught thee ill manners, and polite conversation has finished thee a pedant. Besides, a greater coward burdeneth not the army. But never despond; I pass my word, whatever spoil thou takest, shall certainly be thy own; though, I hope, that vile carcass will first become a prey to kites and worms."

Bentley durst not reply; but, half choked with spleen and rage, withdrew in full resolution of performing some great achievement. With him, for his aid and companion, he took his beloved Wotton; resolving, by policy or surprise, to attempt some neglected quarter of the ancients' army. They began their march over carcasses of their slaughtered friends; then to the right of their own forces; then wheeled northward, till they came to Aldrovandus's tomb, which they passed on the side of the declining sun. And now they arrived with fear toward the enemy's out-guards; looking about, if haply they might spy the quarters of the wounded, or some straggling sleepers, unarmed, and remote from the rest. As when two mongrel curs, whom native greediness and domestic want provoke and join in partnership, though fearful, nightly to invade the folds of some rich grazier; they, with tails depressed, and lolling tongues, creep soft and slow: mean while the conscious moon, now in her zenith, on their guilty heads darts perpendicular rays; nor dare they bark, though much provoked at her refulgent visage, whether seen in puddle by reflection, or in sphere direct; but one surveys the region round, while the other scouts the plain, if haply to discover, at distance from the flock, some carcass half devoured, the refuse of gorged wolves or ominous ravens. So marched this lovely loving pair of friends, nor with less fear and circumspection; when

at distance, they might perceive two shining suits of armour hanging upon an oak, and the owners not far off in a profound sleep. The two friends drew lots, and the pursuing of this adventure fell to Bentley; on he went, and in his van, Confusion and Amaze; while Horror and Affright brought up the rear. As he came near, behold two heroes of the ancients' army, Phalaris and Æsop, lay fast asleep: Bentley would fain have despatched them both, and, stealing close, aimed his flail at Phalaris's breast. But then the goddess Affright interposing, caught the modern in her icy arms, and dragged him from the danger she foresaw; both the dormant heroes happened to turn at the same instant, though soundly sleeping, and busy in a dream. For Phalaris* was just that minute dreaming how a most vile poetaster had lampooned him, and how he had got him roaring in his bull. And Æsop dreamed, that, as he and the ancient chiefs were lying on the ground, a wild ass broke loose, ran about trampling, and kicking, and dunging in their faces. Bentley, leaving the two heroes asleep, seized on both their armours, and withdrew in quest of his darling Wotton.

He in the mean time had wandered long in search of some enterprise, till at length he arrived at a small rivulet, that issued from a fountain hard by, called, in the language of mortal men, Helicon. Here he stopped, and parched with thirst, resolved to allay it in this limpid stream. Thrice with profane hands he essayed to raise the water to his lips, and thrice it slipped all through his fingers. Then he stooped prone on his breast, but, ere his mouth had kissed the liquid crystal, Apollo came, and in the channel held his shield betwixt the modern

* This is according to Homer, who tells the dreams of those who were killed in their sleep. H.

and the fountain, so that he drew up nothing but mud. For, although no fountain on earth can compare with the clearness of Helicon, yet there lies at bottom a thick sediment of slime and mud: for so Apollo begged of Jupiter, as a punishment to those, who durst attempt to taste it with unhallowed lips, and for a lesson to all, not to draw too deep, or far from the spring.

At the fountain-head Wotton discerned two heroes; the one he could not distinguish, but the other was soon known for Temple, general of the allies to the ancients. His back was turned; and he was employed in drinking large draughts in his helmet from the fountain, where he had withdrawn himself to rest from the toils of the war. Wotton observing him, with quaking knees and trembling hands spoke thus to himself: "O, that I could kill this destroyer of our army; what renown should I purchase among the chiefs! but to issue out against him, man against man, shield against shield, and lance against lance,* what modern of us dare! for he fights like a God, and Pallas or Apollo are ever at his elbow. But, O, mother! if what fame reports be true, that I am the son of so great a goddess, grant me to hit Temple with this lance, that the stroke may send him to Hell, and that I may return in safety and triumph, laden with his spoils." The first part of this prayer, the gods granted at the intercession of his mother, and of Momus; but the rest, by a perverse wind sent from fate, was scattered in the air. Then Wotton grasped his lance, and brandishing it thrice over his head, darted it with all his might, the goddess his mother, at the same time, adding strength to his arm. Away the lance went whizzing, and reached even to the belt of the averted ancient, upon which light-

* See Homer. *Original.*

ly grazing, it fell to the ground. Temple neither felt the weapon touch him, nor heard it fall; and Wotton might have escaped to his army, with the honour of having remitted his lance against so great a leader, unrevenged; but Apollo, enraged that a javelin, flung by the assistance of so foul a goddess, should pollute his fountain, put on the shape of——, and softly came to young Boyle, who then accompanied Temple: he pointed first to the lance, then to the distant modern that flung it, and commanded the young hero to take immediate revenge. Boyle, clad in a suit of armour which had been given him by all the gods,* immediately advanced against the trembling foe, who now fled before him. As a young lion in the Libyan plains, or Araby desert, sent by his aged sire to hunt for prey, or health, or exercise: he scours along, wishing to meet some tiger from the mountains, or a furious boar; if chance a wild ass, with brayings importune, affronts his ear, the generous beast, though loathing to distain his claws with blood so vile, yet much provoked at the offensive noise, which echo, foolish nymph, like her ill-judging sex, repeats much louder and with more delight than Philomela's song; he vindicates the honour of the forest, and hunts the noisy long-ear'd animal. So Wotton fled, so Boyle pursued. But Wotton, heavy-armed, and slow of foot, began to slack his course; when his lover Bentley appeared, returning laden with the spoils of the two sleeping ancients. Boyle observed him well, and soon discovering the helmet and shield of Phalaris, his friend, both which he had lately with his own hands new polished and gilt; rage sparkled in his

* Boyle was assisted in this dispute by Dean Aldrich, Dr. Atterbury, afterwards bishop of Rochester, and other persons at Oxford, celebrated for their genius and their learning, then called the Christ-Church wits. H.

eyes, and leaving his pursuit after Wotton, he furiously rushed on against this new approacher. Fain would he be revenged on both; but both now fled different ways: and, as a woman in a little house, that gets a painful livelihood by spinning; † if chance her geese be scattered o'er the common, she courses round the plain from side to side, compelling here and there the stragglers to the flock; they cackle loud, and flutter o'er the champaign. So Boyle pursued, so fled this pair of friends: finding at length their flight was vain, they bravely joined and drew themselves in phalanx. First Bentley threw a spear with all his force, hoping to pierce the enemy's breast: but Pallas came unseen, and in the air took off the point, and clapped on one of lead, which after a dead bang against the enemy's shield, fell blunted to the ground. Then Boyle, observing well his time, took up a lance of wondrous length and sharpness; and as this pair of friends compacted stood close side to side, he wheeled him to the right, and with unusual force, darted the weapon. Bentley saw his fate approach, and flanking down his arms close to his ribs, hoping to save his body; in went the point, passing through arm and side, nor stopped, or spent its force, till it had also pierced the valiant Wotton, who going to sustain his dying friend, shared his fate. As when a skilful cook has trussed a brace of woodcocks, he, with iron skewer, pierces the tender sides of both, their legs and wings close pinioned to the ribs: so was this pair of friends transfixed, till down they fell, joined in their lives, joined in their deaths; so closely joined, that Charon would mistake them both for one, and waft them over Styx for

† This is also after the manner of Homer: the woman's getting painful livelihood by spinning, has nothing to do with the similitude; nor would be excusable without such an authority. H.

half his fare. Farewell, beloved, loving pair; few equals have you left behind: and happy and immortal shall you be, if all my wit and eloquence can make you.

And, now * * * * *

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* * * * *

* * * * *Desunt cætera.*

A

DISCOURSE

CONCERNING

THE MECHANICAL OPERATION

OF THE

SPIRIT.

IN A LETTER TO A FRIEND.

A FRAGMENT.

THE

BOOKSELLER'S ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following discourse* came into my hands perf and entire: but there being several things in it, whi the present age would not very well bear, I kept it by i some years, resolving it should never see the light. . length, by the advice and assistance of a judicious frien I retrenched those parts that might give most offen and have now ventured to publish the remainder. Co cerning the author I am wholly ignorant; neither can conjecture, whether it be the same with that of the tv foregoing pieces, the original having been sent me at different time, and in a different hand. The learne reader will better determine, to whose judgment I entir ly submit it.

* This discourse is not altogether equal to the former, the be parts of it being omitted; whether the bookseller's account be tru that he durst not print the rest, I know not; nor, indeed, is it ea to determine, whether he may be relied on, in any thing he says this, or the former treatises, only as to the time they were writ i which, however, appears more from the discourses themselves, tha his relation. H.

A DISCOURSE, &c.

'or T. H. Esquire, at his Chambers in the Academy of the Beaux Esprits in New England.*

SIR,

It is now a good while, since I have had in my head omething, not only very material, but absolutely necesary to my health, that the world should be informed in: or, to tell you a secret, I am able to contain it no longer. However, I have been perplexed for some time to resolve, hat would be the most proper form to send it abroad in. To which end, I have been three days coursing through Vestminster-hall, and St. Paul's Church-yard, and Fleetreet, to peruse titles; and I do not find any, which olds so general a vogue, as that of "A Letter to a riend." Nothing is more common than to meet with ong epistles, addressed to persons and places, where, at irst thinking, one would be apt to imagine it not altogether so necessary, or convenient: such as, a neighbour it next door, a mortal enemy, a perfect stranger, or a erson of quality in the clouds; and these upon subjects, n appearance, the least proper for conveyance by the ost; as long schemes in philosophy; dark and wonderil mysteries of state; laborious dissertations in criticism nd philosophy; advice to parliaments, and the like.

Now, Sir, to proceed after the method in present ear: for, let me say what I will to the contrary, I am

* Supposed to be Colonel Hunter, mentioned in the Apology for he Tale of a Tub. H.

afraid you will publish this letter, as soon as ever it comes to your hand. I desire you will be my witness to the world, how careless and sudden a scribble it has been; that it was but yesterday, when you and I began accidentally to fall into discourse on this matter; that I was not very well when we parted; that the post is in such haste, I have had no manner of time to digest it into order, or correct the style; and if any other modern excuses for haste and negligence, shall occur to you in reading, I beg you to insert them, faithfully promising they shall be thankfully acknowledged.

Pray, Sir, in your next letter to the Iroquois virtuosi, do me the favour to present my humble service to that illustrious body, and assure them, I shall send an account of those phenomena, as soon as we can determine them at Gresham.

I have not had a line from the literati of Topinambou, these three last ordinaries.

And now, Sir, having despatched what I had to say of form, or of business, let me entreat you will suffer me to proceed upon my subject; and to pardon me, if I make no farther use of the epistolary style, till I come to conclude.

SECTION I.

It is recorded of Mahomet, that upon a visit he was going to pay in Paradise, he had an offer of several vehicles to conduct him upwards; as fiery chariots, winged horses, and celestial sedans; but he refused them all, and would be borne to Heaven upon nothing but his ass. Now, this inclination of Mahomet, as singular as it seems, has been since taken up by a great number of devout Christians, and doubtless with very good reason. For, since that Arabian is known to have borrowed a moiety of his religious system from the Christian faith, it is but just he should pay reprisals, to such as would challenge them; wherein the good people of England, to do them all right, have not been backward. For, though there is not any other nation in the world, so plentifully provided with carriages for that journey, either as to safety or ease; yet there are abundance of us, who will not be satisfied with any other machine, beside this of Mahomet.

For my own part, I must confess to bear* a very singular respect to this animal, by whom I take human nature to be most admirably held forth, in all its qualities, as well as operations: and, therefore, whatever in my small reading occurs, concerning this our fellow-creature, I do never fail to set it down by way of common-place; and when I have occasion to write upon human reason, politics, eloquence, or knowledge, I lay my memorandums before me, and insert them with a wonderful facility of applications. However, among all the qualifications ac-

* This is a very singular mode of expression, it should be, 'I must confess that I bear,' &c. S.

cribed to this distinguished brute, by ancient or moder authors, I cannot remember this talent of bearing h rider to Heaven, has been recorded for a part of h character, except in the two examples mentioned alre dy; therefore, I conceive the methods of this art to b a point of useful knowledge in very few hands, an which the learned world would gladly be better informe in: this is what I have undertaken to perform in the fo lowing discourse. For, towards the operation alread mentioned, many peculiar properties are required, bot in the rider, and the ass; which I shall endeavour to s in as clear a light as I can.

But, because I am resolved, by all means, to avoi giving offence to any party whatever, I will leav off discoursing so closely to the letter, as I have hitherl done, and go on for the future by way of allegory though in such a manner, that the judicious reader ma without much straining, make his applications, as often a he shall think fit. Therefore, if you please, from henc forward instead of the term, ass, we shall make use o gifted, or enlightened teacher; and the word, rider, w will exchange for that of fanatic auditory, or any othe denomination of the like import. Having settled th weighty point, the great subject of inquiry before us, i to examine by what methods, this teacher arrives at h gifts, or spirit, or light; and by what intercourse betwee him and his assembly, it is cultivated and supported.

In all my writings, I have had constant regard to th great end, not to suit and apply them to particular occ sions and circumstances of time, of place, or of perso but to calculate them for universal nature, and mankin in general. And of such catholic use I esteem this pr sent disquisition;* for I do not remember any other ten

* This sentence is defective, for want of the words 'to be,' at th

per of body, or quality of mind, wherein all nations and ages of the world have so unanimously agreed, as that of a fanatic strain, or tincture of enthusiasm; which, improved by certain persons or societies of men, and by them practised upon the rest, has been able to produce revolutions of the greatest figure in history; as will soon appear to those, who know any thing of Arabia, Persia, India, or China, of Morocco and Peru. Farther, it has possessed as great a power, in the kingdom of knowledge; where it is hard to assign one art or science, which has not annexed to it some fanatic branch: such are, the philosopher's stone; the grand elixir;† the planetary worlds; the squaring of the circle; the *summum bonum;* Utopian commonwealths; with some others of less or subordinate note: which all serve for nothing else, but to employ or amuse this grain of enthusiasm, dealt into every composition.

But, if this plant has found a root in the fields of empire and of knowledge, it has fixed deeper, and spread yet farther, upon holy ground. Wherein, though it has passed under the general name of enthusiasm, and perhaps arisen from the same original, yet has it produced certain branches of a very different nature, however often mistaken for each other. The word, in its universal acceptation, may be defined, a lifting up of the soul, or its faculties, above matter. This description will hold good in general; but I am only to understand it as applied to religion; wherein there are three general ways of ejaculating the soul, or transporting it beyond the sphere of matter. The first is the immediate act of God, and is called prophecy or inspiration. The second is

end of it: as thus, 'and of such catholic use I esteem this present disquisition to be.' S.

† Some writers hold them for the same, others not. *Original.*

the immediate act of the Devil, and is termed possession. The third is the product of natural causes, the effect of strong imagination, spleen, violent anger, fear, grief, pain, and the like. These three have been abundantly treated on by authors, and therefore shall not employ my inquiry. But, the fourth method of religious enthusiasm, or launching out of the soul, as it is purely an effect of artifice, and mechanic operation, has been sparingly handled, or not at all, by any writer; because, though it is an art of great antiquity, yet having been confined to few persons, it long wanted those advancements and refinements, which it afterwards met with, since it is grown so epidemic, and fallen into so many cultivating hands.

It is therefore upon this *mechanical operation of the spirit* that I mean to treat, as it is at present performed by our British workmen. I shall deliver to the reader the result of many judicious observations upon the matter; tracing, as near as I can, the whole course and method of this trade, producing parallel instances, and relating certain discoveries, that have luckily fallen in my way.

I have said, that there is one branch of religious enthusiasm, which is purely an effect of nature; whereas, the part I mean to handle, is wholly an effect of art, which, however, is inclined to work upon certain natures and constitutions, more than others. Besides, there is many an operation, which, in its original, was purely an artifice, but through a long succession of ages, has grown to be natural. Hippocrates tells us, that among our ancestors, the Scythians, there was a nation called *Longheads*,* which at first began† by a custom among mid-

* Macrocephali. *Original.*

† Which at first began, &c. as, 'which,' refers here to the word, nation,' in the preceding part of the sentence, this does not make

wives and nurses, of moulding, and squeezing, and bracing up the heads of infants; by which means, nature, shut out at one passage, was forced to seek another, and finding room above, shot upwards in the form of a sugar-loaf; and being diverted that way for some generations, at last found it out of herself, needing no assistance from the nurse's hand. This was the original of the Scythian Long-heads, and thus did custom, from being a second nature, proceed to be a first. To all which, there is something very analogous among us of this nation, who are the undoubted posterity of that refined people. For, in the age of our fathers, there arose a generation of men in this island, called *Round-heads*;* whose race is now spread over three kingdoms; yet, in its beginning, was merely an operation of art, produced by a pair of scissors, a squeeze of the face, and a black cap. These heads, thus formed into a perfect sphere in all assemblies, were most exposed to the view of the female sort, which did influence their conceptions so effectually, that nature at last took the hint, and did it of herself; so that a Round-head, has been ever since as familiar a sight among us, as a Long-head among the Scythians.

sense: it should be thus—'there was a nation called Long-heads, which name took its rise from a custom among midwives,' &c. S.

* The fanatics in the time of Charles I. ignorantly applying the text, 'Ye know that it is a shame for men to have long hair,' cut their's very short. It is said, that the queen once seeing Pym, a celebrated patriot, thus cropped, inquired who that round-headed man was: and that from this incident the distinction became general, and the party were called Round-heads. H.—Mr. Granger has given a different account of its origin. "The Barnardiston family is remarkable for having given rise to the name of Roundhead, as appears from the following note taken from Rapin's History: the London apprentices wore the hair of their head cut round; and the queen observing, out of a window, Samuel Barnardiston among them, cried out, See what a handsome Roundhead is there! and the name came from thence, and was publicly used by Captain Hide." N.

Upon these examples, and others easy to produce, I desire the curious reader to distinguish, first, between an effect grown from art into nature, and one that is natural from its beginning; secondly, between an effect wholly natural, and one which has only a natural foundation, but where the superstructure is entirely artificial. For, the first, and the last of these, I understand to come within the districts of my subject. And having obtained these allowances, they will serve to remove any objections that may be raised hereafter against what I shall advance.

The practitioners of this famous art proceed, in general, upon the following fundamental: that the corruption of the senses is the generation of the spirit; because the senses in men are so many avenues to the fort of reason, which, in this operation, is wholly blocked up. All endeavours must be therefore used, either to divert, bind up, stupify, fluster, and amuse the senses, or else, to justle them out of their stations; and while they are either absent, or otherwise employed, or engaged in a civil war against each other, the spirit enters and performs its part.

Now, the usual methods of managing the senses, upon such conjunctures, are, what I shall be very particular in delivering, as far as it is lawful for me to do; but having had the honour to be initiated into the mysteries of every society, I desire to be excused from divulging any rites, wherein the profane must have no part.

But here, before I can proceed farther, a very dangerous objection must, if possible, be removed. For, it is positively denied by certain critics, that the spirit can, by any means, be introduced into an assembly of modern saints; the disparity being so great, in many material circumstances, between the primitive way of inspiration, and that which is practised in the present age.

This they pretend to prove, from the second chapter of the Acts, where, comparing both, it appears, "First, that the Apostles were *gathered together with one accord, in one place;*" by which is meant a universal agreement in opinion and form of worship; a harmony, say they, so far from being found between any two conventicles among us, that it is in vain to expect it between any two heads in the same. Secondly, the spirit instructed the Apostles, in "the gift of *speaking several languages;* a knowledge so remote from our dealers in this art, that they neither understand propriety of words or phrases in their own. Lastly," say these objectors, "the modern artists do utterly exclude all approaches of the spirit, and bar up its ancient way of entering, by covering themselves so close, and so industriously a-top. For, they will needs have it as a point clearly gained, that the cloven tongues never sat upon the Apostles' heads, while their hats were on."

Now, the force of these objections seems to consist in the different acceptation of the word *spirit;* which,* if it be understood for a supernatural assistance, approaching from without, the objectors have reason, and their assertions may be allowed; but the spirit we treat of here, proceeding entirely from within, the argument of these adversaries is wholly eluded. And upon the same account, our modern artificers find it an expedient of absolute necessity to cover their heads as close as they can, in order to prevent perspiration; than which nothing is observed to be a greater spender of mechanic light, as we may perhaps farther show in a convenient place.

To proceed therefore upon the phenomenon of spiritual mechanism, it is here to be noted, that in forming

* This is wholly ungrammatical; the nominative 'which' has no verb in the sentence afterward to which it refers, and may be omitted without prejudice to the sense. S.

and working up the spirit, the assembly has a considerable share, as well as the preacher. The method of this *arcanum* is as follows: they violently strain their eyeballs inward, half closing the lids; then, as they sit, they are in a perpetual motion of seesaw, making long hums at proper periods; and continuing the sound at equal height, choosing their time in those intermissions, while the preacher is at ebb. Neither is this practice, in any part of it, so singular and improbable, as not to be traced in distant regions, from reading and observation. For, first, the Jauguis,* or enlightened saints of India, see all their visions by help of an acquired straining and pressure of the eyes. Secondly, the art of seesaw on a beam, and swinging by session upon a cord, in order to raise artificial ecstasies, has been derived to us from our Scythian† ancestors, where it is practised at this day among the women. Lastly, the whole proceeding, as I have here related it, is performed by the natives of Ireland, with a considerable improvement; and it is granted, that this noble nation has, of all others, admitted fewer corruptions, and degenerated least from the purity of the old Tartars. Now, it is usual for a knot of Irish men and women to abstract themselves from matter, bind up all their senses, grow visionary and spiritual, by influence of a short pipe of tobacco, handed round the company; each preserving the smoke in his mouth, till it comes again to his turn to take in fresh: at the same time, there is a concert of a continued gentle hum, repeated and renewed by instinct, as occasion requires; and they move their bodies up and down, to a degree, that sometimes their heads and points lie parallel to the horizon. Mean while, you may observe their eyes turned up, in the pos-

* Bernier, Mem. de Mogol. *Original.*
† Guagnini Hist. Sarmat. *Original.*

ure of one who endeavours to keep himself awake; by which, and many other symptoms among them, it manifestly appears, that the reasoning faculties are all suspended and superseded, that imagination has usurped the seat, scattering a thousand deliriums over the brain. Returning from this digression, I shall describe the methods by which the spirit approaches. The eyes being disposed according to art, at first you can see nothing; but, after a short pause, a small glimmering light begins to appear, and dance before you. Then, by frequently moving your body up and down, you perceive the vapours to ascend very fast, till you are perfectly dosed and flustered, like one who drinks too much in a morning. Mean while the preacher is also at work; he begins a loud *hum*, which pierces you quite through; this is immediately returned by the audience, and you find yourself prompted to imitate them by a mere spontaneous impulse, without knowing what you do. The *interstitia* are duly filled up by the preacher, to prevent too long a pause, under which, the spirit would soon faint, and grow languid.

This is all I am allowed to discover, about the progress of the spirit with relation to that part, which is borne by the assembly; but in the methods of the preacher, to which I now proceed, I shall be more large and particular.

SECT. II.

You will read it very gravely remarked, in the books of those illustrious and right eloquent penmen, the modern travellers, that the fundamental difference, in point of religion, between the wild Indians and us, lies in this

that we worship God, and they worship the devil. But, there are certain critics, who will by no means admit of this distinction; rather believing, that all nations whatsoever adore the true God, because they seem to intend their devotions to some invisible power, of greatest goodness and ability to help them; which, perhaps, will take in the brightest attributes ascribed to the divinity. Others again inform us, that those idolaters adore two principles; the principle of good, and that of evil; which, indeed, I am apt to look upon as the most universal notion that mankind, by the mere light of nature, ever entertained of things invisible. How this idea has been managed by the Indians, and us, and with what advantage to the understandings of either, may well deserve to be examined. To me, the difference appears little more than this, that they are put oftener upon their knees by their fears, and we, by our desires; that the former set them a praying, and us a cursing. What I applaud them for, is, their discretion in limiting their devotions and their deities to their several districts, nor ever suffering the liturgy of the white God to cross or to interfere with that of the black. Not so with us, who, pretending by the lines and measures of our reason, to extend the dominion of one invisible power, and contract that of the other, have discovered a gross ignorance in the natures of good and evil, and most horribly confounded the frontiers of both. After men have lifted up the throne of their divinity to the *cœlum empyræum*, adorned with all such qualities and accomplishments, as themselves seem most to value and possess: after they have sunk their principle of evil to the lowest centre, bound him with chains, loaded him with curses, furnished him with viler dispositions than any rake-hell of the town, accoutred him with tail, and horns, and huge claws, and saucer eyes; I laugh aloud to see these reasoners, at the same

time, engaged in wise dispute about certain walks and purlieus, whether they are in the verge of God, or the Devil; seriously debating, whether such and such influences, come into men's minds from above or below; whether certain passions and affections are guided by the evil spirit or the good:

Cum fas atque nefas exiguo fine libidinum
*Discernunt avidi?**—— HOR.

Thus do men establish a fellowship of Christ with Belial, and such is the analogy they make between cloven tongues and cloven feet. Of the like nature is the disquisition before us: it has continued these hundred years an even debate, whether the deportment and the cant of our English enthusiastic preachers, were possession, or inspiration; and a world of argument has been drained on either side, perhaps to little purpose. For, I think it is in life, as in tragedy, where it is held a conviction of great defect, both in order and invention, to interpose the assistance of preternatural power, without an absolute and last necessity.† However, it is a sketch of human vanity, for every individual to imagine, the whole universe is interested in his meanest concern. If he has got cleanly over a kennel, some angel unseen descended on purpose, to help him by the hand; if he has knocked his head against a post, it was the devil, for his sins, let loose from hell on purpose to buffet him. Who, that sees a little paltry mortal, droning, and dreaming, and drivelling to a multitude, can think it agreeable to common good sense, that either Heaven or Hell, should be put

* Insatiate of liquor, when flow their full veins,
No distinction of vice, or of virtue remains. FRANCIS.

† Nec Deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus.
Inciderit. HOR. de Arte Poeticâ. *MS. Pal.*

to the trouble of influence or inspection, upon what he is about? therefore, I am resolved immediately to weed this error out of mankind, by making it clear, that this mystery of vending spiritual gifts is nothing but a trade, acquired by as much instruction, and mastered by equal practice and application, as others are. This will best appear, by describing and deducting the whole process of the operation, as variously, as it hath fallen under my knowledge or experience.

* * * * * * * * * *

Here the whole scheme of spiritual mechanism was deduced and explained, with an appearance of great reading and observation; but it was thought neither safe nor convenient to print it.

* * * * * * * * * *

Here it may not be amiss to add a few words, upon the laudable practice of wearing *quilted caps;* which is not a matter of mere custom, humour, or fashion, as some would pretend, but an institution of great sagacity and use: these, when moistened with sweat, stop all perspiration; and, by reverberating the heat, prevent the spirit from evaporating any way but at the mouth; even as a skilful house-wife, that covers her still with a wet clout, for the same reason, and finds the same effect. For, it is the opinion of choice *virtuosi*, that the brain is only a crowd of little animals, but with teeth and claws extremely sharp, and therefore cling together in the contexture we behold, like the picture of Hobbes's Leviathan, or like bees in perpendicular swarm upon a tree, or like a carrion corrupted into vermin, still preserving the shape and figure of the mother animal: that all invention is formed by the morsure of two or more of these animals, upon certain capil-

ary nerves, which proceed from thence, whereof three branches spread into the tongue, and two into the right hand. They hold also, that these animals are of a constitution extremely cold; that their food is the air we attract, their excrement phlegm; and that what we vulgarly called rheums, and colds, and distillations, is nothing else but an epidemical looseness, to which that little commonwealth is very subject, from the climate it lies under. Farther, that nothing less than a violent heat, can disentangle these creatures from their hamated station of life, or give them vigour and humour, to imprint the marks of their little teeth. That, if the morsure be hexagonal, it produces poetry; the circular, gives eloquence: if the bite hath been conical, the person, whose nerve is so affected, shall be disposed to write upon politics; and so of the rest.

I shall now discourse briefly, by what kind of practises the voice is best governed, toward the composition and improvement of the spirit; for, without a competent skill in tuning and toning each word, and syllable, and letter, to their due cadence, the whole operation is incomplete, misses entirely of its effect on the hearers, and puts the workman himself to continual pains for new supplies, without success. For, it is to be understood, that in the language of the spirit, *cant* and *droning* supply the place of *sense* and *reason*, in the language of men: because, in spiritual harangues, the disposition of the words according to the art of grammar has not the least use, but the skill and influence wholly lie in the choice and cadence of the syllables; even as a discreet composer, who, in setting a song, changes the words and order so often, that he is forced to make it nonsense before he can make it music. For this reason it has been held by some that the art of canting is ever in greatest perfection, when managed by ignorance; which is thought

to be enigmatically meant by Plutarch, when he tells us, that the best musical instruments were made from the bones of an ass. And the profounder critics upon that passage, are of opinion, the word in its genuine signification, means no other than a jaw-bone; though some rather think it to have been the *os sacrum*; but in so nice a case I shall not take upon me to decide; the curious are at liberty to pick from it whatever they please.

The first ingredient toward the art of canting, is, a competent share of *inward light;* that is to say, a large memory, plentifully fraught with theological polysyllables, and mysterious texts from holy writ, applied and digested, by those methods and mechanical operations, already related: the bearers of this light, resembling lanterns* compact of leaves from old Geneva Bibles; which invention, Sir Humphrey Edwin,† during his mayoralty, of happy memory, highly approved and advanced; affirming the Scripture to be now fulfilled where it says, thy word is a lantern to my feet, and a light to my paths.

Now, the art of canting, consists in skilfully adapting the voice, to whatever words the spirit delivers, that each may strike the ears of the audience, with its most significant cadence. The force or energy of this eloquence is not to be found, as among ancient orators, in the disposition of words to a sentence, or the turning of long periods; but, agreeable‡ to the modern refinements in music, is taken up wholly in dwelling and dilating upon syllables and letters. Thus, it is frequent for a single vowel, to draw sighs from a multitude; and for a whole assembly of saints, to sob to the music of one soli-

* 'Tis the dark lantern of the spirit,
Which none see by, but those who bear it. HUDIBRAS.

† See before, p. 181.

‡ Agreeable, for agreeably. S.

tary liquid. But these are trifles; when even sounds inarticulate, are observed to produce as forcible effects. A master workman shall blow his nose so powerfully, as to pierce the hearts of his people, who were disposed to receive the excrements of his brain, with the same reverence as the issue of it. Hawking, spitting, and belching, the defects of other men's rhethoric, are the flowers, and figures, and ornaments of his. For, the spirit being the same in all, it is of no import, through what vehicle it is conveyed.

It is a point of too much difficulty, to draw the principles of this famous art, within the compass of certain adequate rules. However, perhaps I may one day oblige the world with my critical essay upon the art of canting; philosophically, physically, and musically considered.

But, among all improvements of the spirit, wherein the voice has borne a part, there is none to be compared with that of conveying the sound through the nose, which, under the denomination of *snuffling*,* has passed with so great applause in the world. The originals of this institution are very dark: but having been initiated into the mystery of it, and leave being given me to publish it to the world, I shall deliver as direct a relation as I can.

This art, like many other famous inventions, owed its birth, or, at least, improvement and perfection, to an effect of chance; but was established upon solid reasons, and has flourished in this island ever since, with great lustre. All agree, that it first appeared upon the decay and discouragement of bagpipes, which having long suffered under the mortal hatred of the brethren, tottered

* The snuffing of men, who have lost their noses by lewd courses, is said to have given rise to that tone, which our dissenters did too much affect. W. Wotton.

for a time, and at last fell with monarchy. The story is thus related.

As yet snuffling was not; when the following adventure happened to a Banbury saint. Upon a certain day, while he was far engaged among the tabernacles of the wicked, he felt the outward man put into odd commotions, and strangely pricked forward by the inward; an effect very usual among the modern inspired. For, some think, that the spirit is apt to feed on the flesh, like hungry wines upon raw beef. Others rather believe there is a perpetual game at leap-frog between both; and sometimes the flesh is uppermost, and sometimes the spirit; adding, that the former, while it is in the state of a rider, wears huge Rippon spurs: and when it comes to the turn of being bearer, is wonderfully headstrong and hard-mouthed. However, it came about, the saint felt his vessel full extended in every part (a very natural effect of strong inspiration;) and the place and time falling out so unluckily, that he could not have the convenience of evacuating upwards, by repetition, prayer, or lecture; he was forced to open an inferior vent. In short, he wrestled with the flesh so long, that he at length subdued it, coming off with honourable wounds, all before. The surgeon had now cured the parts primarily affected; but the disease, driven from its post, flew into his head; and, as a skilful general, valiantly attacked in his trenches, and beaten from the field, by flying marches withdraws to the capital city, breaking down the bridges to prevent pursuit; so the disease, repelled from its first station, fled before the rod of Hermes, to the upper region, there fortifying itself; but, finding the foe making attacks at the nose, broke down the bridge, and retired to the head-quarters. Now, the naturalists observe, that there is in human noses an idiosyncracy, by virtue of which, the more the passage is obstructed,

the more our speech delights to go through, as the music of a flageolet is made by the stops. By this method, the twang of the nose becomes perfectly to resemble the snuffle of a bag-pipe, and is found to be equally attractive of British ears; whereof the saint had sudden experience, by practising his new faculty, with wonderful success, in the operation of the spirit: for, in a short time, no doctrine passed for sound and orthodox, unless it were delivered *through the nose.* Straight, every pastor copied after this original; and those who could not otherwise arrive to a perfection, spirited by a noble zeal, made use of the same experiment to acquire it; so that I think, it may be truly affirmed, the saints owe their empire, to the snuffling of one animal, as Darius did his to the neighing of another; and both stratagems were performed by the same art; for we read how the Persian beast acquired his faculty, by covering a mare the day before.†

I should now have done, if I were not convinced, that whatever I have yet advanced upon this subject is liable to great exception. For, allowing all I have said to be true, it may still be justly objected, that there is, in the commonwealth of artificial enthusiasm, some real foundation for art to work upon, in the temper and complexion of individuals, which other mortals seem to want. Observe but the gesture, the motion, and the countenance, of some choice professors, though in their most familiar actions, you will find them of a different race from the rest of human creatures. Remark your commonest pretender to a light within, how dark, and dirty, and gloomy he is without: as lanterns, which the more light they bear in their bodies, cast out so much the more soot, and smoke, and fuliginous matter, to ad-

† Herodotus.

here to the sides. Listen but to their ordinary talk, and look on the mouth that delivers it; you will imagine you are hearing some ancient oracle, and your understanding will be equally informed. Upon these, and the like reasons, certain objectors pretend to put it beyond all doubt, that there must be a sort of preternatural spirit, possessing the heads of the modern saints; and some will have it to be the heat of zeal, working upon the dregs of ignorance, as other spirits are produced from lees, by the force of fire. Some again think, that when our earthly tabernacles are disordered and desolate, shaken and out of repair, the spirit delights to dwell within them; as houses are said to be haunted, when they are forsaken and gone to decay.

To set this matter in as fair a light as possible, I shall here very briefly deduce the history of fanaticism, from the most early ages, to the present. And if we are able to fix upon any one material or fundamental point, wherein the chief professors have universally agreed, I think we may reasonably lay hold on that, and assign it for the great seed or principle of the spirit.

The most early traces we meet with of fanatics in ancient story, are among the Egyptians, who instituted those rites, known in Greece by the names of *Orgia*, *Panegyres*, and *Dionysia*; whether introduced there by Orpheus, or Melampus, we shall not dispute at present, nor in all likelihood at any time for the future.* These feasts were celebrated to the honour of Osiris, whom the Grecians called Dionysius, and is the same with Bacchus: which has betrayed some superficial readers to imagine, that the whole business was nothing more than a set of roaring, scouring companions, overcharged with wine; but this is a scandalous mistake, foisted on

* Diodorus Siculus, l. i. Plut. de Iside et Osiride.

the world by a sort of modern authors, who have too literal an understanding; and, because antiquity is to be traced backwards, do therefore, like Jews, begin their books at the wrong end, as if learning were a sort of conjuring. These are the men who pretend to understand a book by scouting through the index; as if a traveller should go about to describe a palace, when he had seen nothing but the privy; or like certain fortune-tellers in northern America, who have a way of reading a man's destiny, by peeping into his breech. For, at the time of instituting these mysteries, there was not one vine in all Egypt,* the natives drinking nothing but ale; which liquor seems to have been far more ancient than wine, and has the honour of owing its invention and progress, not only to the Egyptian Osiris,† but to the Grecian Bacchus; who, in their famous expedition, carried the receipt of it along with them, and gave it to the nations they visited or subdued. Besides, Bacchus himself was very seldom or never drunk: for, it is recorded of him, that he was the first inventer of the mitre;‡ which he wore continually on his head (as the whole company of bacchanals did) to prevent vapours and the head-ach after hard drinking. And for this reason, say some, the scarlet whore, when she makes the kings of the earth drunk with her cup of abomination, is always sober herself, though she never balks the glass in her turn, being, it seems, kept upon her legs, by the virtue of her triple mitre. Now, these feasts were instituted, in imitation of the famous expedition Osiris made through the world, and of the company that attended him, whereof the bacchanalian ceremonies were

* Herod. l. ii. † Diodorus Siculus, l. i. et iii.
‡ Id. l. iv.

so many types and symbols. From which account * it is manifest, that the fanatic rites of these bacchanals cannot be imputed to intoxications by wine, but must needs have had a deeper foundation. What this was, we may gather large hints, from certain circumstances in the course of their mysteries. For, in the first place, there was, in their processions, an entire mixture and confusion of sexes; they affected to ramble about hills and deserts: their garlands were of ivy and vine, emblems of cleaving and clinging; or of fir, the parent of turpentine. It is added, that they imitated satyrs, were attended by goats, and rode upon asses, all companions of great skill and practice in affairs of gallantry. They bore for their ensigns certain curious figures, perched upon long poles, made into the shape and size of the *virga genitalis*, with its appurtenances; which were so many shadows and emblems of the whole mystery, as well as trophies set up by the female conquerors. Lastly, in a certain town of Attica, the whole solemnity, stripped of all its types,† was performed *in pura naturalibus*, the votaries not flying in covies, but sorted into couples. The same may be farther conjectured from the death of Orpheus, one of the institutors of these mysteries, who was torn in pieces by women, because he refused to communicate his orgies to them;‡ which others explained, by telling us, he had castrated himself upon grief for the loss of his wife.

Omitting many others of less note, the next fanatics we meet with of any eminence, were the numerous sects of heretics, appearing in the five first centuries of the Christian era, from Simon Magus and his followers, to those of Eutyches. I have collected their systems from

* See the particulars in Diodorus Siculus, l. i. et iii.

† Dionysia Brauronia.

‡ Vid. Photium in Excerptis è Conone.

infinite read ng, and, comparing them with those of their successors, in the several ages since, I find there are certain bounds set even to the irregularity of human thought, and those a great deal narrower than is commonly apprehended. For, as they all frequently interfere, even in their wildest ravings; so there is one fundamental point, wherein they are sure to meet, as lines in a centre, and that is, the community of women. Great were their solicitudes in this matter, and they never failed of certain articles in their schemes of worship, on purpose to establish it.

The last fanatics of note, were those which started up in Germany, a little after the reformation of Luther; springing, as mushrooms do at the end of a harvest: such were John of Leyden, David George, Adam Neuster, and many others; whose visions and revelations always terminated in leading about half a dozen sisters apiece, and making that practice a fundamental part of their system. For, human life is a continual navigation, and, if we expect our vessels to pass with safety through the waves and tempests of this fluctuating world, it is necessary to make a good provision of the flesh, as seamen lay in store of beef for a long voyage.

Now, from this brief survey of some principal sects among the fanatics in all ages, (having omitted the Mahometans and others, who might also help to confirm the argument I am about) to which I might add several among ourselves, such as the family of love, sweet singers of Israel, and the like; and from reflecting upon that fundamental point in their doctrines about women, wherein they have so unanimously agreed; I am apt to imagine, that the seed or principle, which has ever put men upon visions in things invisible, is of a corporeal nature; for, the profounder chymists inform us, that the strongest spirits may be extracted from human flesh.

Besides, the spinal marrow being nothing else but a ex
tension of the brain, must needs create a very fa
communication, between the superior faculties, and those
below: and thus, the thorn in the flesh, serves for a spur
to the spirit. I think, it is agreed among physicians, that
exciting affects the head so much as a vertiginous humour,
repelled and chased to the upper region, found by daily
practice to run frequently up into madness. A very
eminent member of the faculty assured me, that when the
quakers first appeared, he seldom was without some fe
male patients among them for the *furor* ——— persons of
a visionary direction, either men or women, are, in their
complexion, of all others the most amorous: for, zeal,
frequently kindled from the same spark with other fires,
and, from inflaming mutually love, will proceed to rake
chase of a gallant. If we inquire into the usual process of
modern courtship, we shall find it to consist in a devout
mass of the eyes, called ogling: an artificial form of cont
ing and whining by rote, every interval, for want of other
matter, made up with a sigh, or a hum: a sigh or
groan: the style compact of insignificant words, incohe
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purely spiritual without any carnal regards at all. But I have reason to think, the sex has certain characteristics, by which they form a truer judgment of human abilities and performings, than we ourselves can possibly do of each other. Let that be as it will, thus much is certain, that, however spiritual intrigues begin, they generally conclude like all others; they may branch upward toward Heaven, but the root is in the earth. Too intense a contemplation, is not the business of flesh and blood; it must, by the necessary course of things, in a little time let go its hold, and fall into matter. Lovers for the sake of celestial converse, are but another sort of platonics, who pretend to see stars and Heaven in ladies' eyes, and to look or think no lower; but the same pit is provided for both; and they seem a perfect moral to the story of that philosopher, who, while his thoughts and eyes were fixed upon the constellations, found himself seduced by his lower parts into a ditch.

I had somewhat more to say upon this part of the subject; but the post is just going, which forces me in great haste to conclude, Sir,

Yours, &c.

Pray burn this Letter as soon as it comes to your hands.

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A

CRITICAL ESSAY

UPON THE

FACULTIES OF THE MIND.

TO ——————

SIR,

BEING so great a lover of antiquities, it was reasonable to suppose you would be very much obliged with any thing that was new. I have been of late offended with many writers of essays and moral discourses, for running into stale topics and threadbare quotations, and not handling their subject fully and closely: all which errors I have carefully avoided in the following essay, which I have proposed as a pattern for young writers to imitate. The thoughts and observations being entirely new, the quotations untouched by others, the subject of mighty importance, and treated with much order and perspicuity; it has cost me a great deal of time; and I desire you will accept and consider it as the utmost effort of my genius.

A
TRITICAL ESSAY
UPON THE
FACULTIES OF THE MIND.

'HILOSOPHERS say, that man is a microcosm, or little ld, resembling in miniature every part of the great: , in my opinion, the body natural may be compared he body politic: and if this be so, how can the epi- ean's opinion be true, that the universe was formed a fortuitous concourse of atoms: which I will no e believe, than that the accidental jumbling of the ers of the alphabet, could fall by chance into a most enious and learned treatise of philosophy. *Risum atis amici?** This false opinion must needs create y more: it is like an error in the first concoction, ch cannot be corrected in the second; the foundation eak, and whatever superstructure you raise upon it, t of necessity fall to the ground. Thus men are from one error to another, until with Ixion they em- ce a cloud instead of Juno; or like the dog in the e, lose the substance in gaping at the shadow. For opinions cannot cohere; but like the iron and clay he toes of Nebuchadnezzar's image, must separate break in pieces. I have read in a certain author, Alexander wept because he had no more worlds to quer; which he needed not have done, if the fortui- concourse of atoms could create one: but this is an

* Horace.

opinion, fitter, for that many-headed beast the vulgar, to entertain, than for so wise a man as Epicurus; the corrupt part of his sect only borrowed his name, as the monkey did the cat's claw to draw the chesnut out of the fire.

However, the first step to the cure, is to know the disease; and though truth may be difficult to find, because, as the philosopher observes, she lives in the bottom of a well, yet we need not, like blind men, grope in open daylight. I hope I may be allowed, among so many far more learned men, to offer my mite, since a stander-by may sometimes perhaps see more of the game than he that plays it. But I do not think a philosopher obliged to account for every phenomenon in nature, or drown himself with Aristotle, for not being able to solve the ebbing and flowing of the tide, in that fatal sentence he passed upon himself, *Quia te non capio, tu capies me.* Wherein he was at once the judge and the criminal, the accuser and executioner. Socrates, on the other hand, who said he knew nothing, was pronounced by the oracle to be the wisest man in the world.

But to return from this digression: I think it as clear as any demonstration of Euclid, that Nature does nothing in vain; if we were able to dive into her secret recesses, we should find that the smallest blade of grass, or most contemptible weed, has its particular use: but she is chiefly admirable in her minutest compositions, the least and most contemptible insect most discovers the art of nature, if I may so call it, though nature, which delights in variety, will always triumph over art: and as the poet observes,

" *Naturam expellas furcâ licet, usque recurret.*"*

* Horace.

But the various opinions of philosophers have scattered through the world as many plagues of the mind as Pandora's box did those of the body; only with this difference, that they have not left hope at the bottom. And if truth be not fled with Astrea, she is certainly as hidden as the source of Nile, and can be found only in Utopia. Not that I would reflect on those wise sages, which would be a sort of ingratitude; and he that calls a man ungrateful, sums up all the evil that a man can be guilty of,

Ingratum si dixeris, omnia dicis.

But, what I blame the philosophers for (though some may think it a paradox) is chiefly their pride; nothing less than an *ipse dixit*, and you must pin your faith on their sleeve. And though Diogenes lived in a tub, there might be, for aught I know, as much pride under his rags, as in the fine-spun garments of the divine Plato. It is reported of this Diogenes, that when Alexander came to see him, and promised to give him whatever he would ask, the cynic only answered, "Take not from me what thou canst not give me, but stand from between me and the light;" which was almost as extravagant as the philosopher that flung his money into the sea, with this remarkable saying———

How different was this man from the usurer, who being told his son would spend all he had got, replied, "He cannot take more pleasure in spending than I did in getting it." These men could see the faults of each other, but not their own; those they flung into the bag behind; *non videmus id manticæ quod in tergo est.* I may perhaps be censured for my free opinions by those carping Momuses whom authors worship, as the Indians do the devil, for fear. They will endeavour to give my reputation as many wounds as the man in the almanac

but I value it not; and perhaps, like flies, they may buzz so often about the candle, till they burn their wings. They must pardon me, if I venture to give them this advice, not to rail at what they cannot understand: it does but discover that self-tormenting passion of envy, than which the greatest tyrant never invented a more cruel torment:

Invidia Siculi non invenere Tyranni
Tormentum majus—*

I must be so bold to tell my critics and witlings, that they can no more judge of this, than a man that is born blind can have any true idea of colours. I have always observed, that your empty vessels sound loudest: I value their lashes as little as the sea did those of Xerxes, when he whipped it. The utmost favour a man can expect from them is, that which Polyphemus promised Ulysses, that he would devour him the last: they think to subdue a writer, as Cæsar did his enemy, with a *veni, vidi, vici*. I confess I value the opinion of the judicious few, a Rymer, a Dennis, or a W———k; but for the rest, to give my judgment at once, I think the long dispute among the philosophers about a *vacuum*, may be determined in the affirmative, that it is to be found in a critic's head. They are at best but the drones of the learned world, who devour the honey, and will not work themselves; and a writer need no more regard them, than the moon does the barking of a little senseless cur. For, in spite of their terrible roaring, you may, with half an eye, discover the ass under the lion's skin.

But to return to our discourse: Demosthenes being asked what was the first part of an orator, replied, action; what was the second, action; what was the third,

* Juvenal.

m; and so on, *ad infinitum*. This may be true in
ory; but contemplation, in other things, exceeds ac-
And therefore a wise man is never less alone than
n he is alone: *Nunquam minus solus, quam cùm*
s.

nd Archimedes, the famous mathematician, was so
nt upon his problems, that he never minded the sol-
s who came to kill him. Therefore, not to detract
the just praise which belongs to orators, they ought
onsider that nature, which gave us two eyes to see,
two ears to hear, has given us but one tongue to
k; wherein however some do so abound, that the
losi, who have been so long in search for the perpe-
motion, may infallibly find it there.

ome men admire republics, because orators flourish
e most, and are the greatest enemies of tyranny; but
opinion is, that one tyrant is better than a hundred.
des, these orators inflame the people, whose anger is
y but a short fit of madness,

*Ira furor brevis est.**.

fter which, laws are like cobwebs, which may catch
l flies, but let wasps and hornets break through. But
atory the greatest art is to hide art, *Artis est celare*
n.

ut this must be the work of time, we must lay hold
ll opportunities, and let slip no occasion; else we
be forced to weave Penelope's web, unravel in the
t what we spun in the day. And therefore I have
rved, that time is painted with a lock before, and
behind, signifying thereby, that we must take time
ve say) by the forelock, for when it is once past,
e is no recalling it.

* Horace.

The mind of man is at first (if you will pardon the expression) like a *tabula rasa*, or like wax, which, while it is soft, is capable of any impression, till time has hardened it. And at length death, that grim tyrant, stops us in the midst of our career. The greatest conquerors have at last been conquered by death, which spares none, from the sceptre to the spade: *Mors omnibus communis.*

All rivers go to the sea, but none return from it. Xerxes wept when he beheld his army, to consider that in less than a hundred years they would be all dead. Anacreon was choked with a grapestone; and violent joy kills as well as violent grief. There is nothing in this world constant but inconstancy; yet Plato thought, that if virtue would appear to the world in her own native dress, all men would be enamoured with her. But now, since interest governs the world, and men neglect the golden mean, Jupiter himself, if he came to the earth, would be despised, unless it were, as he did to Danaë, in a golden shower: for men now-a-days worship the rising sun, and not the setting:

Donec eris felix multos numerabis amicos.

Thus have I, in obedience to your commands, ventured to expose myself to censure, in this critical age. Whether I have done right to my subject, must be left to the judgment of my learned reader: however, I cannot but hope, that my attempting of it may be encouragement for some able pen, to perform it with more success.

A

MEDITATION

UPON A

BROOMSTICK.

:ORDING TO THE STYLE AND MANNER OF THE HO-
NOURABLE ROBERT BOYLE'S MEDITATIONS.

In the Posthumous Works of the author of Hudibras, 1759, vol. 1. p. 404, we find a satirical imitation of Mr. Boyle's style, under the title of "An Occasional Reflection on Dr. Carleton's feeling a Dog's Pulse at Gresham College, by R. B. Esq. to Lyndamore;" a performance in which there appeared so striking a resemblance to the present one of our author, as to induce the Editor of those volumes to imagine the Dean must have either seen or heard of this piece by his witty predecessor. But, as few writers are so little liable to the charge of plagiarism as the Dean, it may not be improper to set down what the above-mentioned Editor has offered upon the subject: "It is a great pity but Mr. Boyle's merit, which it must be owned was very great, both in his learned and moral capacity, had pleaded his excuse for any little defects in his manner of writing; but, as my Lord Orrery observes, the sword of Wit, like the scythe of Time, cuts down friend and foe, and attacks every object that accidentally lies in its way. However, in justice to the wit of our satirist, we must acknowledge that he has hit upon the weak side of Boyle's character as an Author, since his greatest admirers must confess that his style is rather too copious, diffusive, and circumstantial, and that his reasoning and reflections are sometimes too puerile and trifling. Whoever will take the pains to examine his writings with this view, will find that Butler has very archly imitated him, both in the flimsy long-winded turn of the sentences, and in the too pompous manner of moralizing upon every occasion that offers.

"It is something very singular that Dean Swift should have attempted the same thing, in the very same manner too, in his 'Meditation upon a Broomstick.' Butler and Swift were indeed geniusses pretty much of the same turn, and might possibly be led by that into the same vein of thinking and writing; but I think it more probable that Swift took the hint from having either seen or heard of this performance of our Author's. What led me into this conjecture is the certain information I have received that these manuscripts were communicated to Bishop Atterbury, whose well-known intimacy with Swift would give him opportunities of mentioning the nature and subjects of them." So far Mr. Thyer. For the further information of his reader, it is to be regretted that he did not mention the time when these manuscripts were communicated to the Bishop. Mr. Deane Swift, p. 131, says the Meditation, &c. was written in the year 1703; and it is very certain that the Dean's acquaintance with the Bishop did not commence till a much later period. See *Journal to Stella*, *Jan.* 6, 1710, 11. N.

A MEDITATION UPON A BROOMSTICK.

This single stick, which you now behold ingloriously lying in that neglected corner, I once knew in a flourishing state in a forest; it was full of sap, full of leaves, and full of boughs: but now, in vain does the busy art of man pretend to vie with nature, by tying that withered bundle of twigs to its sapless trunk; it is now, at best, but the reverse of what it was, a tree turned upside down, the branches on the earth, and the root in the air; it is now handled by every dirty wench, condemned to do her drudgery, and by a capricious kind of fate, destined to make other things clean, and be nasty itself: at length, worn to the stumps in the service of the maids, it is either thrown out of doors, or condemned to the last use, of kindling a fire. When I beheld this, I sighed, and said within myself, Surly man is a Broomstick! nature sent him into the world strong and lusty, in a thriving condition, wearing his own hair on his head, the proper branches of this reasoning vegetable, until the axe of intemperance has lopped off his green boughs, and left him a withered trunk: he then flies to art, and puts on a periwig, valuing himself upon an unnatural bundle of hairs (all covered with powder) that never grew on his head; but now, should this our broomstick pretend to enter the scene, proud of those birchen spoils it never bore, and all covered with dust, though the sweepings of the finest lady's chamber, we should be apt to ridicule and despise its vanity. Partial judges that we are of our own excellencies, and other men's defaults!

But a broomstick, perhaps you will say, is an emblem of a tree standing on its head; and pray what is man.

but a topsyturvy creature, his animal faculties perpetually mounted on his rational, his head where his heels should be, grovelling on the earth! and yet, with all his faults, he sets up to be a universal reformer and corrector of abuses, a remover of grievances, rakes into every slut's corner of nature, bringing hidden corruption to the light, and raises a mighty dust where there was none before; sharing deeply all the while in the very same pollutions he pretends to sweep away: his last days are spent in slavery to women, and generally the least deserving; till worn out to the stumps, like his brother besom, he is either kicked out of doors, or made use of to kindle flames for others to warm themselves by.

SOME

THOUGHTS ON FREETHINKING.

[WRITTEN IN ENGLAND, BUT LEFT UNFINISHED.]

ISCOURSING one day with a prelate of the king-
of Ireland, who is a person of excellent wit and learn-
he offered a notion applicable to the subject we were
upon, which I took to be altogether new and right.
aid, that the difference betwixt a madman and one
is wits, in what related to speech, consisted in this;
the former spoke out whatever came into his mind,
just in the confused manner as his imagination pre-
ed the ideas: the latter only expressed such thoughts
is judgment directed him to choose, leaving the rest
ie away in his memory; and that, if the wisest man
ld, at any time, utter his thoughts in the crude indigest-
anner as they come into his head, he would be look-
ipon as raving mad. And, indeed, when we consider
thoughts, as they are the seeds of words and actions,
annot but agree that they ought to be kept under the
test regulation; and that in the great multiplicity of
s which one's mind is apt to form, there is nothing
e difficult than to select those which are most proper
he conduct of life. So that I cannot imagine what
eant by the mighty zeal in some people for asserting
freedom of thinking; because, if such thinkers keep
r thoughts within their own breasts, they can be of no
equence, farther than to themselves. If they pub-
them to the world they ought to be answerable for
effects their thoughts produce upon others. There

are thousands in this kingdom, who, in their thoughts, prefer a republic, or absolute power of a prince, before a limited monarchy; yet, if any of these should publish their opinions, and go about, by writing or discourse, to persuade the people to innovations in government, they would be liable to the severest punishments the law can inflict; and therefore they are usually so wise as to keep their sentiments to themselves. But, with respect to religion, the matter is quite otherwise: and the public, at least here in England, seems to be of opinion with *Tiberius*, that *Deorum injuriæ diis curæ*. They leave it to God Almighty to vindicate the injuries done to himself, who is no doubt sufficiently able, by perpetual miracles, to revenge the affronts of impious men. And, it should seem, that is what princes expect from him, though I cannot readily conceive the grounds they go upon; nor why, since they are God's vicegerents, they do not think themselves, at least, equally obliged to preserve their master's honour as their own; since this is what they expect from those they depute, and since they never fail to represent the disobedience of their subjects, as offences against God. It is true, the visible reason of this neglect is obvious enough: the consequence of atheistical opinions, published to the world, are not so immediate, or so sensible, as doctrines of rebellion and sedition, spread in a proper season. However, I cannot but think the same consequences are as natural and probable from the former, though more remote: and whether these have not been in view among our great planters of infidelity in England, I shall hereafter examine.

DEDICATION*

TO THE TWO FIRST VOLUMES OF

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE'S LETTERS.

[*Published in* 1700; *soon after Sir William's decease.*]

To His most Sacred Majesty, William the Third, King of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, &c. These Letters of Sir William Temple having been left to my care, they are most humbly presented to your Majesty, by

Your Majesty's
Most dutiful
and obedient Subject,
JONATHAN SWIFT.

PREFACE.

The collection of the following letters is owing to the diligence of Mr. Thomas Downton, who was one of the secretaries during the whole time wherein they bear date; and it has succeeded very fortunately for the public, that there is contained in them an account of all the chief transactions and negotiations which passed in Christendom during the seven years wherein they are dated; as the war from Holland, which began in 1665; the treaty between his majesty and the bishop of Mun-

* Neither this Dedication, nor tenderness for the man whom once he had loaded with confidence and fondness, revived in King William the remembrance of his promise. Swift a while attended the court, but soon found his solicitations hopeless. Johnson.

ster, with the issue of it; the French invasion of Flanders in the year 1667; the peace concluded between Spain and Portugal by the king's mediation; the treaty at Breda; the triple alliance; the peace at Aix-la-Chapelle, in the first part; and in the second part, the negotiations in Holland in consequence of those alliances, with the steps and degrees by which they came to decay; the journey and death of Madam; the seizure of Lorrain, and his excellency's recalling; with the first unkindness between England and Holland, upon the yatcht's transporting his lady and family; and the beginning of the second Dutch war in 1672. With these are intermixed several letters, familiar and pleasant.

I found the book among Sir William Temple's papers, with many others, wherewith I had the opportunity of being long conversant, having passed several years in his family.

I pretend no other part than the care that Mr. Downton's book should be correctly transcribed, and the letters placed in the order they were writ. I have also made some literal amendments, especially in the Latin, French, and Spanish; these I took care should be translated and printed in another column, for the use of such readers as may be unacquainted with the originals. Whatever fault there may be in the translation, I doubt I must answer for the greater part, and must leave the rest to those friends who were pleased to assist me. I speak only of the French and Latin; for the few Spanish translations I believe need no apology.

It is generally believed that this author has advanced our English tongue to as great a perfection as it can well bear; and yet how great a master he was of it, as I think never appeared so much as it will in the following letters, wherein the style appears so very different, according to the difference of the persons to whom they were address-

ed; either men of business or idle, of pleasure or* serious, of great or of less parts or abilities, in their several stations; so that one may discover the characters of most of those persons he writes to, from the style of his letters.

At the end of each volume, is added a collection, copied by the same hand, of several letters to this ambassador, from the chief persons employed either at home or abroad, in these transactions, and during six years course of his negotiations; among which are many from the pensionary John de Witt, and all the writings of this kind that I know of, which remain of that minister, so renowned in his time.

It has been justly complained of as a defect among us, that the English tongue has produced no letters of any value; to supply which it has been the vein of late years, to translate several out of other languages, though I think with little success; yet, among many advantages, which might recommend this sort of writing, it is certain that nothing is so capable of giving a true account of stories, as letters are; which describe actions while they are breathing, whereas all other relations are of actions past and dead; so as it has been observed, that the epistles of Cicero to Atticus give a better account of those times, than is to be found in any other writer.

In the following letters the reader will every where discover the force and spirit of this author; but that which will most value them to the public, both at home and abroad, is, first, that the matters contained in them

* This mode of phraseology is ungrammatical; it should be—"either to men of business, or *the* idle; to *the* serious, or men of pleasure." S.

were the ground and foundation whereon all the wars and invasions, as well as all the negotiations and treaties of peace in Christendom, have since been raised. And next, that they are written by a person who had so great a share in all those transactions and negotiations.

By residing in his family, I know the author has had frequent instances from several great persons, both at home and abroad, to publish some Memoirs of those affairs and transactions, which are the subject of the following papers; and particularly of the treaties of the triple alliance, and those of Aix-la-Chapelle; but his usual answer was, that whatever memoirs he had written of those times and negotiations were burnt; however, that perhaps after his death some papers might come out wherein there would be some account of them. By which, as he has often told me, he meant these letters.

I had begun to fit them for the press during the author's life, but never could prevail for leave to publish them: though he was pleased to be at the pains of reviewing, and to give me his directions for digesting them in order. It has since pleased God to take this great and good person to himself; and he having done me the honour to leave and recommend to me the care of his writings, I thought I could not at present do a greater service to my country, or to the author's memory, than by making these papers public.

By way of introduction, I need only take notice, that after the peace of the Pyrenees, and his majesty's happy restoration in 1660, there was a general peace in Christendom (except only the remainder of a war between Spain and Portugal) until the year 1665; when that between England and Holland began, which produced a treaty between his majesty and the bishop of Munster. And this commences the following letters.

PREFACE

TO THE THIRD PART

OF

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE's

MISCELLANEA, 1701.*

THE two following Essays, "Of Popular Discontents," and "Of Health and Long Life," were written many years before the author's death. They were revised and corrected by himself; and were designed to have been part of a Third Miscellanea, to which some others were to have been added, if the latter part of his life had been attended with any sufficient degree of health.

For the third paper, relating to the controversy about "Ancient and Modern Learning," I cannot well inform the reader upon what occasion it was writ, having been at that time in another kingdom; but it appears never to have been finished by the author.†

* Our author was at that time M. A. and prebendary of St. Patrick's, Dublin. N.

† It seems very improbable that Dr. Swift should be altogether ignorant of the famous dispute about "Ancient and Modern Learning." If he had not made this public declaration, he would highly, and with justice, have resented the being taxed by any other with being ignorant of a passage which made so great a noise in the commonwealth of learning. At this time, however, the doctor (being generally suspected of being the author of "The Tale of a Tub," which came abroad some time before, and which he did not think fit to own) might fancy that, by his disclaiming the knowledge of the occasion on which Sir William wrote the above Essay, he should weaken the suspicion of his having written "The Tale of a Tub," which last is a subsidiary defence of Sir William Temple. D. S.

The two next papers contain the heads of two Essays intended to have been written upon the "Different Conditions of Life and Fortune," and upon "Conversation." I have directed they should be printed among the rest, because I believe there are few who will not be content to see even the first draught of any thing from this author's hand.

At the end I have added a few translations from Virgil, Horace, and Tibullus, or rather imitations, done by the author above thirty years ago; whereof the first was printed, among other eclogues of Virgil, in the year 1679, but without any mention of the author. They were indeed not intended to have been made public, till I was informed of several copies that were got abroad, and those very imperfect and corrupt. Therefore the reader finds them here, only to prevent him from finding them in other places very faulty, and perhaps accompanied with many spurious additions.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

was followed by his retirement from all public bu
are the last he ever intended for the press; having
selected by himself from great numbers yet lying a
his papers.

If I could have been prevailed with by the rh
of booksellers, or any other little regards, I might e
instead of retrenching, have made very considerable
tions: and by that means have perhaps taken the
course to prevent the interloping of others. But, i
press must needs be loaded, I would rather it shoul
be by my means. And therefore I may hope to l
lowed one word in the style of a publisher (an offic
ble to much censure without the least pretensions t
rit or to praise) that if I have not been much dec
in others and myself, the reader will hardly find on
ter in this collection unworthy of the author, or w
does not contain something either of entertainment
use.

PREFACE

TO

THE THIRD PART

OF

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE'S MEMOIRS;

FROM THE PEACE, CONCLUDED 1679, TO THE TIME OF THE AUTHOR'S RETIREMENT FROM PUBLIC BUSINESS.

(First published in 1709.)

"*Et ille quidem plenus annis obiit, plenus honoribus, his etiam quos recusavit.*"

PLIN. Epist. ii. 1.

IT was perfectly in compliance to some persons for whose opinion I have great deference,* that I so long withheld the publication of the following papers. They seemed to think, that the freedom of some passages in these memoirs might give offence to several who were still alive; and whose part in those affairs which are here related, could not be transmitted to posterity with any advantage to their reputation. But whether this

* One of these was undoubtedly the Lady Gifford, Sir William's sister; who took this publication so ill at Dr. Swift's hands, that she published an advertisement against it.—In the preface to the second part of Sir William's Letters (printed in 1703) it appears those were the last papers *of any kind* about which Dr. Swift had Sir William's particular commands; it is therefore not to be wondered, that Lady Gifford should dislike this *third part* being published without her consent. This lady died in 1722, at the age of 84. She was companion to Sir William in all his foreign embassies. N.

objection be in itself of much weight, may perhaps be disputed; at least it should have little with me, who am under no restraint in that particular; since I am not of an age to remember those transactions, nor had any acquaintance with those persons whose counsels or proceedings are condemned, and who are all of them now dead.

But, as this author is very free in exposing the weakness and corruptions of ill ministers, so he is as ready to commend the abilities and virtue of others, as may be observed from several passages of these memoirs; particularly, of the late Earl of Sunderland, with whom the author continued in the most intimate friendship to his death; and who was father of that most learned and excellent lord now secretary of state: as likewise, of the present Earl of Rochester; and the Earl of Godolphin, now lord treasurer, represented by this impartial author as a person at that time deservedly intrusted with so great a part in the prime ministry; an office he now executes again with such universal applause, so much to the queen's honour and his own, and to the advantage of his country, as well as of the whole confederacy.

There are two objections I have sometimes heard to have been offered against those memoirs that were printed in the author's life-time, and which these now published may perhaps be equally liable to. First, as to the matter; that the author speaks too much of himself: next, as to the style; that he affects the use of French words, as well as some turns of expression peculiar to that language.

I believe those who make the former criticism do not well consider the nature of memoirs: it is to the French (if I mistake not) we chiefly owe that manner of writing; and Sir Willim Temple is not only the first, but I think the only Englishman (at least of any consequence) who

resolution never to meddle again with public affairs." As to the objection against the style of the former Memoirs, that it abounds in French words and turns of expression; it is to be considered, that at the treaty of Nimeguen, all business, either by writing or discourse, passed in the French tongue; and the author having lived so many years abroad, in that and former embassies, where all business, as well as conversation, ran in that language. it was hardly possible for him to write upon public affairs without some tincture of it in his style, though in his other writings there be little or nothing of it to be observed; and as he has often assured me, it was a thing he never affected; so, upon the objections made to his former Memoirs, he blotted out some French words in these, and placed English in their stead, though perhaps not so significant.

There is one thing proper to inform the reader why these Memoirs are called the Third Part, there having never been published but one part before, where, in the beginning, the author mentions a former part, and in the conclusion promises a third. The subject of the first part was chiefly the triple alliance, during the negotiation of which my Lord Arlington was secretary of state and chief minister. Sir William Temple often assured me, he had burnt those Memoirs; and for that reason was content his letters, during his embassies at The Hague and Aix-la-Chapelle, should be printed after his death, in some manner to supply that loss.

What it was that moved Sir William Temple to burn those first Memoirs, may perhaps be conjectured from some passages in the second part, formerly printed: In one place, the author has these words, "My Lord Arlington, who made so great a figure in the former part of these Memoirs, was now grown out of all credit," &c. In other parts, he tells us, "That lord was of the minis-

try which broke the triple league; advised the Dutch war and French alliance; and, in short, was the bottom of all those ruinous measures which the court of England was then taking;" so that, as I have been told from a good hand, and as it seems very probable, he could not think that lord a person fit to be celebrated for his part in forwarding that famous league while he was secretary of state, who had made such counterpaces to destroy it. At the end I have subjoined an Appendix, containing, beside one or two other particulars, a speech of Sir William Temple's in the house of commons; and an answer of the king's to an address of that house relating to the bill of exclusion; both which are mentioned in these memoirs.

I have only farther to inform the reader, that although these papers were corrected by the author, yet he had once intended to insert some additions in several places, as appeared by certain hints or memorandums in the margin; but whether they were omitted out of forgetfulness, neglect, or want of health, I cannot determine; one passage relating to Sir William Jones he was pleased to tell me, and I have added it in the Appendix.* The rest I know nothing of; but the thread of the story is entire without them.

* Sir William Jones was reputed one of the best speakers in the House, and was very zealous in his endeavours for promoting the bill of exclusion [in 1679]. He was a person of great piety and virtue; and, having taken an affection to Sir William Temple, was sorry to see him employed in the delivery of so unacceptable a message to the House. The substance of what he said to the author upon it was, that, "for himself, he was old and infirm, and expected to die soon: but you," said he, "will, in all probability, live to see the whole kingdom lament the consequences of this message you have now brought us from the king." SWIFT, Appendix to Temple's Memoirs, 8vo. vol. II. p. 565. N.

THE

SENTIMENTS

OF A

CHURCH OF ENGLAND MAN,

WITH RESPECT TO

RELIGION AND GOVERNMENT.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1708.

Dr. Swift wrote this treatise in the quality of a moderator between the two parties that then divided the nation, because he could not possibly think so well or ill of either party, as they would endeavour to persuade the world of each other, and of themselves. For instance, he did "not charge it upon the body of the whigs or the tories, that their several principles led them to introduce presbytery, and the religion of the church of *Rome*, or a commonwealth and arbitrary power." As for himself, he says, "I believe I am no bigot in religion; and I am sure I am none in government. I converse in full freedom with many considerable men of both parties; and if not in equal number, it is purely accidental and personal, as happening to be near the court, and to have made acquaintance there more under one ministry than another."—This appears to be an apology for the tories, and a justification of them against the misrepresentations of the whigs, who were then in the ministry, and used every artifice to perpetuate their power. Mr. Harley, afterwards Lord Oxford, had, by the influence of the Duke of Marlborough and lord-treasurer Godolphin, been lately removed from his post of principal secretary of state; and Mr. St. John, afterwards Lord Bolingbroke, resigned his place of secretary at war, and Sir Simon Harcourt that of attorney general. H.

This tract is written with great coolness, moderation, ease, and perspicuity. JOHNSON.

THE

SENTIMENTS

OF A

CHURCH OF ENGLAND MAN, &c.

WHOEVER has examined the conduct and proceedings of both parties, for some years past, whether in or out of power, cannot well conceive it possible to go far toward the extremes of either, without offering some violence to his integrity or understanding. A wise and a good man may, indeed, be sometimes induced to comply with a number, whose opinion he generally approves, though it be perhaps against his own. But this liberty should be made use of upon very few occasions, and those of small importance, and then only with a view of bringing over his own side, another time, to something of greater and more public moment. But to sacrifice the innocency of a friend, the good of our country, or our own conscience, to the humour, or passion, or interest of a party, plainly shows, that either our heads or our hearts are not as they should be: yet this very practice is the fundadamental law of each faction among us, as may be obvious to any, who will impartially, and without engagement, be at the pains to examine their actions, which however is not so easy a task: for it seems a principle in human nature, to incline one way more than another, even in matters where we are wholly unconcerned. And it is a common observation, that in reading a history

of facts done a thousand years ago, or standing by at play, among those who are perfect strangers to us, we are apt to find our hopes and wishes engaged on a sudden in favour of one side more than another. No wonder then that we are all so ready to interest ourselves in the course of public affairs, where the most inconsiderable have some real share, and by the wonderful importance which every man is of to himself, a very great imaginary one.

And, indeed, when the two parties that divide the whole commonwealth, come once to a rupture, without any hopes left of forming a third, with better principles, to balance the others, it seems every man's duty to choose one of the two sides, though he cannot entirely approve of either; and all pretences to neutrality are justly exploded by both, being too stale and obvious, only intending the safety and ease of a few individuals, while the public is embroiled. This was the opinion and practice of the latter Cato,* whom I esteem to have been the wisest and best of all the Romans. But before things proceed to open violence, the truest service a private man may hope to do his country, is, by unbiassing his mind as much as possible, and then endeavouring to moderate between the rival powers; which must needs be owned a fair proceeding with the world, because it is, of all others, the least consistent with the common design of making a fortune, by the merits of an opinion.

I have gone as far as I am able in qualifying myself to be such a moderator: I believe I am no bigot in religion, and I am sure I am none in government. I converse in full freedom with many considerable men of both parties; and if not in equal number, it is purely accidental and personal, as happening to be near the

* One of the sextumvirate in Gulliver, Part III. chap. vii. H.

court, and to have made acquaintance there, more under one ministry than another. Then, I am not under the necessity of declaring myself by the prospect of an employment. And lastly, if all this be not sufficient, I industriously conceal my name, which wholly exempts me from any hopes and fears in delivering my opinion.

In consequence of this free use of my reason, I cannot possibly think so well or so ill of either party, as they would endeavour to persuade the world of each other, and of themselves. For instance; I do not charge it upon the body of the whigs or the tories, that their several principles led them to introduce presbytery, and the religion of the church of Rome; or a commonwealth, and arbitrary power. For why should any party be accused of a principle, which they solemnly disown and protest against? But, to this they have a mutual answer ready: they both assure us, that their adversaries are not to be believed; that they disown their principles out of fear, which are manifest enough, when we examine their practices. To prove this, they will produce instances, on one side, either of avowed presbyterians, or persons of libertine and atheistical tenets; and on the other, of professed papists, or such as are openly in the interest of the abdicated family. Now, it is very natural for all subordinate sects and denominations in a state, to side with some general party, and to choose that, which they find to agree with themselves in some general principle. Thus, at the restoration, the presbyterians, anabaptists, independents, and other sects did all, with very good reason, unite and solder up their several schemes, to join against the church; who, without regard to their distinctions, treated them all as equal adversaries. Thus, our present dissenters do very naturally close in with the whigs, who profess moderation, declare they abhor all thoughts of persecution;

and think it hard that those, who differ only in a few ceremonies and speculations, should be denied the privilege and profit of serving their country, in the highest employments of state. Thus, the atheists, libertines, despisers of religion and revelation in general, that is to say, all those who usually pass under the name of freethinkers, do properly join with the same body; because they likewise preach up moderation, and are not so over nice to distinguish between an unlimited liberty of conscience and an unlimited freedom of opinion. Then, on the other side, the professed firmness of the tories for episcopacy, as an apostolical institution; their aversion to those sects, who lie under the reproach of having once destroyed their constitution, and who, they imagine, by too indiscreet a zeal for reformation, have defaced the primitive model of the church; next, their veneration for monarchical government in the common course of succession, and their hatred to republican schemes: these, I say, are principles which not only the nonjuring zealots profess, but even papists themselves fall readily in with. And every extreme here mentioned, flings a general scandal upon the whole body it pretends to adhere to.

But surely no man whatsoever ought, in justice or good manners, to be charged with principles he actually disowns, unless his practices do openly and without the least room for doubt, contradict his profession; not upon small surmises, or because he has the misfortune to have ill men sometimes agree with him in a few general sentiments. However, though the extremes of whig and tory seem, with little justice, to have drawn religion into their controversies, wherein they have small concern, yet they both have borrowed one leading principle from the abuse of it; which is, to have built their several systems of political faith, not upon inquiries after truth, but

upon opposition to each other, upon injurious appellations, charging their adversaries with horrid opinions, and then reproaching them for the want of charity; *et neuter falso.*

In order to remove these prejudices, I have thought nothing could be more effectual, than to describe the sentiments of a Church of England man, with respect to religion and government. This I shall endeavour to do in such a manner, as may not be liable to the least objection from either party, and which I am confident would be assented to by great numbers in both, if they were not misled to those mutual misrepresentations, by such motives, as they would be ashamed to own.

I shall begin with religion.

And here, though it makes an odd sound, yet it is necessary to say, that whoever professes himself a member of the Church of England, ought to believe a God, and his providence, together with revealed religion, and the divinity of Christ. For beside those many thousands who (to speak in the phrase of divines) do practically deny all this by the immorality of their lives, there is no small number, who in their conversation and writings directly, or by consequence, endeavour to overthrow it; yet all these place themselves in the list of the national church, though at the same time (as it is highly reasonable) they are great sticklers for liberty of conscience.

To enter upon particulars; a Church of England man has a true veneration for the scheme established among us of ecclesiastic government; and though he will not determine whether episcopacy be of divine right, he is sure it is most agreeable to primitive institution, fittest of all others for preserving order and purity, and under its present regulations best calculated for our civil state: he should therefore think the abolishment of that order among us, would prove a mighty scandal and cor-

ruption to our faith, and manifestly dangerous to our monarchy; nay, he would defend it by arms against all the powers on earth, except our own legislature; in which case he would submit, as to a general calamity, a dearth, or a pestilence.

As to rites and ceremonies, and forms of prayer; he allows there might be some useful alterations, and more, which in the prospect of uniting christians might be very supportable, as things declared in their own nature indifferent; to* which he therefore would readily comply, if the clergy, or (though this be not so fair a method) if the legislature should direct: yet, at the same time, he cannot altogether blame the former, for their unwillingness to consent to any alteration; which, beside the trouble, and perhaps disgrace, would certainly never produce the good effects intended by it. The only condition, that could make it prudent and just for the clergy to comply in altering the ceremonial, or any other indifferent part, would be a firm resolution in the legislature to interpose, by some strict and effectual laws, to prevent the rising and spreading of new sects, how plausible soever, for the future; else there must never be an end: and it would be to act like a man, who should pull down and change the ornaments of his house, in compliance to every one who was disposed to find fault as he passed by; which, beside the perpetual trouble and expense, would very much damage, and perhaps in time destroy the building. Sects in a state seem only tolerated with any reason, because they are already spread; and because it would not be agreeable with† so mild a government, or so pure a religion as ours, to use violent methods against great numbers of mistaken people, while

* To comply 'to,' is not English; it should be to comply with. S.

† It should be agreeable 'to,' not agreeable 'with;' though we say agree with. S..

they do not manifestly endanger the constitution of either. But the greatest advocates for general liberty of conscience will allow that they ought to be checked in their beginnings, if they will allow them to be an evil at all; or which is the same thing, if they will only grant, it were better for the peace of the state, that there should be none. But while the clergy consider the natural temper of mankind in general, or of our own country in particular, what assurances can they have, that any compliances they shall make, will remove the evil of dissention, while the liberty still continues of professing whatever new opinion we please? Or how can it be imagined, that the body of dissenting teachers, who must be all undone by such a revolution, will not cast about for some new objections to withhold their flocks, and draw in fresh proselytes, by some farther innovations or refinements.

Upon these reasons, he is for tolerating such different forms in religious worship as are already admitted, but by no means for leaving it in the power of those who are tolerated, to advance their own models, upon the ruin of what is already established; which it is natural for all sects to desire, and which they cannot be justified by any consistent principles if they do not endeavour; and yet, which they cannot succeed in, without the utmost danger to the public peace.

To prevent these inconveniences, he thinks it highly just, that all rewards of trust, profit, or dignity, which the state leaves in the disposal of the administration, should be given only to those, whose principles direct them to preserve the constitution in all its parts. In the late affair of occasional conformity, the general argument of those who were against it, was, not to deny it an evil in itself, but that the remedy proposed was violent, untimely, and improper; which is the bishop of Salis-

bury's* opinion in the speech he made and published against the bill: but however just their fears or complaints might have been upon that score, he thinks it a little too gross and precipitate to employ their writers already in arguments for repealing the sacramental test, upon no wiser maxim, than that no man should, on the account of conscience, be deprived of the liberty of serving his country; a topic which may be equally applied to admit papists, atheists, mahometans, heathens, and jews. If the church wants members of its own to employ in the service of the public, or be so unhappily contrived, as to exclude from its communion such persons, who are likeliest to have great abilities, it is time it should be altered, and reduced into some more perfect, or at least more popular form; but in the mean while, it is not altogether improbable, that when those, who dislike the constitution, are so very zealous in their offers for the service of their country, they are not wholly unmindful of their party, or of themselves.

The Dutch, whose practice is so often quoted to prove and celebrate the great advantages of a general liberty of conscience, have yet a national religion professed by all who bear office among them: but why should they be a precedent for us either in religion or government? our country differs from theirs, as well in situation, soil, and productions of nature, as in the genius and complexion of inhabitants. They are a commonwealth founded on a sudden, by a desperate attempt in a desperate condition, not formed or digested into a regular system by mature thought and reason, but huddled up under the pressure of sudden exigencies; calculated for no long duration, and hitherto subsisting by accident, in the midst of contending powers, who cannot yet agree

* Dr. Gilbert Burnet. H.

about sharing it among them. These difficulties do indeed preserve them from any great corruptions, which their crazy constitution would extremely subject them to in a long peace. That confluence of people, in a persecuting age, to a place of refuge nearest at hand, put them upon the necessity of trade, to which they wisely gave all ease and encouragement: and if we could think fit to imitate them in this last particular, there would need no more to invite foreigners among us; who seem to think no farther than how to secure their property and conscience, without projecting any share in that government which gives them protection, or calling it persecution, if it be denied them. But, I speak it for the honour of our administration, although our sects are not so numerous as those in Holland, which I presume is not our fault, and I hope is not our misfortune, we must excel them, and all Christendom besides, in our indulgence to tender consciences.* One single compliance with the national form of receiving the sacrament, is all we require to qualify any sectary among us for the greatest employments in the state, after which he is at liberty to rejoin his own assemblies for the rest of his life. Besides, I will suppose any of the numerous sects in Holland to have so far prevailed, as to have raised a civil war, destroyed their government and religion, and put their administrators to death; after which, I will suppose the people to have recovered all again, and to have settled on their old foundation. Then I would put a query, whether that sect, which was the unhappy instrument of all this confusion, could reasonably expect to be intrusted for the future with the greatest

* When this was written, there was no law against occasional conformity. H.

employments, or indeed to be hardly tolerated among them?

To go on with the sentiments of a Church of England man: he does not see how that mighty passion for the church, which some men pretend, can well consist with those indignities, and that contempt, they bestow on the persons of the clergy. It is a strange mark whereby to distinguish high church men, that they are such who imagine the clergy can never be too low. He thinks the maxim these gentlemen are so fond of, that they are for an humble clergy, is a very good one: and so is he, and for an humble laity too, since humility is a virtue, that perhaps equally befits, and adorns, every station of life.

But then, if the scribblers on the other side freely speak the sentiments of their party, a divine of the Church of England cannot look for much better quarter thence. You shall observe nothing more frequent in their weekly papers, than a way of affecting to confound the terms of clergy and high church, of applying both indifferently, and then loading the latter with all the calumny they can invent. They will tell you, they honour a clergyman; but talk at the same time, as if there were not three in the kingdom who could fall in with their definition. After the like manner they insult the universities, as poisoned fountains, and corrupters of youth.

Now, it seems clear to me, that the whigs might easily have procured, and maintained a majority among the clergy, and perhaps in the universities, if they had not too much encouraged or connived at this intemperance of speech and virulence of pen, in the worst and most prostitute of their party; among whom there has been, for some years past, such a perpetual clamour against the ambition, the implacable temper, and the covetousness of the priesthood; such a cant of high church, and

persecution, and being priestridden, so many reproaches about narrow principles, or terms of communion; then such scandalous reflections on the universities, for infecting the youth of the nation with arbitrary and jacobite principles, that it was natural for those, who had the care of religion and education, to apprehend some general design of altering the constitution of both. And all this was the more extraordinary, because it could not easily be forgot, that whatever opposition was made to the usurpations of King James, proceeded altogether from the church of England, and chiefly from the clergy, and one of the universities. For, if it were of any use to recal matters of fact, what is more notorious, than that prince's applying himself first to the church of England? and upon their refusal to fall in with his measures, making the like advances to the dissenters of all kinds, who readily and almost universally complied with him, affecting, in their numerous addresses and pamphlets, the style of our brethren the Roman catholics; whose interests they put on the same foot with their own: and some of Cromwell's officers took posts in the army raised against the prince of Orange. These proceedings of theirs they can only extenuate, by urging the provocations they had met from the church in King Charles's reign; which, though perhaps excusable upon the score of human infirmity, are not, by any means, a plea of merit equal to the constancy and sufferings of the bishops and clergy, or of the heads and fellows of Magdalen college, that furnished the prince of Orange's declaration with such powerful arguments, to justify and promote the revolution.

Therefore, a Church of England man abhors the humour of the age, in delighting to fling scandals upon the clergy in general; which, beside the disgrace to the reformation, and to religion itself, cast an ignominy upon

the kingdom that it does not deserve. We have no bet ter materials to compound the priesthood of, than th mass of mankind, which, corrupted as it is, those wh receive orders must have some vices to leave behin them when they enter into the church; and if a few d still adhere, it is no wonder, but rather a great one, tha they are no worse. Therefore he cannot think ambitio or love of power, more justly laid to their charge, tha to other men's; because that would be to make religio itself, or at least the best constitution of church-govern ment, answerable for the errors and depravity of huma nature.

Within these last two hundred years, all sorts of ten poral power have been wrested from the clergy, an much of their ecclesiastic, the reason or justice of whic proceeding I shall not examine; but that the remedi were a little too violent, with respect to their posse sions, the legislature has lately confessed by the remi sion of their first fruits. Neither do the common libe lers deny this, who, in their invectives, only tax th church with an insatiable desire of power and wealt (equally common to all bodies of men, as well as indiv duals) but thank God, that the laws have deprived the of both. However, it is worth observing the justice parties; the sects among us are apt to complain, an think it hard usage to be reproached now after fift years, for overturning the state, for the murder of king, and the indignity of a usurpation; yet these ver men, and their partisans, are continually reproaching th clergy, and laying to their charge, the pride, the av rice, the luxury, the ignorance, and superstition of p pish times, for a thousand years past.

He thinks it a scandal to government, that such a unlimited liberty should be allowed, of publishing bool against those doctrines in religion, wherein all christia

ave agreed; much more, to connive at such tracts as eject all revelation, and, by their consequences, often eny the very being of a God. Surely it is not a sufficient atonement for the writers, that they profess much oyalty to the present government, and sprinkle up and own some arguments in favour of the dissenters; that hey dispute, as strenuously as they can, for liberty of onscience, and inveigh largely against all ecclesiastics nder the name of high church; and, in short, under the helter of some popular principles in politics and religion, undermine the foundations of all piety and virtue.

As he does not reckon every schism of that damnable ature which some would represent, so he is very far rom closing with the new opinion of those who would nake it no crime at all; and argue at a wild rate, that God Almighty is delighted with the variety of faith and worship, as he is with the varieties of nature. To such bsurdities are men carried by the affectation of freehinking, and removing the prejudices of education; nder which head, they have for some time begun to list norality and religion. It is certain that before the rebellion in 1642, though the number of puritans (as they were then called) were as great as it is with us, and hough they affected to follow pastors of that denomination, yet those pastors had episcopal ordination, possessed preferments in the church, and were sometimes promoted o bishoprics themselves. But a breach in the general orm of worship was, in those days, reckoned so dangerous and sinful in itself, and so offensive to Roman cathoics at home and abroad, that it was too unpopular to be attempted; neither, I believe, was the expedient then ound out, of maintaining separate pastors out of private ourses.

When a schism is once spread in a nation, there grows at length a dispute, which are the schismatics. Without

entering on the arguments used by both sides amo
to fix the guilt on each other, it is certain, that i
sense of the law, the schism lies on that side, which
ses itself to the religion of the state. I leave it amon
divines to dilate upon the danger of schism, as a s
ual evil; but I would consider it only as a temporal
And I think it clear, that any great separation fro
established worship, though to a new one that is
pure and perfect, may be an occasion of endangerin
public peace; because it will compose a body alws
reserve, prepared to follow any discontented head
on the plausible pretexts of advancing true religio
opposing error, superstition, or idolatry. For this r
Plato lays it down as a maxim, that men ought to w
the gods according to the laws of the country; a
introduces Socrates, in his last discourse, utterly di
ing the crime laid to his charge, of teaching new d
ties or methods of worship. Thus, the poor Hu
of France were engaged in a civil war, by the sp
pretences of some, who, under the guise of religion,
ficed so many thousand lives to their own ambitio
revenge. Thus, was the whole body of puritans in
land drawn to be instruments, or abettors of all m
of villany, by the artifices of a few men, whose de
from the first, were levelled to destroy the consti
both of religion and government.* And thus, e
Holland itself, where it is pretended that the vari
sects live so amicably together, and in such perfect
ence to the magistrate, it is notorious how a turl
party, joining with the arminians, did, in the mem
our fathers, attempt to destroy the liberty of that
lic. So that upon the whole, where sects are tol
in a state, it is fit they should enjoy a full liberty o

* See Lord Clarendon's History. *Original.*

science, and every other privilege of freeborn subjects, to which no power is annexed. And to preserve their obedience upon all emergencies, a government cannot give them too much ease, nor trust them with too little power.

The clergy are usually charged with a persecuting spirit, which they are said to discover by an implacable hatred to all dissenters: and this appears to be more unreasonable, because they suffer less in their interests by a toleration, than any of the conforming laity: for while the church remains in its present form, no dissenter can possibly have any share in its dignities, revenues, or power; whereas, by once receiving the sacrament, he is rendered capable of the highest employments in the state. And it is very possible, that a narrow education, together with a mixture of human infirmity, may help to beget among some of the clergy in possession, such an aversion and contempt for all innovators, as physicians are apt to have for empirics, or lawyers for pettifoggers, or merchants for pedlars; but since the number of sectaries does not concern the clergy, either in point of interest or conscience (it being an evil not in their power to remedy) it is more fair and reasonable to suppose, their dislike proceeds from the dangers they apprehend to the peace of the commonwealth, in the ruin whereof they must expect to be the first and greatest sufferers.

To conclude this section, it must be observed, that there is a very good word, which has of late suffered much by both parties, I mean moderation; which, the one side very justly disowns, and the other, as unjustly pretends to. Beside what passes every day in conversation, any man who reads the papers published by Mr. Leslie,* and others of his stamp, must needs conclude,

* Dr. Charles Leslie, a famous Nonjuring Divine, second son of John Leslie, bishop of Clogher. At the revolution, he was chancellor

that if this author could make the nation see his a
saries, under the colours he paints them in, we hav
thing else to do, but rise as one man, and destroy
wretches from the face of the earth. On the other
how shall we excuse the advocates for modera
among whom, I could appeal to a hundred papers o
versal approbation, by the cause they were writ
which lay such principles to the whole body of th
ries, as, if they were true, and believed, our next bus
should in prudence be, to erect gibbets in every pa
and hang them out of the way. But I suppose it is
sumed, the common people understand raillery, c
least rhetoric, and will not take hyperboles in too li
a sense; which however, in some junctures, might p
a desperate experiment. And this is moderation i
modern sense of the word, to which, speaking impa
ly, the bigots of both parties are equally entitled.

of the cathedral of Connor; and left that and his other ecclesia
preferments, to follow King James's fortunes, and after his dea
son's, and made several visits to the courts of St. Germain and
Duc; which, with his writings, having rendered him obnoxi
the government, in the year 1713, he found himself under a nec
of leaving the kingdom, and retiring to the pretender's court;
he was allowed to officiate in a private chapel, after the man
the Church of England. He went with the chevalier into Italy
about a year before his death returned to England; where, h
prepared for the press a collection of his Theological works (of
a large impression was printed, in two volumes, folio, 1721) he
into the North of Ireland, his native country; and died, soon
his arrival, April 13, 1722. He defended the bishop of Exeter a
Mr. Hoadly, in "The best Answer that ever was made," &c
was author of "The Rehearsals," and many other political trac

SECT. II.

THE SENTIMENTS OF A CHURCH OF ENGLAND MAN, WITH RESPECT TO GOVERNMENT.

We look upon it as a very just reproach, though we annot agree where to fix it, that there should be so much violence and hatred in religious matters, among men who agree in all fundamentals, and only differ in some ceremonies, or, at most, mere speculative points. Yet, is not this frequently the case between contending parties in a state? for instance; do not the generality of whigs and tories among us, profess to agree in the same fundamentals, their loyalty to the queen, their abjuration of the pretender, the settlement of the crown in the protestant line, and a revolution principle? their affection to the church established, with toleration of dissenters? nay, sometimes they go farther, and pass over into each other's principles; the whigs become great asserters of the prerogative, and the tories of the people's liberty; these, crying down almost the whole set of bishops, and those, defending them; so that the differences fairly stated, would be much of a sort with those in religion among us, and amount to little more than who should take place, or go in and out first, or kiss the queen's hand; and what are these but a few court ceremonies? or who should be in the ministry: and what is that to the body of the nation, but a mere speculative point? yet I think it must be allowed, that no religious sects ever carried their mutual aversions to greater heights, than our state-parties have done; who, the more to inflame their passions, have mixed religious and civil animosities together; borrowing one of their appellations from the church, with the addition of high and low, how little soever their disputes relate to the term, as it is generally understood.

I now proceed to deliver the sentiments of a Chur England man, with respect to government.

He does not think the church of England so narr calculated, that it cannot fall in with any regular sp of government nor does he think any one regular sp of government more acceptable to God than anot The three generally received in the schools, have a them their several perfections, and are subject to t several depravations. However, few states are ru by any defect in their institution, but generally by corruption of manners; against which, the best institu is no longer a security, and without which, a very ill may subsist and flourish; whereof there are two preg instances now in Europe. The first is, the aristoc of Venice, which, founded upon the wisest maxims, digested by a great length of time, has in our age, ad ted so many abuses through the degeneracy of the nol that the period of its duration seems to approach. ' other is, the united republics of the states-general, wl a vein of temperance, industry, parsimony, and a pu spirit, running through the whole body of the people, preserved an infant commonwealth, of an untimely b and sickly constitution, for above a hundred ye through so many dangers and difficulties as a much n healthy one could never have struggled against, with those advantages.

Where security of person and property are preser by laws which none but the whole can repeal, there great ends of government are provided for, whether administration be in the hands of one, or of ma Where any one person, or body of men, who do not present the whole, seize into their hands the power in last resort, there is properly no longer a governm but what Aristotle and his followers call the abuse corruption of one. This distinction excludes arbitr

power, in whatever numbers; which, notwithstanding all that Hobbes, Filmer, and others have said to its advantage, I look upon as a greater evil than anarchy itself, as much as a savage is in a happier state of life, than a slave at the oar.

It is reckoned ill-manners, as well as unreasonable, for men to quarrel upon difference in opinion; because that is usually supposed to be a thing, which no man can help in himself; but this I do not conceive to be a universal infallible maxim, except in those cases, where the question is pretty equally disputed among the learned and the wise: where it is otherwise, a man of tolerable reason, some experience, and willing to be instructed, may apprehend he is got into a wrong opinion, though the whole course of his mind and inclination would persuade him to believe it true; he may be convinced that he is in an error, though he does not see where it lies, by the bad effects of it in the common conduct of his life, and by observing those persons, for whose wisdom and goodness he has the greatest deference, to be of a contrary sentiment. According to Hobbes's comparison of reasoning with casting up accounts, whoever finds a mistake in the sum total, must allow himself out, though, after repeated trials, he may not see in which article he has misreckoned. I will instance in one opinion, which I look upon every man obliged in conscience to quit, or in prudence to conceal; I mean, that whoever argues in defence of absolute power in a single person, though he offers the old plausible plea, that it is his opinion, which he cannot help, unless he be convinced, ought in all free states to be treated as the common enemy of mankind. Yet this is laid as a heavy charge upon the clergy of the two reigns before the revolution, who, under the terms of passive obedience and nonresistance, are said to have preached up the unlimited power of the prince, because

they found it a doctrine that pleased the court, and mad way for their preferment. And I believe there may b truth enough in this accusation, to convince us, that hu man frailty will too often interpose itself, among perso of the holiest function. However, it may be offered i excuse for the clergy, that in the best societies the are some ill members, which a corrupted court and mini try will industriously find out, and introduce. Be sides, it is manifest, that the greater number of those, wh held and preached this doctrine, were misguided b equivocal terms, and by perfect ignorance in the princ ples of government, which they had not made any pa of their study. The question originally put, and, as remember to have heard it disputed in public school was this, whether under any pretence whatsoever it ma be lawful to resist the supreme magistrate; which wa held in the negative; and this is certainly the right op nion. But many of the clergy, and other learned me deceived by dubious expression, mistook the object i which passive obedience was due. By the supreme magistrate, is properly understood the legislative powe which in all governments must be absolute and unlimi ed. But the word magistrate, seeming to denote a si gle person, and to express the executive power, it can to pass, that the obedience due to the legislature, wa for want of knowing or considering this easy distinctio misapplied to the administration. Neither is it any wo der that the clergy, or other well-meaning people, shoul fall into this error, which deceived Hobbes himself s far, as to be the foundation of all the political mi tak in his books; where he perpetually confounds the e ecutive with the legislative power, though all well-inst tuted states have ever placed them in different hands, a may be obvious to those who know any thing of Athen Sparta, Thebes, and other republics of Greece, as we as the greater ones of Carthage and Rome.

Besides, it is to be considered, that when these doctrines began to be preached among us, the kingdom had not quite worn out the memory of that horrid rebellion, under the consequences of which it had groaned almost twenty years. And a weak prince, in conjunction with a succession of most prostitute ministers, began again to dispose the people to new attempts, which it was, no doubt, the clergy's duty to endeavour to prevent; though some of them, for want of knowledge in temporal affairs, and others, perhaps from a worse principle, proceeded upon a topic, that, strictly followed, would enslave all mankind.

Among other theological arguments made use of in those times in praise of monarchy, and justification of absolute obedience to a prince, there seemed to be one of a singular nature; it was urged, that Heaven was governed by a monarch, who had none to control his power, but was absolutely obeyed: then it followed, that earthly governments were the more perfect, the nearer they imitated the government in Heaven. All which I look upon as the strongest argument against despotic power, that ever was offered; since no reason can possibly be assigned, why it is best for the world, that God Almighty has such a power, which does not directly prove, that no mortal man should ever have the like.

But though a Church of England man thinks every species of government equally lawful, he does not think them equally expedient; or for every country indifferently. There may be something in the climate, naturally disposing men toward one sort of obedience; as it is manifest all over Asia, where we never read of any commonwealth, except some small ones on the western coasts, established by the Greeks. There may be a great deal in the situation of a country, and in the present genius of the people. It has been observed, that

the temperate climates usually run into moderate governments, and the extremes, into despotic power. It is a remark of Hobbes, that the youth of England are corrupted in their principles of government, by reading the authors of Greece and Rome, who writ under commonwealths. But it might have been more fairly offered for the honour of liberty, that while the rest of the known world was overrun with the arbitrary government of single persons, arts and sciences took their rise, and flourished, only in those few small territories, where the people were free. And though learning may continue after liberty is lost, as it did in Rome for a while, upon the foundations laid under the commonwealth, and the particular patronage of some emperors, yet it hardly ever began under a tyranny in any nation: because slavery is of all things the greatest clog and obstacle to speculation. And indeed, arbitrary power is but the first natural step from anarchy or the savage life; the adjusting of power and freedom being an effect and consequence of maturer thinking: and this is no where so duly regulated, as in a limited monarchy: because I believe it may pass for a maxim in state, that the administration cannot be placed in too few hands, nor the legislature in too many. Now, in this material point, the constitution of the English government far exceeds all others at this time on the earth; to which the present establishment of the church does so happily agree, that I think, whoever is an enemy to either, must of necessity be so to both.

He thinks, as our monarchy is constituted, an hereditary right is much to be preferred before election. Because the government here, especially by some late amendments, is so regularly disposed in all its parts, that it almost executes itself. And therefore, upon the death of a prince among us, the administration goes on without

any rub or interruption. For the same reasons, we have less to apprehend from the weakness or fury of our monarchs, who have such wise councils to guide the first, and laws to restrain the other. And therefore this hereditary right should be kept so sacred, as never to break the succession, unless where the preserving of it may endanger the constitution; which is not from any intrinsic merit, or unalienable right in a particular family, but to avoid the consequences that usually attend the ambition of competitors, to which elective kingdoms are exposed; and which is the only obstacle to hinder them from arriving at the greatest perfection that government can possibly reach. Hence appears the absurdity of that distinction, between a king *de facto*, and one *de jure*, with respect to us. For every limited monarch is a king *de jure*, because he governs by the consent of the whole, which is authority sufficient to abolish all precedent right. If a king come in by conquest, he is no longer a limited monarch; if he afterward consent to limitations, he becomes immediately king *de jure*, for the same reason.

The great advocates for succession, who affirm it ought not to be violated upon any regard or consideration whatsoever, do insist much upon one argument, that seems to carry little weight. They would have it, that a crown is a prince's birth-right, and ought at least to be as well secured to him and his posterity, as the inheritance of any private man; in short, that he has the same title to his kingdom, which every individual has to his property: now the consequence of this doctrine must be, that as a man may find several ways to waste, mispend, or abuse his patrimony, without being answerable to the laws: so a king may in like manner do what he will with his own; that is, he may squander and misapply his revenues, and even alienate the crown, without

being called to an account by his subjects. They allow such a prince to be guilty indeed of much folly and wickedness, but for these he is answerable to God, as every private man must be, that is guilty of mismanagement in his own concerns. Now, the folly of this reasoning will best appear, by applying it in a parallel case: should any man argue, that a physician is supposed to understand his own art best; that the law protects and encourages his profession; and therefore, although he should manifestly prescribe poison to all his patients, whereof they should immediately die, he cannot be justly punished, but is answerable only to God: or should the same be offered in behalf of a divine, who would preach against religion and moral duties; in either of these two cases, every body would find out the sophistry, and presently answer, that although common men are not exactly skilled in the composition or application of medicines, or in prescribing the limits of duty; yet the difference between poisons and remedies, is easily known by their effects; and common reason soon distinguishes between virtue and vice: and it must be necessary to forbid both these the farther practice of their professions, because their crimes are not purely personal to the physician or the divine, but destructive to the public. All which is infinitely stronger in respect to a prince, in whose good or ill conduct the happiness or misery of a whole nation is included: whereas it is of small consequence to the public, farther than example, how any private person manages his property.

By granting that the right of a lineal successor to a crown, were upon the same foot with the property of a subject; still it may at any time be transferred by the legislative power, as other properties frequently are. The supreme power in a state can do no wrong, because whatever that does, is the action of all: and when the

lawyers apply this maxim to the king, they must understand it only in that sense, as he is administrator of the supreme power; otherwise it is not universally true but may be controlled in several instances easy to produce.*

And these are the topics we must proceed upon, to justify our exclusion of the young pretender in France; that of his suspected birth being merely popular, and therefore not made use of, as I remember, since the revolution, in any speech, vote, or proclamation, where there was an occasion to mention him.

As to the abdication of King James, which the advocates on that side look upon to have been forcible and unjust, and consequently void in itself, I think a man may observe every article of the English Church, without being in much pain about it. It is not unlikely that all doors were laid open for his departure, and perhaps not without the privity of the prince of Orange, as reasonably concluding, that the kingdom might be better settled in his absence: but to affirm he had any cause to apprehend the same treatment with his father, is an improbable scandal flung upon the nation, by a few bigoted French scribblers, or the invidious assertion of a ruined party at home, in the bitterness of their souls; not one material circumstance agreeing with those in 1643; and the greatest part of the nation having preserved the utmost horror for that ignominious murder: but whether his removal were caused by his own fears, or other men's artifices, it is manifest to me, that supposing the throne to be vacant, which was the foot the nation went upon, the body of the people was thereupon left at liberty to choose what form of government they pleased, by themselves, or their representatives. ..

* 'Easy to produce'—This is ungrammatical; it should be, 'easily to be produced;' or, 'which it is easy to produce.' S.

The only difficulty of any weight against the proceedings at the revolution, is an obvious objection, to which the writers upon that subject have not yet given a direct or sufficient answer, as if they were in pain at some consequences, which they apprehend those of the contrary opinion might draw from it. I will repeat this objection, as it was offered me some time ago, with all its advantages, by a very pious, learned, and worthy gentleman of the nonjuring party.*

The force of his argument turned upon this; that the laws made by the supreme power, cannot otherwise than by the supreme power be annulled: that this consisting in England of a king, lords, and commons, whereof each have a negative voice, no two of them, can repeal or enact a law, without consent of the third; much less may any one of them be entirely excluded from its part of the legislature, by a vote of the other two. That all these maxims were openly violated at the revolution; where an assembly of the nobles and people, not summoned by the king's writ, (which was an essential part of the constitution) and consequently no lawful meeting, did merely upon their own authority, declare the king to have abdicated, the throne vacant, and gave the crown by a

* This worthy layman, generally distinguished by the appellation of "the pious Mr. Nelson," was born June 22, 1656; educated at St. Paul's school: and removed thence to Trinity College, Cambridge. He contracted an early acquaintance with Abp. Tillotson, which ended but with the life of the latter, who expired in Mr. Nelson's arms. From principle, he long adhered to the communion of the deprived bishops; but, on the death of Bishop Lloyd, in 1709, returned to that of the church of England. He died Jan. 16, 1714-15; and left his whole estate to pious and charitable uses, particularly to charity schools. He published many valuable and pious works; his "Companion for Festivals and Fasts, &c." his "Great Duty of frequenting the Christian Sacrifice," and his little tract "on Confirmation," in particular, deserve, and have received the highest commendations. N.

vate to a nephew, when there [illegible] three children to inherit; though by the fundamental laws of the realm, the next heir is immediately to succeed. Neither does it appear, how a prince's abdication can make any other sort of vacancy in the throne, than would be caused by his death; since he cannot abdicate for his children, (who claim their right of succession by act of parliament) otherwise than by his own consent in form to a bill from the two houses.

And this is the difficulty, that seems chiefly to stick with the most reasonable of those, who, from a mere scruple of conscience, refuse to join with us upon the revolution principle; but for the rest, are, I believe, as far from loving arbitrary government, as any others can be, who are born under a free constitution, and are allowed to have the least share of common good sense.

In this objection there are two questions included: first, whether upon the foot of our constitution, as it stood in the reign of the late King James, a king of England may be deposed? The second is, whether the people of England, convened by their own authority, after the king had withdrawn himself in the manner he did, had power to alter the succession.

As for the first, it is a point I shall not presume to determine; and shall therefore only say, that to any man who holds the negative, I would demand the liberty of putting the case as strongly as I please. I will suppose a prince limited by laws like ours, yet running into a thousand caprices of cruelty like Nero or Caligula; I will suppose him to murder his mother and his wife; to commit incest, to ravish matrons; to blow up the senate, and burn his metropolis; openly to renounce God and Christ, and worship the devil: these, and the like exorbitances, are in the power of a single person to commit, without the advice of a ministry, or assistance of an army. And

if such a king, as I have described, cannot be deposed but by his own consent in parliament, I do not well see how he can be resisted, or what can be meant by a limited monarchy; or what signifies the people's consent in making and repealing laws, if the person who administers, has no tie but conscience, and is answerable to none but God. I desire no stronger proof that an opinion must be false, than to find very great absurdities annexed to it; and there cannot be greater than in the present case; for it is not a bare speculation that kings may run into such enormities as are abovementioned; the practice may be proved by examples, not only drawn from the first Cæsars, or later emperors, but many modern princes of Europe; such as Peter the cruel, Philip the second of Spain, John Basilovits of Muscovy, and in our own nation, King John, Richard the third, and Henry the eighth. But there cannot be equal absurdities supposed in maintaining the contrary opinion; because it is certain, that princes have it in their power to keep a majority on their side, by any tolerable administration, till provoked by continual oppressions; no man indeed can then answer, where the madness of the people will stop.

As to the second part of the objection; whether the people of England, convened by their own authority, upon King James's precipitate departure, had power to alter the succession?

In answer to this, I think it is manifest from the practice of the wisest nations, and who seem to have had the truest notions of freedom, that when a prince was laid aside for maladministration, the nobles and people, if they thought it necessary for the public weal, did resume the administration of the supreme power, (the power itself having been always in them) and did not

only alter the succession, but often the very form of government too; because they believed there was no natural right in one man to govern another, but that all was by institution, force, or consent. Thus, the cities of Greece, when they drove out their tyrannical kings, either chose others from a new family, or abolished the kingly government, and became free states. Thus the Romans, upon the expulsion of Tarquin, found it inconvenient for them to be subject any longer to the pride, the lust, the cruelty and arbitrary will of single persons, and therefore by general consent, entirely altered the whole frame of their government. Nor do I find the proceedings of either, in this point, to have been condemned by any historian of the succeeding ages.

But a great deal has been already said by other writers upon this invidious and beaten subject; therefore I shall let it fall; though the point is commonly mistaken, especially by the lawyers; who, of all others, seem least to understand the nature of government in general; like under-workmen, who are expert enough at making a single wheel in a clock, but are utterly ignorant how to adjust the several parts, or regulate the movements.

To return therefore from this digression: it is a church of England man's opinion, that the freedom of a nation consists in an absolute unlimited legislative power, wherein the whole body of the people are fairly represented; and in an executive duly limited; because on this side likewise, there may be dangerous degrees, and a very ill extreme. For, when two parties in a state are pretty equal in power, pretensions, merit, and virtue, (for these two last are, with relation to parties and a court, quite different things) it has been the opinion of the best writers upon government, that a prince ought not in any sort to be under the guidance or influence of

either; because he declines by this means from his office of presiding over the whole, to be the head of a party: which, beside the indignity, renders him answerable for all public mismanagements, and the consequences of them; and in whatever state this happens, there must either be a weakness in the prince or ministry; or else the former is too much restrained by the nobles, or those who represent the people.

To conclude: a church of England man may, with prudence and a good conscience, approve the professed principles of one party more than the other, according as he thinks they best promote the good of church and state; but he will never be swayed by passion or interest, to advance an opinion, merely because it is that of the party he most approves; which one single principle, he looks upon as the root of all our civil animosities. To enter into a party, as into an order of friars, with so resigned an obedience to superiors, is very unsuitable both with* the civil and religious liberties, we so zealously assert. Thus the understandings of a whole senate are often enslaved, by three or four leaders on each side, who, instead of intending the public weal, have their hearts wholly set upon ways and means, how to get or to keep employments. But to speak more at large, how has this spirit of faction mingled itself with the mass of the people, changed their nature and manners, and the very genius of the nation! broke all the laws of charity, neighbourhood, alliance, and hospitality; destroyed all ties of friendship, and divided families against themselves! and no wonder it should be so, when in order to find out the character of a person, instead of inquiring whether he be a man of virtue, honour, piety, wit, good sense, or learning; the modern question is only, whether

* It should be unsuitable 'to,' not unsuitable 'with.' S.

he be a whig or a tory; under which terms, all good and ill qualities are included.

Now, because it is a point of difficulty to choose an exact middle between two ill extremes, it may be worth inquiring in the present case, which of these a wise and good man would rather seem to avoid: taking therefore their own good and ill characters, with due abatements and allowances for partiality and passion, I should think, that in order to preserve the constitution entire in church and state, whoever has a true value for both, would be sure to avoid the extremes of whig, for the sake of the former; and the extremes of tory, on account of the latter.

I have now said all that I could think convenient, upon so nice a subject, and find I have the ambition common with other reasoners, to wish at least that both parties may think me in the right; which would be of some use to those who have any virtue left, but are blindly drawn into the extravagancies of either, upon false representations, to serve the ambition or malice of designing men, without any prospect of their own. But if that is not to be hoped for, my next wish should be, that both might think me in the wrong: which I would understand as an ample justification of myself, and a sure ground to believe, that I have proceeded at least with impartiality, and perhaps with truth.

OBSERVATIONS

ON

HEYLIN'S HISTORY OF THE PRESBYTERIANS.*

THIS book, by some errors and neglects in the style, seems not to have received the author's last correction.† It is written with some vehemence, very pardonable in one who had been an observer and a sufferer, in England, under that diabolical fanatic sect, which then destroyed church and state. But by comparing, in my memory, what I have read in other histories, he neither aggravates nor falsifies any facts. His partiality appears chiefly in setting the actions of Calvinists in the strongest light, without equally dwelling on those of the other side; which, however, to say the truth, was not his proper business. And yet he might have spent some more words on the inhuman massacre of Paris, and other parts of France, which no provocation (and yet the king had the greatest possible) could excuse, or much extenuate. The author, according to the current opinion of the age he lived in, had too high notions of regal power; led by the common mistake of the term Supreme Magistrate, and not rightly distinguishing between the legislature

* Written by the Dean in the beginning of the book, on one of the blank leaves. N.

† It was published in 1670. N.

and administration: into which mistake the clergy fell or continued in the reign of Charles II. as I have shown and explained in a treatise, &c.

J. SWIFT.

March 6, 1727-8.

DECREE

FOR CONCLUDING THE TREATY BETWEEN

DR. SWIFT AND MRS. LONG,

1709.

HEREAS it hath been signified to us, that there is a treaty of acquaintance on foot, between Dr. Swift, eicester-fields, of the one part, and Mrs. Long,* of ermarle-street, on the other part: And whereas the Dr. Swift, upon the score of his merit and extraor- ry qualities, doth claim the sole and undoubted t, that all persons whatsoever shall make such ad- es to him as he pleases to demand:† any law, claim,

his lady, sister to Sir James Long, figured high in the fashion- world; and is distinguished among those of the first quality in British Court, a poem, 1707." Dr. Swift's acquaintance with ras but of short duration, having commenced through the Van- igh family, in 1709: and we find in the Journal to Stella, Sept. 10, that she had then "broke up house, and gone into the coun- owing, as appears, Sept. 16, to pecuniary distresses. She retired nn, in Norfolk, where she maintained a correspondence with wift; who acknowledges the receipt of letters from her, Oct. 30, 12, and Dec. 10, 1710. The last she wrote to him, dated Nov. 11, describing her situation in the country, where she assu- he name of Smyth, is printed in vol. XV. She died Dec. 22, and is lamented, with marks of the truest friendship, by Dr. who has exhibited some traits of her character, in the Journal . 25. See also a letter by the Dean to a friend, occasioned by eath, vol. XV. N.

When I lived in England," says the Dean to Miss Hoadly, June 4, "once every year I issued out an edict, commanding that all of wit, sense, merit, and quality, who had an ambition to be inted with me, should make the first advances at their pe- N.

custom, privilege of sex, beauty, fortune, or quality, to the contrary notwithstanding: And whereas, the said Mrs. Long, humbly acknowledging and allowing the right of the said doctor, doth yet insist upon certain privileges and exceptions, as a Lady of the Toast, which privileges, she doth allege are excepted out of the doctor's general claim, and which she cannot betray without injuring the whole body whereof she is a member; by which impediment, the said treaty is not yet brought to a conclusion; to the great grievance and damage of Mrs. Vanhomrigh, and her fair daughter Hessy: And whereas the decision of this weighty cause is referred to us, in our judicial capacity: We, out of our tender regard to truth and justice, having heard and duly considered the allegations of both parties, do declare, adjudge, decree, and determine, That the said Mrs. Long, notwithstanding any privileges she may claim as aforesaid as a Lady of the Toast, shall, without essoin or demur, in two hours after the publishing of this our decree, make all advances to the said doctor, that he shall demand; and that the said advances shall not be made to the said doctor as *un homme sans consequence*, but purely upon account of his great merit. And we do hereby strictly forbid the said Mrs. Vanhomrigh, and her fair daughter Hessy, to aid, abet, comfort, or encourage, her the said Mrs. Long in her disobedience for the future. And in consideration of the said Mrs. Long's being a Toast, we think it just and reasonable, that the said doctor should permit her, in all companies, to give herself the reputation of being one of his acquaintance; which no other lady shall presume* to do, upon any

* The indignation he expresses against the countess of Bellamont, on her claiming acquaintance with him, is a striking instance of his peculiarity. See Journal to Stella, April 24, 1711. N.

ice whatsoever, without his especial leave and e first had and obtained.

By especial command,
G. V. HOMRIGH.†

The signature of some relation of Vanessa; her sister's name Mary. N.

END OF VOLUME.

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